

November 11, 1933

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



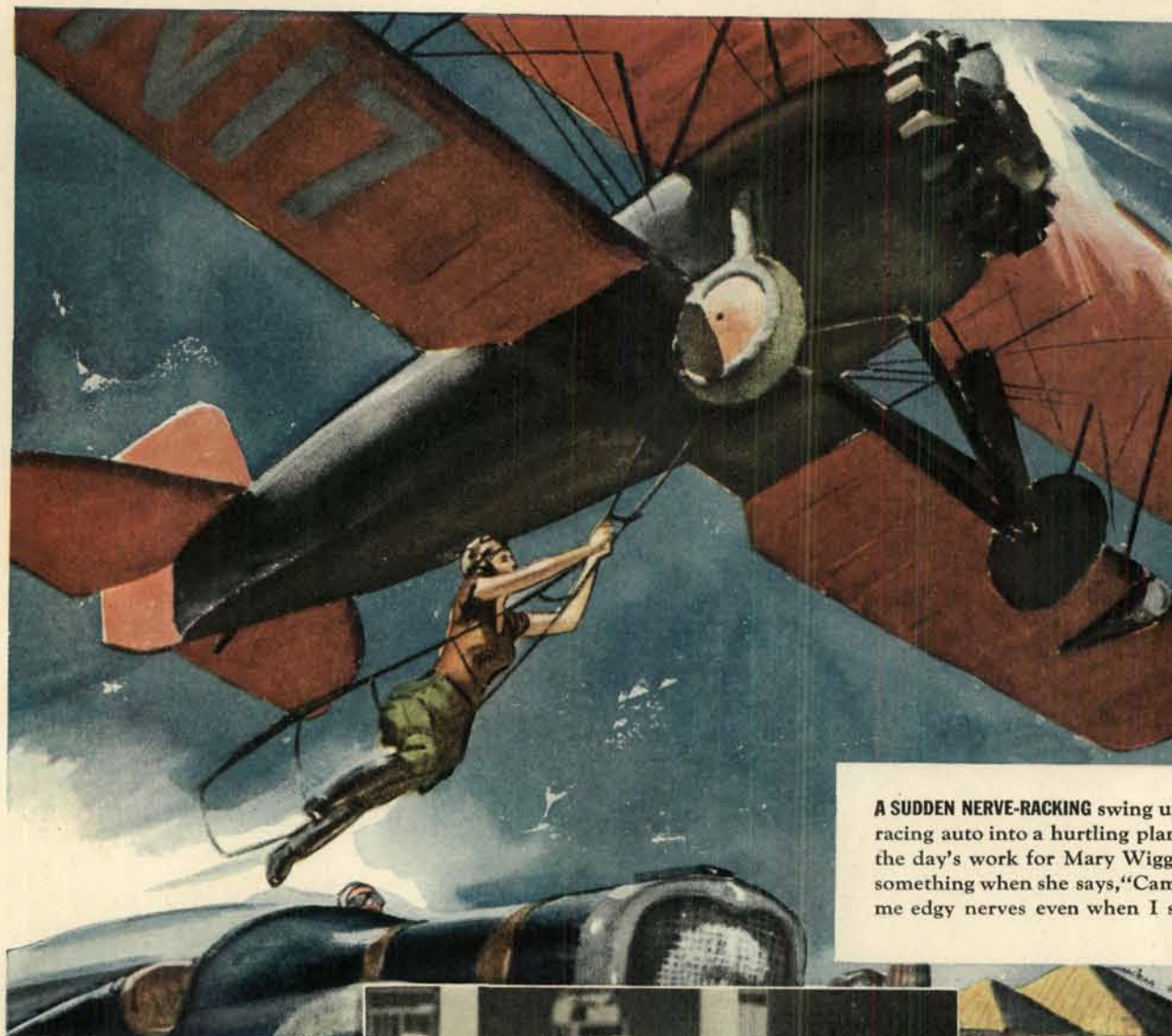
Never Bet with a Sailor

a short story by

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

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IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES



TO BE AMERICA'S
GREATEST STUNT GIRL



A SUDDEN NERVE-RACKING swing upward from a racing auto into a hurtling plane... It's all in the day's work for Mary Wiggins. It means something when she says, "Camels never give me edgy nerves even when I smoke a lot."

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The world over, wherever conditions demand long life and stamina beyond the ordinary in a radio tube, you'll find Tung-Sols! And here in America, if you want to get the **best** out of your radio and the longest, most satisfactory service in return for your tube investment, you can't do better than to buy Tung-Sols. Try a set, date them, and see if they don't perform better and last longer than any tubes you've ever used!



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Nov. 11, 1933

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

IN JOE TULL'S bar, below the dam, there was a back room that had no window. Tull was blind.

Lucy Tull, Joe's wife, was young and beautiful. On her smooth white wrist she wore a bracelet of beaten gold. From it hung a small brass key. The bracelet had been welded on.

With that key Lucy could get into her room, but not out of it. Only Joe could let her out. So he kept track of her nights.

During the day there were sometimes misadventures. The town was full of men—workers from the dam—and Lucy was flirtatious. On such occasions Joe would take the offender into the back room—and then turn out the light. Men have lost their minds in there; all who went in came out scarred and broken. It was a place of horror. "The Beast in the Dark" by Day Edgar is the story of one man who went in voluntarily.

WALTER DAVENPORT takes you to Indiana to watch the smooth operation of its new political machinery. The plant was installed by Governor Paul McNutt, who has a magician's touch in transforming pork-barrel legislation into highly efficient law. "Indiana gets a New Brew," and that's the story.

EVERYONE who knows Little Bee Bend Plantation—and it's too bad for you if you don't—remembers the Widow Duck. In a very real sense she imparts moral tone to Roark Bradford's kingdom. People there depend on her. And so when the widow began missing shots with her snuff juice, it was a serious matter. Her own diagnosis was simple: "I'm so holy I'm broke out wid hit." And, of course, there's a cure for that. Mis' Duck took it with a vengeance.

POLK had genius as a movie director—and one fatal weakness. He was tormented by the unforgettable faces of broken people, by smashed hopes and the casual brutality of the industry. Alan LeMay shows you how he created a star and fell in love with his creation.

IN "Bringing 'Em Back to Life" Bill Cunningham gives you a specimen of the new school in football coaches—"Fritz" Crisler, who is quietly working miracles with the Princeton Tiger.

JOHN ERSKINE writes the Short Short Story, "Marriage in Moderation." W. B. Courtney gives you the benefit of the latest scientific experiments in raising and suppressing hair. Ray Tucker, Arthur Somers Roche and E. Phillips Oppenheim crash through with one masterpiece each. Leaving us breathless.

This Week

November 11, 1933

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Any Week

"AS USUAL," cries Mr. Matt Lukens of Chicago, Illinois, "you've beaten the others to it. We who love football were getting awfully tired of the conventional football reminiscence stories and articles. I take it, brother, that you are one of us. Your football stuff this fall is new, fresh and welcome. Now you take the ball for a while."



SO, NONCHALANTLY, we slice off tackle only to be thrown heavily by Mrs. L. Terretarp of Akron, Ohio, who demands that we give thought to "how difficult we make it for anybody to help us." Explains she: "The vast majority of us quit the minute we had elected Franklin Roosevelt. Having done that we all sat back prepared to be rescued by him but howling murder every time his activities interfered a hair's breadth with our comfort or preconceived ideas. I almost committed mayhem last week when I heard the supervisor of a defunct county try to place the blame for our closing schoolhouses on the National Recovery Administration because it hadn't done something or other to fill the treasury of the unnecessary county of which he was an entirely unnecessary supervisor."

FROM Anderson, Indiana, Mr. J. S. Fariner reports that there is a diner which displays boldly a sign reading: "In accordance with the wishes of President Roosevelt we have raised the prices of all sandwiches excepting hamburgers to ten cents." Which means to Mr. Fariner that "in spite of the President's wishes the lowly hamburger is barred from having any part in the return of prosperity. Is this *comme il faut*?"

MR. FREDERIC KNOWLTON of San Francisco, California, cites the fact that the government has lent many millions of dollars to our railroad systems and that, therefore, the railroads should do all possible things to assist the current administration in its efforts toward recovery. "Therefore," says he, "the railroads should transport free all the foodstuffs from the farm country to the starving urban sectors and make special arrangements with the nation's business to enable the latter to get into circulation again. The cost might be deducted from what the railroads owe the government and the business men might reimburse the government after recovery."

AND Mr. John C. Rogers of Louisville, Kentucky, insists that none of you realize what real "frothing at the mouth" means unless you saw him after looking over the steamboat illustration of Roark Bradford's "Three for a Nickel." In Collier's, of course. "I assure you," writes Mr. Rogers as he grows calmer, "that those river boats had their smokestacks in front of the pilot house, were equipped with a Texas deck and had a fairly visible means of propulsion and looked not at all like Mr. Harry Burne's libel against one of America's most picturesque styles of marine architecture."

TRUE to tradition, Mr. C. R. Hodgson of Atlanta, Georgia, a "straight commission salesman," opens up with a snappy story. A man came home with a new hat, says Mr. Hodgson. His wife wanted to know what in the world he had bought a new hat for. And he replied: "I didn't buy it; the man in the store sold it to me." Which, you see, fetches Mr. Hodgson to his point. "The largest proportion of salesmen in this country," says he, "are straight commission salesmen. They cannot earn any money unless they can travel. They cannot travel without money. And as they cannot get the money— A vicious circle."

AND now this modest column is called by Mr. Sanford C. Payne, Jr., of Washington, D. C., "the little street where old friends meet." And all because he renews herein an old acquaintance, Mr. Bob Berry of Mena, Arkansas. "Your column," says Mr. Payne, "has served me in the past as inspiration, reference and just plain amusement. Now it assumes a new rôle—that of renewing old acquaintances. You printed a letter from an old friend, whom I haven't seen for years—Bob Berry. A swell guy. Howdy, Bob."



WE ARE gratified. Our comment is that of the youngster who, having been captured by the Germans near Soissons, France, in 1918, was taken forthwith to the nearest German officer, who proceeded to question him. After some time this bright young Yankee warrior was asked a question which might have stumped a lot of us. But he was equal to it. "Just what," demanded the German, "do you Americans hope to do in Europe?" The kid smiled pleasantly and replied: "We aim to please."

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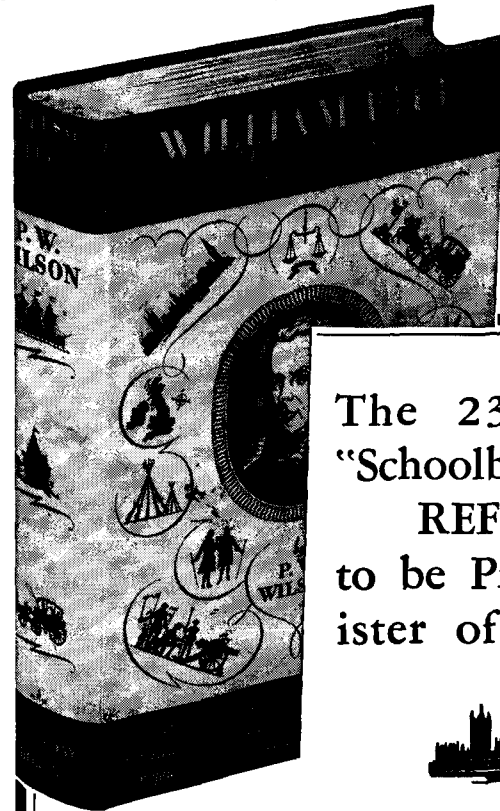
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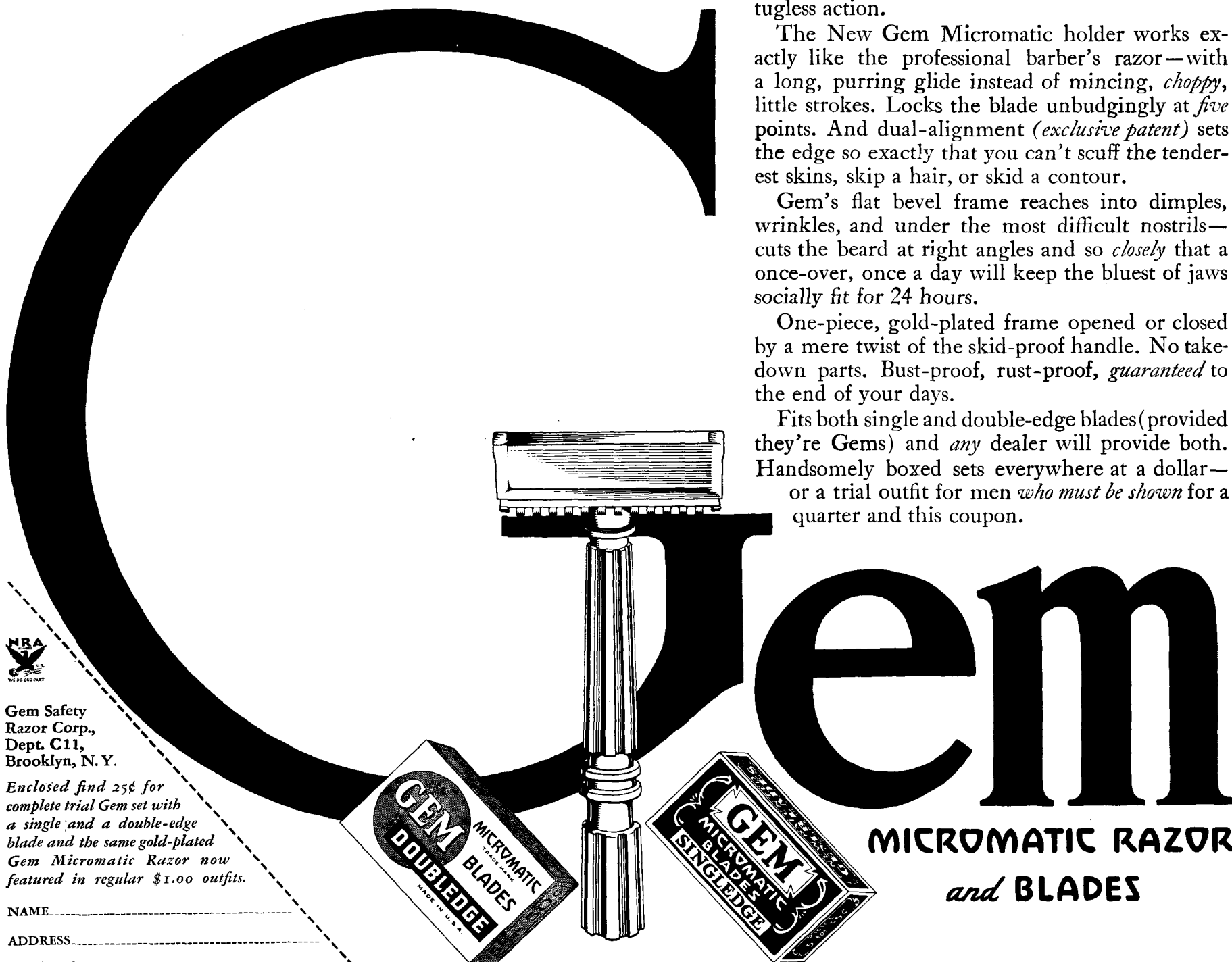
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Never Bet with a Sailor

By Frederick
Hazlitt Brennan

*They met. They loved. And then?
Well, he was in the Navy, where they
don't raise chickens*

JUDAS PRIEST, the renegade white Leghorn rooster, was leading five lady friends astray. Judas Priest had found a new gap in the fence and, followed by his feminine admirers, was proceeding toward the exact center of the highway.

Opal Murdock, who was not one of Judas Priest's feminine admirers, put aside her copy of Romantic Stories with an exclamation of angry impatience. Hyrst Lansdowne, really Lord Burberry in disguise and an awful sweet fella, had just crossed the Vale of Kashmir to return the jade necklace to Barbara Peyton, the American heiress. Opal scowled at Judas Priest. Darn him, d-double darn him. Well, he could just stay there this time. She hoped a big truck would come along and run right over Judas Priest, and those silly hens too. She picked up her magazine again—

The sudden rumble of a motor in the near distance caused Opal to scramble to her feet. She left the comfortable shade of a pepper tree and started toward the road. After all, Judas Priest was Daddy's prize rooster. "Shoo! Shoo!" and, waving the magazine, Opal broke into a run. Alas, death was moving faster. As Opal reached the gate, a motorcycle rocketed over the hill and bore down upon Judas Priest and lady friends.

FASCINATED, Opal forgot to say "Shoo" or wave the magazine. For the motorcycle carried a sailor. The brim of his white hat was bouncing and the collar of his blouse flapped like a blue flag in the wind. He saw the chickens. His siren shrieked. The motorcycle swerved. Two loud squawks and a swirl of white feathers, then the cackling of survivors.

"Hey!" Opal yelled. "What do you think you're doing?"

The sailor did not seem to know exactly. The motorcycle weaved drunkenly; he righted it and slowed; then it skidded in the sandy shoulder of the road and brought up smoking against an embankment. Above the hissing sound of air from a punctured front tire arose several salty oaths. He looked around:

"Two," he said.

"No. Three," said Opal, pointing to a third dead chicken.

He got off the motorcycle.

"Okay, Miss. How much do I owe you?"

Opal gasped.

"Oh . . . why . . . n-nothing. It was all my fault. They did not have no business on the road." Then, giggling nervously, "You missed Judas Priest."

"Huh? Judas Priest?"

"Yeah. He's that rooster just going through the fence." She pointed to Judas Priest, a bit bloody but unbowed, who was leading two hysterical hens back to the chicken run. "He's a prize rooster and I might of had to charge you. But you haven't killed him as yet, so I guess it's all right."

The sailor shook his head.

"Oh, no, it ain't, sister. I killed three chickens. How much?"



He saw the chickens. His siren shrieked. The motorcycle swerved. Two loud squawks and a swirl of white feathers, then the cackling of survivors

Opal backed away. He was sure a good-looking sailor, gee.

"It's all right. They ain't worth much, anyway."

"Listen, I ain't that kind of a guy, see? My name's Pete Smith and I'm in the United States Navy and it's against the regs to go around killing civilians' chickens and not pay for 'em. It gets us a bad rep, see? Now, you let me fix this up—"

Opal changed the subject.

"Your machine is damaged, is it not?"

Pete Smith eyed the recumbent motorcycle.

"Naw. Nothin' but a tire. I'll patch it."

ADMIRINGLY, "You sure was traveling. I didn't know they would go that fast. Gee."

"Aw, I was only going about seventy. She vibrates bad if I go real fast."

"You was on your way to San Diego, I presume?"

"Yeah. But listen . . . how about me paying for—"

"I really couldn't think of it, Mister Smith. We got so many chickens now we don't know what to do with 'em. They eat us out of house and home. It's my father's hobby. You see, he raises chickens for a hobby. He's retired."

Mr. Smith grinned.

"I could tell you wasn't a country jake. Where you from?"

"Sioux City, Iowa. I mean that's where we used to reside."

"Ioway, huh? I'm from Chicago myself. I been in the Navy thirteen years, though."

"Gee. Are you that old?"

"I ain't so old as that. I joined up when I was seventeen. I bet I got just as good a wind as you got."

"You prob'ly got better. Everybody says I'm too fat for my age. I'm twenty-two."

Mr. Smith looked at her meditatively.

"You ain't a bit too fat," he opined.

"You're just good and plump. I like 'em plump. You should see some of them Spig dames in Cuba that they rave about. They're hog fat."

Miss Murdock gulped.

"Gee! Cuba! I bet you been every place."

"Yeah." Then, after an awkward pause, "Well, I better be getting to work on this tire. I got to be back at the ship tonight."

HE TURNED away with a grand indifference. The girl watched him a moment. Gee, a fella that had been every place. Prob'ly he'd even been to the Vale of Kashmir. A nice fella, too. Opal could tell by the way he blushed behind his ears.

"Why don't you work on it in the shade?" she suggested. "It's cool in our yard."

"Good idea. Thanks," he agreed.

She followed him as he trundled the motorcycle into the shade of the pepper tree.

"Say, you got a nice place here," he observed, eying the neat stucco bungalow, the whitewashed brooder houses and chicken runs beyond. "I bet you make plenty off'n them chickens."

"Yeah," Opal fibbed, "chickens are very profitable. Of course, we don't really need to make much, my father being retired and all."

Silence, while he dexterously removed wheel and tire.

"You sure know how to handle tools."

"Yeah. It's my racket. I'm a first-class machinist."

"Gee. That's better than being just a plain sailor, is it not, Mr. Smith?"

"Sure. Seamen never get nowhere. They're too dumb. They ast me would I change over to deck work oncet, but I say nix, I'm staying with the engines."

"I guess the government pays you a



They had a swell lunch, and the tables were full of the awfulest-looking women. "I saw a gal shoot a guy in the stomach here oncet," Mr. Smith said. Opal shivered

lot for such skilled work, Mr. Smith."

"Yeah."

"Are first-class machinists ever allowed to marry?"

"Sure. A guy can marry if he wants to."

"I suppose the ones that are married—why, sometimes their wives travel all around with 'em, do they not?"

"Yeah. Sometimes."

Opal was just trying to think of some way to ask Mr. Smith was he married, when Daddy walked from the chicken yard. Opal was mortified by Daddy's appearance. He had been pottering around his new Mor-Chicks incubator. His face was smudged, he had white-wash on his overalls and his shoes were not at all clean. He did not look like a retired man that only runs a chicken ranch in California as a hobby.

Mr. Smith got to his feet, blushing, when he saw Daddy, and Opal stam-

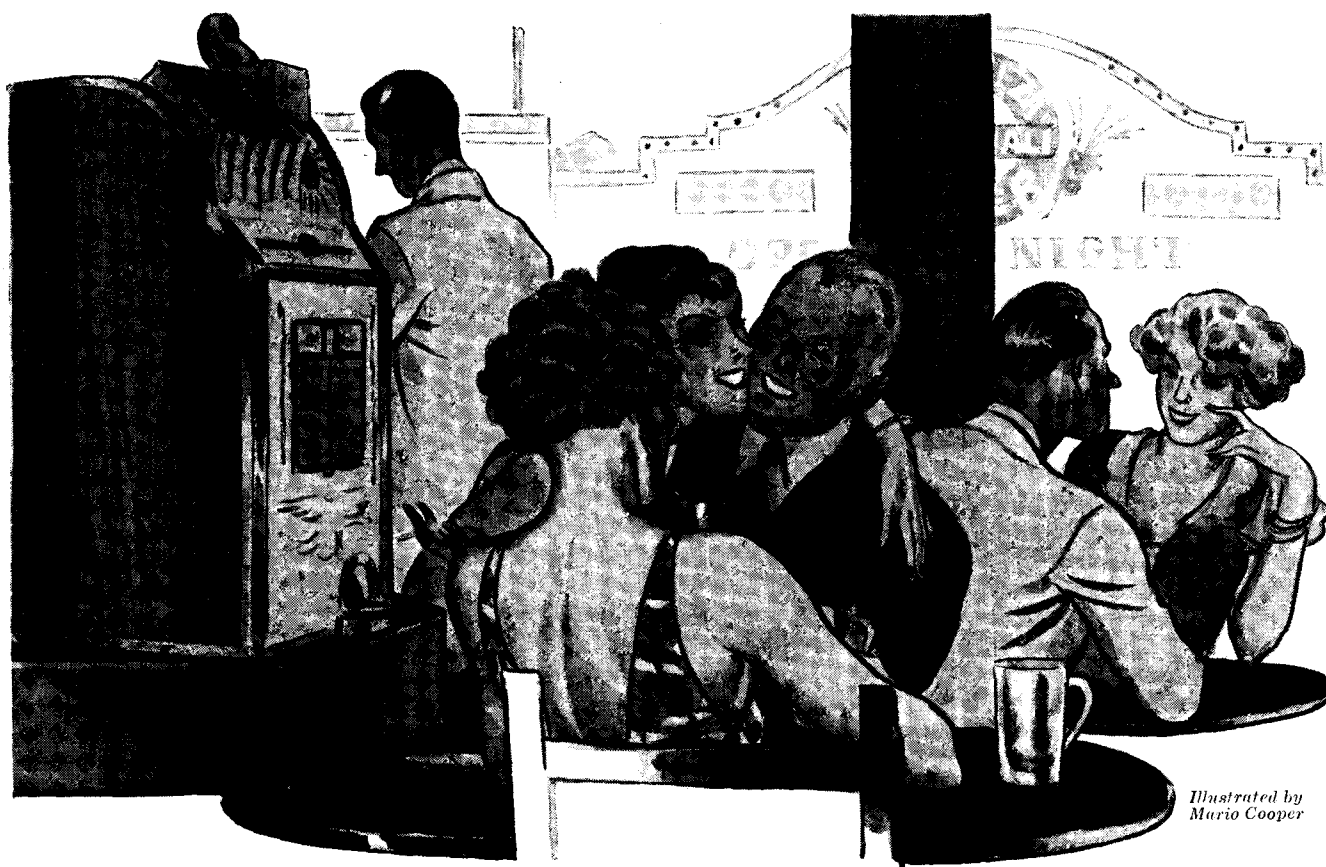
mered: "I wish to make you acquainted with my father, Mr. Henry Murdock. Daddy, this is Mr. Smith of the United States Navy." Then, because she was sorta flustered, "Mr. Smith killed three hens with his motorcycle."

THAT got Mr. Smith kinda fussed and he offered to pay Daddy for the hens, but Daddy said he couldn't think of it, only he hoped they weren't good layers, and Opal said, "No. They was very poor layers, Daddy." So that got everything fixed up and Daddy began to talk to Mr. Smith about the incubator. Mr. Smith sure was nice. He pretended to be real interested and it wasn't long before Daddy invited Mr. Smith to look at the incubator.

Gee, but Mr. Smith was smart. He took one look at the incubator and said: "It's wired wrong. That's why you're getting too much heat. Got a long-

handled screwdriver?" And he fixed the incubator while Daddy told him about the future of the chicken-raising industry. Opal became uneasy, knowing that a fella like Mr. Smith that had been all around the world and prob'ly to the Vale of Kashmir wasn't a bit interested in chickens.

Opal kept saying: "Now, Daddy, he ain't got time to look at the brooders. He ain't got his motorcycle fixed yet." She was afraid Daddy would let on things about how eggs were only eleven cents a dozen and how the new pullets got the gapes and how they lost two hundred baby chicks in the rain and how the incubator cooked fifty dozen eggs and how the mortgage hadn't been reduced. But Daddy didn't. He had wanted to own a chicken ranch ever since he started in the hardware business in Sioux City, and now he owned one and he talked only about the future.

Illustrated by
Mario Cooper

Finally, Opal got Mr. Smith back to the motorcycle. It was quite late by this time and Daddy invited him to stay for supper.

"Sure kind of you," Mr. Smith said, "but I got to be getting back to the ship."

"Do you read much, Mister Smith?" Opal queried, desperately.

"Yeah. When I ain't calking."

"Calking?"

"Sleeping."

"Oh. Do you ever read Romantic Stories?"

"Yeah. But I like Sea Adventure better."

"I've read that, too! I read a serial in it about a submarine ship or somepin—"

"Yeah. Pigboat Pirates was the name of it."

"I bet you've had better adventures'n that, have you not, Mr. Smith?"

MR. SMITH reflected. Opal could tell he was a true adventurer. He looked kinda like Hyrst Lansdowne, only he had blue eyes and red hair, but you could tell he was quick and brave and strong.

"Naw," he said, "I ain't. I saw a Chink get his head cut off in Shanghai oncet—"

"Oooh, you did? What had he done?"

"He swiped some fish off'n a guy."

"Oh... he wasn't a pirate?"

"Naw. He swiped some fish off'n a guy."

"I bet you had a lot of other in-ter-est-ing adventures, Mr. Smith. Tell me, was you ever to the Vale of Kashmir?"

"Naw. I never was closer to Africa than Marseilles. I saw a guy stabbed in Marseilles oncet."

"Where's Marseilles?"

"France. Listen, I got to be going. I and you can have another talk so on and so forth, some time, hey?"

Opal's brown eyes were luminous.

"Aw, I bet you never come back this way."

He looked at her with tormenting nonchalance.

"Never bet with a sailor, sister," he said. "So long, thanks."

Mr. Smith bestrode his thundering charger and with a tug at a red cowlick for salute vanished in the foggy California dusk.

"Opal! It's time to gather the eggs. Opaall!"

"Oh... awrrrrrighty... darn it."

That evening, at supper, Daddy and Aunt Christine had another argument about the chicken ranch. Opal listened:

"Thought you were going to have a hundred fryers to sell, Henry."

"We-ell, we would have, if that no-count Mexican hadn't fed 'em sour mash."

"H'mph... it's always if. Thought you were going to run thirty dozen eggs a day—"

"Now, Christine, be reasonable. You know we traded the Rhode Island Reds to get into Leghorns and the Leghorns are molting—"

"Molting. H'mph. You let that man sell you a lot of culls, that's what. Bet there ain't a layer in the bunch. And where are you going to get the interest money—"

"Oh, that's two months off. By that time we'll be in peak production. Let me show you on paper—"

"H'mph."

Opal scowled at Aunt Christine and Daddy. People who didn't know anything about chickens—why, they shouldn't let smart real estate salesmen talk them into buying chicken ranches. Daddy shouldn't have put Aunt Christine's fifteen hundred dollars into it, anyway. Aunt Christine hadn't done anything but grouse since they arrived from Sioux City. She had been crazy for an avocado farm in Florida. Poor Daddy. Even when he made a little money, he spent it all on patented incubators and brooders that wouldn't run or bought sacks and sacks of Egg Gold Chick Feed. And here they were, stuck 'way off in the desert foothills, fifteen miles from San Diego. How could a girl that likes adventure and wants to see things and have a romance some day with a fella like Hyrst Lansdowne, how could she do anything on a chicken ranch? Vale of Kashmir... Shanghai... Marseilles...

"Aw... you—you quit yapping alla time!" Opal burst out, irritably. "I'm sick of hearing chicken talk alla time!" And she flung out of the house and stared over the hills toward San Diego. That sailor fella, gee! But he was just kidding a girl. He wouldn't come back. He'd go off in his ship to swell, strange places and forget all about her. Fellas like that—why, they have girls in every

port and somebody throws a rose to them from a balcony or somepin and they get mixed up in all sorts of swell things that happen. No, he wouldn't come back—

But he did. The very next Friday Opal got a postal card addressed to "Miss Oppel Mordock, 31 Route 2 R. F. D." And the card said:

Dear Freind:

I win that bet. See you Sunday A. M. How's for goeing to Tia Juanna?

Respy.

PETER SMITH
Mach. 1st cl. U. S. N.

He arrived magnificently with a rickety sidecar attached to the motorcycle. Opal told Aunt Christine they were only going to San Diego. Aunt Christine made a fuss, but Daddy, who liked Mr. Smith, said: "Oh, it's all right. Let the kid have some fun." And Mr. Smith was very polite, listening for ten minutes while Daddy told him about the trouble he had with Plymouth Rocks. Finally, Opal had to say: "We reelly got to be going, Daddy."

Tia Juana! It was awful hot and dusty and it didn't look like much from a distance. The stores and saloons were all open-fronted and looked like circus side-show places. There was a real Mexican soldier on the corner, though, and all kinds of people. Some were asleep in cars parked on the rutty main street. Mr. Smith won two dollars and seventy-five cents in a slot machine, and Opal lost a quarter. They had a swell lunch, though, and the tables were full of the awfulest-looking women.

"I saw a gal shoot a guy in the stomach here oncet," Mr. Smith said.

Opal shivered.

"Oooh... reelly? What'd she shoot him for? What kind of a girl was she? A society girl?"

"Naw. She was a taxi dancer an' she shot him because she was sore."

"Why was she sore?"

"She never did say. This beer is terrible. Listen, let's go back to Dago. We got time to make the afternoon picture show."

Opal almost had an adventure. As they were starting away from Tia Juana, Mr. Smith saw another sailor in a fight. He said: "You wait here," and

hopped off the motorcycle. Opal stood on the saddle to watch Mr. Smith. But a shiny black police wagon arrived before Mr. Smith could get into the fight. He returned, saying: "They pinched McGill."

"Who's McGill?"

"Buddy of mine. Fireman, second, in the Spencer."

"What was he fighting about?"

"He was sore."

SHE had learned by this time that Mr. Smith didn't like for you to ask too many questions. But it was kinda thrilling to go with a fella who had best friends you could watch in fights in Tia Juana. And on the way home, after the picture show, Pete told her all about Manila. He said he saw a guy get his legs almost gored off by an animal called a caribou. The caribou was sore. Pete had also visited Japan.

"Gee, Pete, didn't you just love it in Japan?"

"It was all right, I guess. One day I saw two Japs jump from a sacrid mountain into a volcano. You rode out on a street car to it from Kobe."

"A suicide pact, gee!"

"Naw, they was sore because the government wouldn't declare war on the U. S."

"But, Pete, didn't you ever have any adventures yourself? I mean like—well, frinstance, didn't some foreign girl or somebody ever try to get you in trouble?"

Pete nodded solemnly.

"Yeah. Oncet in Port au Prince a gal put knockout drops in my rum."

"Reelly and truly? What happened then?"

"Nothin'. I got wise to her and didn't drink it. She switched over to a Marine. Them clucks will fall for anything."

When they got back to the chicken ranch, Daddy invited Pete to stay for supper. This time he said: "I don't mind if I do, thanks." Aunt Christine acted awful mean. She told Pete every bad thing she could think of against chickens. Pete listened politely and ate lots of biscuits. Opal hardly got a word in edgeways. She wanted to ask more questions about the girl in Port au Prince. It was time for Pete to be starting back before she had a chance: "Was you in love with her? I mean the one who put knock-out drops in your rum?"

"Naw. I ain't never been in love with no girl."

"Aw, I'll bet. I bet you been in love lots of times."

"Never bet with a sailor, sister. Well, I got to be going. Be seeing you."

"When?" said Opal, promptly.

Pete grinned.

"Be seeing you," he said.

Opal watched the motorcycle's tail-light disappear with panic and bitter rebellion in her heart. He'd never come back. And no wonder, the way Aunt Christine acted. A fella like Pete—why, he doesn't want to hear about chickens every time he comes to see a girl. This darned old chicken ranch was queering her. She ought to run away to San Diego and get a job in the five-and-ten like she had in Sioux City—

BUT Pete came back. He came back twice. The first time, he and Opal and another sailor and the sailor's girl friend went on a picnic. She sat on Pete's lap in the sidecar coming home. Pete didn't say anything but she could tell he liked her. The second time, Pete stopped by the ranch with bad news.

"We're shoving off for Panama Monday," he announced. Opal felt her heart stop.

"Oh, you are? How long will you be gone?"

"Couple of months, anyway."

(Continued on page 30)

Azadi's Jest

By Harold Lamb

The story of Sokol the Cossack, who was hunted by men and hounds—and the Tartar maid who saw him once and loved him

THEY were torturing the Cossack ataman. They had him down in the garden, over the blue water, and two of them held his arms stretched out.

"He has not groaned yet," one whispered, "but soon he will talk."

The man who was being tortured stiffened his muscles and waited. Sweat glistened on his shaven skull except where his scalp lock hung to his shoulders. He had wide shoulders, and a fierce, sunburned face from which blue eyes gleamed. He was saying to himself that he would not talk.

"Give him the diadem," said a voice from the carpet under the trees.

The eyes of the Cossack ataman turned from side to side. Some men were busy over a charcoal brazier, fanning it to red-hot heat. Smoke rose and vanished into the sunlight. A slave in a leather apron brought an iron ring ornamented with iron flowers. Lifting it in his hands, he set it on the Cossack's bare head. The touch of the iron was cool and pleasant.

Then one of the soldiers at the brazier rose with something held in a pair of tongs. Swiftly he lifted the tongs and dropped something small and round and hard among the flowers of the iron diadem. It fell into a hollow and rested there, almost touching the skin of the Cossack's forehead.

For a moment they all watched the tense face of the young Cossack. Just a trace of smoke came up from the iron diadem, over his forehead. The skin of his head darkened with a rush of blood that clouded the whites of his eyes.

He did not say anything but he moved suddenly, with violent strength. The two soldiers who had been clinging to his arms fell away, and when he struck the one with the tongs, that one went down like a horse shot in the head. Then the Cossack tore the iron ring from his head, hurling it, with its red-hot ball no larger than a pearl, into the water at the garden's edge.

BEFORE he could move again, half a dozen Turks were on him, gripping the massive arms in the loose sleeves, and the legs in their baggy leather breeches. He caught at a sword hilt and jerked the weapon from a janizary's scabbard. But they held his arm fast, and wrenched the sword away from him. So he stood still, panting.

There were a score of janizaries and slaves around him, and all about the garden was the *serai* of the Sultan. It had three courtyards, with guards at the gates. The way out led through all three of the courtyards. And beyond the last gate was the outer court of the janizaries—beyond that the streets of Constantinople, filled with Turks and other Moslems. Around the city stood a triple wall, closed except for the Golden Gate with its seven towers. Well the Cossack ataman knew that he could not escape from this torture.

"Give him the necklace," said the voice from the carpet.

It was Sultan Ibrahim himself, Lord of Kings, Exalted Head of the Ottoman Empire, Guardian of Mecca and Jerusalem, Master of Aleppo, Damascus, Cairo and Babylon, of Africa and Asia and the White Sea and the Black; also conqueror of Greece and Wallachia, Supreme Ruler of the Seven Climates, in the service of Allah. He lay back on his cushions in the shade, sucking sweet mastic. He was Sultan of the Turks, although the unbelievers of Europe in that year, 1644, called him the Grand Seignior. That day he had kicked the



Illustrated by
Franz Felix

No one saw the dark figure that crept closer to the lattice

Russian ambassador out of his council chamber, and he meant to bastinado the ambassador of France. But now he wanted to see this great dog of a Cossack panting and quivering on the earth at his feet.

"Nay!" The Cossack cried out for the first time, hoarsely. "I will speak."

The young Sultan looked up idly. It would make no difference, of course. Afterward the torturers would play with this infidel captive. Sultan Ibrahim knew a thing or two about torture—he had grown up in the harem among women. Hunting was his obsession—he would send his whole army to ring in the deer, the foxes and leopards of the countryside, to drive the beasts to where he could shoot one after another with his gun. Between hunts he liked to practice with his gun, sitting here in the shade at the edge of the blue Bosphorus, shooting at the people who ventured too near in boats. . . .

A *bimbashi* of the divan stepped forward, always keeping his face toward the Sultan, the chosen of Allah. "Then speak!" said the *bimbashi*. "Where marches the army of the Cossacks? What is its strength? What brings it out of the steppes? What plan have the dog-souls, thy comrades?"

Beside him a secretary of the divan stood with quill and paper to write down the answers—for this Cossack ataman,

whose name was Sokol, knew the Turkish speech.

The captive smiled. "Write, thou," he said slowly. "The army of the Cossacks marches in the night. Its strength is the strength of a rushing wind. It comes, the army of the Cossacks, to drive this spayed dog, thy master, from his hole—"

FROM the hand of the secretary the paper fell. "Yah, Allah!" cried the Turkish officer. But the Sultan rose, quivering. A white ermine kaftan hung from his shoulders and two silver-hilted swords were girded to his sides. Yet he drew a curved knife that flashed in the sun.

As a snake strikes, his arm darted at the throat of the ataman. And checked in mid-stroke. For the Sultan Ibrahim had a quick wit. Aye, he had the cunning of a ferret. He had seen the gleam of triumph in the cold blue eyes of his captive. And he knew that this chieftain of the steppes had almost won himself an easy death by a boy's trick.

"Nay," he said softly, "thy time is not yet." He sheathed the curved dagger, and considered. "Sokol, thou shalt taste the mercy of the Ottoman. Thou shalt go back to thy cell. Thou shalt have the richest food and wine that is craved by Christians. Wilt thou have a young, sweet-smelling slave girl to anoint thy

wound and distract thee? Only ask!" He smiled pleasantly. "Then tomorrow, at this same hour, thou shalt appear again in my presence. To dance, Cossack, to dance. Thou shalt have the skin stripped from thy body, a little at a time, to be stuffed with straw and sent back to thy comrades. But thy body will be set free, to dance in the streets of my city without its skin."

Well did the Sultan know that when a man is nerved to meet an end swiftly, death comes unheeded. But when he has had hours of ease to think about what is to come, then courage oozes out of him.

The ataman Sokol held his head high, but his eyes were bleak. "Then give me beer and tobacco and a pipe," he responded moodily.

"Thou shalt have them," Ibrahim promised, making a sign to the secretary. "And what woman? We have all kinds at our command—golden-haired Circassian maids, ox-eyed Greeks—ay, noble Frankish ladies, fiery Spaniards who once were Christians. Now they are slaves and have learned the niceties of love."

Sokol laughed. "We Cossacks have a mistress," he said. "She whose embrace is strongest, whose kiss lasts forever. Ay, the dark-haired maiden who brings night with her. That is our mistress, Sultan. We call her Lady Death."

"Then thou wilt not have a woman?" persisted the Sultan. It pleased his jaded fancy to send a captive Christian noblewoman in to this captive warrior who was to be flayed alive on the morrow.

Sokol shook his head. He suspected a trick.

After that they took him away. They led him to a cell in the sea tower of the *serai* where he could look out over the blue water, where he could think about the next day when his wet skin would be stuffed with straw and the bleeding core of him would gibber and shriek in the dusts of the streets.

THAT afternoon Azadi had played one of her tricks. She was eighteen years of age and she made trouble persistently for the eunuchs and the slave women guards of the Sultan's harem. Because Azadi was a Tartar maid who had been brought a captive from the land of the Khan as a child.

So she had grown up in the harem without any occupation, or hope of any other life. Veiled and surrounded by guards, she was buried in that swarming prison of women, in the wing of the palace with barred window embrasures, courtyards without doors, and gardens where the walls were patrolled by armed eunuchs.

Azadi did not feel sorry for herself. By now she had forgotten her people of the steppes. She gorged herself on sweet things; she had a pet white cat that she combed diligently and scented with musk; she had a tiled room to herself in that honeycomb of galleries and dark chambers, and she had written her name over its bare, whitewashed walls. She had taught herself to write her name, and nothing more.

If she had been one of the girls in the Apartment of the Virgins, she would have been watched constantly by an old slave woman who slept at her feet. If she had been one of the hundreds of *hazaki*—concubines chosen for their beauty and sent to the harem of the Grand Seignior—she would have been given away before now, probably, to some Turk who merited a favor at the hand of the Sultan. If she had happened to



Sokol howled like a wolf, and the great black horse reared, snorting

catch the eye and fancy of Ibrahim himself, she would have been exalted to the rank of the chosen concubines who could never be touched by another man. She might even have joined the Mothers of Sons.

But the eye of the Sultan had not fallen upon Azadi as yet, in spite of her slender shape that was like a sturdy young cypress. She had high cheekbones and drowsy gray eyes that softened when she sang love songs to the sleepy white cat. And she had a temper that was like a sheathed dagger of steel.

She had need of it. They fed her in the harem and the hazaki gave her at times their discarded garments. Yet the small, intimate things that become a woman's treasures Azadi had to garner by her wit, and save thereafter from the thieving blacks. Her only protection was her anger—the eunuchs learned that it did not pay to molest her.

That day she had heard how an infidel devil was to be tortured in the garden outside the Gate of the Birds. Azadi wondered if this captive would have a face like a demon and claws instead of fingers. She knew that, overlooking the garden, there was a screened gallery above the Gate of the Birds. And she persuaded two other girls to steal off during the bath hour, to slip into this unoccupied gallery and watch the torture of the infidel devil.

If they had been discovered there, they would have been beaten by the black eunuchs. So they sat without a sound, all eyes and ears. When Sokol, the ataman, was led off, they crept away, running to their rooms.

AZADI did not go to the courtyard of the younger women for the evening meal. She lay among her cushions, shivering, and the white cat whined plaintively, unheeded. After a while the girl took the hand mirror from the locked chest of her belongings. It was a polished silver mirror that had caught her fancy and she had stolen it long ago. To Azadi's surprise, her face had changed. She shut her eyes, and before the eyes of her mind appeared the bare, dark head of the Cossack who did not, after all, have a face like a demon. It seemed to be in the room, looking right at her. And Azadi thought this must be a spell.

She knew the power of spells cast by night birds that flew overhead, and by clever old women who made images of people and tortured them. Painfully, she waited for the spell to leave her. But it did not.

Until suddenly the Tartar girl threw up her head, and drew out her best garments—a vest embroidered with silver thread, blue satin trousers, and a round *papakh* that perched like a dragoon's

cap on the side of her tousled hair. Deftly she combed her long, dark tresses and touched her chin and throat with rose water.

Now the spell was relaxing, and she felt better—since she had made up her mind to see this strange captive again. Her gray eyes shone as she drew the thin veil across her cheeks and struck her hands together imperiously.

"I go to the *Kislar Agha*!" she announced to the black who appeared in the open door. When he hesitated—for the *Kislar Agha* was the Commander of Women, head of the entire seraglio—she brushed past him impatiently.

To the Agha, sitting by his water pipe, she explained more. The Sultan, she whispered, had expressed a wish, in the hearing of a certain lovely Circassian who was then very high in the imperial favor, that a girl be sent to talk to the prisoner. The Circassian had commanded her, Azadi, to go—but secretly. Then, afterward, she would tell the Circassian what the prisoner had said, and the tale might please the Sultan.

Knowing Azadi, the Agha was suspicious. "But the Favored of Allah," he pointed out, "desired a Christian lady to go."

Azadi shrugged a slender shoulder. Outwardly she seemed not at all pleased by her mission. "Perhaps," she sug-

gested, "an infidel lady could not talk to this dog of the steppes. O my Agha, why was it commanded that I should go to the room of this devil who wreathes himself in smoke?"

The Commander of Women could think of no reason why Azadi should go, unless she had been sent by the Circassian favorite. So, reluctantly, he gave permission that she should be escorted to the cell; but at the same time he determined to question the Circassian.

AT THE entrance of the tower room Azadi stopped, her heart throbbing. Here was the young Cossack, with his back against the wall, his booted feet on the table. In one hand he held a long clay pipe; with the other he caressed a jug of honey mead. "*Yah paikou!*" he growled. "Get out, wanton."

A warm contentment crept through the girl. How beautiful he was—how splendid in his strength! Timidly she lowered her veil, and the blood rushed into her throat and cheeks when she bared her face. For a moment the blue eyes of the Cossack fastened upon the clear, gray eyes of the girl. And Azadi felt herself drawn toward him as if toward a fire from which she could not escape.

She sat down suddenly on the stone floor, no longer daring to look at him.

(Continued on page 52)



Our once haughty stock exchanges are the victims of some well-founded apprehensions

Wall Street Medicine

By John T. Flynn

WHEN Congress assembles, one of the big fights that will rumple the locks of the staid old senators will be the battle over the Stock Exchange. For whatever else happens we are about to see one of the most serious and formidable efforts ever made to bring the New York Stock Exchange and all the other security exchanges of the country under the regulation and control of some government authority. This has been tried before, but the Exchange has always been powerful enough to frustrate its enemies. This time, however, it will face the most formidable collection of foes in its history.

Socking the rich is, of course, always a popular pastime. But it can't compare as a public spectacle with socking the Stock Exchange. In every kind of social mishap there must be a devil on which the people can vent their hatreds. And what could possibly be a more available devil than the Money Devil? It is such a perfect, such a real devil. It even has a New York address. It lives at No. 11 Wall Street. That is the site of the New York Stock Exchange.

The usual procedure in Stock Exchange investigations has been to drag the money devil out from its lair into Wall Street, give it a Grade A black eye, after which the demon would go back into the Exchange and get fatter and sleeker and more prosperous than ever.

Never, however, has Wall Street been hit so hard as in these lean years. The old Street simply doesn't look like itself. It perked up a little last June and July when there was a cute little

The New York Stock Exchange is about to be disciplined. It and its compeers in other cities. And it has only itself to thank.

When it publicly demonstrated its independence and contempt of local authority it invited regulation by the federal government.

It also brought to a head public resentment against it. There are even those who ask whether we need a stock exchange. In this critical atmosphere the Senate investigation resumed its probings in Wall Street. Here Mr. Flynn shows you its points of attack and probable program of reform

boomlet, but that soon fell apart and the brokers and their allies went back to looking glum. They have been worrying for months about what is to happen to them in Washington. In the midst of that the City of New York, Tammany Hall, their old buddy, announced that it was going to plaster a lot of new taxes on them, and they actually rose and threatened to pack up and go over to New Jersey or even to Cleveland, Chicago and various points south and west.

Our Apprehensive Brokers

After all, a seat or membership on the New York Stock Exchange was worth, back in 1929, at one time \$625,000 and the boys hope it will be worth that much again. Today it is worth about \$150,000. That means a loss of something under half a million dollars each to these brokers just in their exchange memberships. If Congress goes to work on them, as it threatens to do, a seat

on the Exchange may get to be worth no more than a seat in any of the theaters along Broadway. Hence there is plenty of curiosity in Wall Street and in the other twenty-four exchanges in the country and among the hundreds of thousands who deal with them as to what is going to happen when the Senate Committee gets around to prescribing medicine.

If you will go down to Wall Street, however, you will find that the man they cuss loudest and hardest is not Pecora or Senator Couzens or Senator Costigan or Senator Fletcher or Senator Norbeck, who have been turning them inside out, but none other than our old friend, Herbert Hoover. For it was Hoover, they say, who got them into all this trouble. That is the simple truth. And here is as good a place as another to tell a little inside story of how the Senate started after the Stock Exchange. The investigation was launched by Herbert Hoover, though he

didn't realize at the time precisely what he was doing.

Hoover, like everybody else, was busy looking for the devil behind the depression. He believed he knew what he was doing. He kept hammering away at the depression but it refused to go down. The more he hit the stronger the depression got and the weaker Hoover got. The depression seemed to thrive on his blows. As a matter of fact that is exactly what was happening, though Hoover didn't know it. And so, very humanly, he began to look around to see who was holding the depression on its feet. Suddenly his eye fell upon John J. Raskob and Barney Baruch and several other Democratic devils. They, so Hoover was told, were raiding the market—just a lot of bears, wrecking prices by means of short selling, and undoing all the wonderful things he was doing for the people.

They Didn't Know It Was Loaded

Mr. Hoover became convinced that were it not for these men, who he supposed were destroying confidence, he would have had things on the way up a long time before. This was all in early April, 1932.

Then came April 7th and 8th, with an enormous volume of short selling. The bears increased their short position by over a million shares. There was a heavy sag in the stock prices. Hoover decided to act. He would slay two dragons. He would put an end to these bear raids. He would expose the machinations of Raskob and his wicked Democratic pals.

But there was a snag. Norbeck,

chairman of the powerful Senate Banking and Currency Committee, was in Chicago. Brookhart was ranking Republican member. He hated Wall Street, but he also hated Hoover. Which hate was the stronger? Finally Hoover managed it, as he often did, by indirection. Brookhart was brought to Republican headquarters. Someone appeared and asked Brookhart to listen in on a telephone conversation between the White House and Wall Street. An informant there was telling Hoover of the murderous crew that was tearing the market to pieces. That was enough for Brookhart. Flame darted from his nostrils. He declared he was ready to call the Senate Committee for action. Hoover smiled.

The stage was set. Senator Walcott, conservative Republican from Connecticut, a former Wall Street man, was to introduce the resolution for an investigation of bear raiding. Raskob, Baruch, Whitney and a few others would be called. They would be exposed. The bears would be routed. The investigation would end quickly. But just at this moment a cog slipped.

Norbeck, hearing of this, rushed back from Chicago. Democrats and insurgent Republicans seized the resolution, changed it to cover the investigation of everything in Wall Street from the Trinity cemetery to the river. Then Norbeck announced that he would himself head the sub-committee. Then the committee went to work and they are still at it with results of the most amazing character. That's why they blame Hoover down in Wall Street. What started out as a political demonstration ended in a bomb explosion worse than anything that ever hit the Street.

What the public sees in an investigation like this is the public drama—the big parade of lofty gentlemen of Wall Street who are brought to the witness stand and grilled about the most embarrassing matters. What it does not see is the endless, relentless labor which goes on behind the scenes.

When Charles Mitchell, former pres-

ident of the National City Bank, who was forced to resign after he left the committee witness stand, appeared, he surprised everyone by suddenly admitting that he had transferred large blocks of stock to his wife at an ostensible loss for the purpose of escaping payment of a large income tax in 1929. "What got into Mitchell?" they asked down in Wall Street, "to volunteer such a damaging piece of information?" What was not known, of course, was that when Ferdinand Pecora, counsel of the committee, asked Mitchell the apparently innocent question which brought out that answer, Mitchell knew that Pecora held in his hands a minute and detailed report of Mitchell's affairs with complete documentary proof of all the facts. For many long weeks a whole force of accountants had worked night and day going over Mitchell's books, the books and accounts of the National City Bank and its affiliate.

Friendly Enemies

Had you visited at lunch time the very inside of the great Chase National Bank—the largest bank in America, if not in the world—any time last summer, you would have found one of the vice-presidents' private dining-rooms occupied by a group of eight or ten accountants working for the committee and having their luncheon as the bank's guests during the rest period. One of the strange phenomena of this work is that while these accountants worked all summer probing the affairs of this bank and its affiliate, the Chase Security Company, and of its officers, they managed to get along with the officers and employees of the bank in the friendliest and happiest spirit. The same thing was true of all the groups of accountants who worked through the summer in many of the big banking offices—Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Dillon, Read & Co.—gathering the facts about which their officers have been grilled these last few weeks.

When Mr. Pecora faced the partners

of the Dillon, Read firm to ask about the affairs of their investment trusts, he held in his hands an elaborate factual account of the bankers' dealings, collected from their own books by a force of investigators through the summer.

That Dillon, Read episode brought us back to an old favorite—the investment trust—which flared up in the years from 1924 to 1930 in one of the most amazing orgies of wild promotion the country has ever seen. Mr. Pecora went into the bankers' organization of the United States & Foreign Securities Corp. because it was a good example of the way the investment trust did business in America. The investment trust was invented by the canny Scot to safeguard his savings. But in America the promoter took it to his bosom and did things with it which must have made its old Scotch inventors revolve swiftly in their graves.

The investment trust was formed to enable the man who had money to invest and didn't know how to do it to find a safe place for it. The investment trust was supposed to protect him from wild-cat speculation, to give him expert selection of stocks, expert management and the benefit of diversification. In England the writer examined the records of some dozen of investment trusts and found that the trusts paid for the service of management an average of one half of one per cent. Here is what the Dillon, Read & Co. story showed.

They organized an investment trust—the United States and Foreign Securities Corporation. They issued \$30,000,000 of preferred stock. Of this, they sold \$25,000,000 first preferred to the public. The remaining issue of \$5,000,000 second preferred they bought themselves. Then they distributed the common stock around as follows:

Two hundred and fifty thousand shares they gave as a bonus to the public which supplied the \$25,000,000.

Two hundred and fifty thousand they kept for themselves as a bonus for putting up \$5,000,000.

Five hundred thousand they bought for twenty cents a share—total cost \$100,000.

Thus the public investors got 250,000 shares of common stock with their \$25,000,000 investment.

The bankers got 750,000 with their \$5,100,000 investment.

All the profits of the trust—after paying interest, which is only another name for preferred dividends—would be divided among these common stockholders. Thus the public investors who put up five sixths of the money would get one fourth of these profits. The bankers who put up one sixth of the money would get three fourths of the profits. There was plenty more to this story, as dug out of the bankers' books by the investigators, but this one little instance was cleared up to show what must be done to protect the harassed investor from exploitation at the hands of those to whom he flies for safety.

A Limit on Bankers' Activities

Additional evidence which further strengthened the committee's determination to prevent bankers from engaging personally in market speculation was that which showed how one great New York banker—at that time head of a big bank—had three private corporations for engaging in stock market operations running into the millions, while he drew salaries not only from his bank but from various corporations which dealt with it.

The sub-committee has in mind that running a bank, handling other people's money, is a big enough job to occupy any man's waking hours and that he has no business attempting to draw one or two or a dozen other salaries helping to run other corporations, serving on forty or fifty boards of directors and besides all that, engaging in extensive and intricate operations on the stock exchange. There is no law now to prevent that. But a law will be proposed not merely to prevent it but to make

(Continued on page 54)



Congress thinks that speculation is not necessary to stock-trading

How to Build a Football Business

This is the story of the greatest show in football. It was conceived by Chick Meehan, staged by Mr. Meehan—costumes by Mr. Meehan, special musical setting by Mr. Meehan. It was supposed to be a hit. And it was. It didn't take long to see in the attics, at least it got them into the grandstand. It was big business. But it was over too well too soon. The show was cancelled. The producer withdrew. But there's another company forming in Upper Manhattan—under the direction of Mr. Meehan.

By Bill Cunningham



Collier

THE previous installment explained how academically respectable, numerically potent but athletically puny New York University decided to go into the football business back in 1924, and to that end drafted from Syracuse at \$10,000 a year the young but wide-awake coach, Chick Meehan.

Meehan, with a big-college background, was somewhat aghast when he discovered that the N. Y. U. field was little more than a public playground and that the players used, for a dressing-room, a ramshackle barn. He knew he had no high-caliber players and no ready-made following. Yet two major-league ball parks were not far away, 7,000,000 people lived within an easy nickel's ride and the school had 30,000 students.

Armed with scholarships, guaranteeing board, room, tuition, books and jobs good for spending money, he toured high schools and prep schools, gathering in broad-shouldered young men. He made himself a popular after-dinner speaker and meeting attender in the life of Upper Manhattan and the Bronx after he'd satisfied himself that 50 per cent

of any sports crowd at either the Polo Grounds or the Yankee Stadium was a neighborhood crowd.

From Broadway musical shows he borrowed the idea of spectacular costuming and rhythmic formations. And from the show world, again, he borrowed the time-honored practice of "papering the house." For Meehan, being a builder at heart, had early recognized that this was really a gigantic job of construction. He not only had to build a team; he had to build a public for that team.

He assembled his crowds scientifically, sometimes handing and mailing, even to persons unknown, as many as 3,000 tickets to a contest.

And when he got that crowd assembled, he never once forgot it. He played upon it, catered to it and experimented with it just as any other maestro in any other field of art. He moved upon the premise that the audience was there for a show, that it wanted to be entertained, and that it would come back only if it was entertained. Unlike other coaches who think in terms of the score, the team or the safety of their jobs, he was thinking in terms of the customers.

Spangling his muscular myrmidons in eye-catching regalia and schooling them in formations that made the crowds gasp were only the primer parts of it.

He staged, for instance, a pre-game show that was almost worth the price of admission. It was something like "the concert" that used to follow the old-fashioned circus, only this one was put on before the main performance.

Heroes Who Worked at It

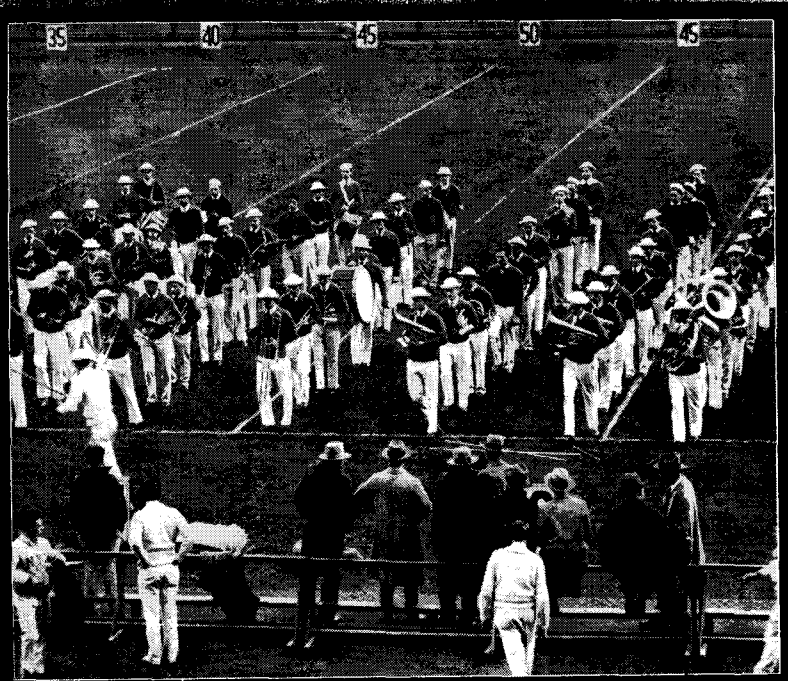
It consisted of taking some of his stronger backs with good baseball arms who'd been practicing passing until they could chuck the cantaloupe for at least seventy-five yards and having them give a public demonstration of their ability. Scattered across the grandstand end of the corral, and mixed in with the lads who were kicking, these human howitzers would haul off and fire at the distant whitewashed gallows which glimmered out there at the bleacher end. They seemed to be trying to trace their tremendous arcs over the distant crossbar and once in a while they succeeded.

On the receiving ends of these spectacular but meaningless parabolas, he'd have a couple of little fellows dressed in uniforms that made them look even shorter, snaring the balls as if their lives depended upon it and relaying them back to the throwers.

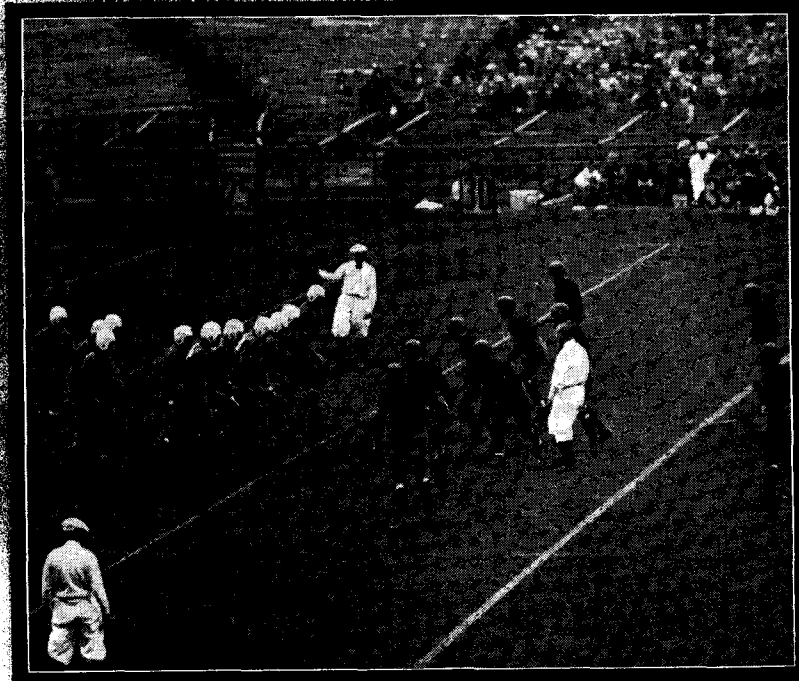
A veritable midget named Henry Hormel made almost a national reputation catching these great pre-game heaves in front of the left-field bleachers in the Yankee Stadium. He had almost as big a sun-field following as Babe Ruth. They used to rise en masse and cheer "Our Henry" when Meehan sent him into a game.

And this same Hormel brings to mind another stunt Meehan used to pull deliberately, with only the crowd in mind. Hormel was little but he could run like a rabbit and was almost impossible to get off his feet. He could twist and dodge and writhe and slip in an almost unbelievable manner.

So when the game slowed up, as all football games do, and the crowd was beginning to yawn, Meehan would shoot Hormel in to try an end sweep. The little fellow's orders were merely to



...and was part of the great game-reception plot



Musical comedy precision—the Meehan manner

keep running, especially if N. Y. U. was ahead. Meehan knew that most football crowds don't know the difference between five yards gained and five yards lost. Hormel was supposed to run from side line to side line, if he couldn't break loose, then wheel and run back again, twisting, dodging, giving ground if he had to, but continuing to run as long as he possibly could.

The only provision was that he wasn't to lose more than 15 yards on a play!

The sight of this tiny tyke shuttling back and forth through all those lunging giants never failed to bring the crowd up with a roar. He was the official and efficient rabble-rouser and the yards lost, if any, were charged off by Meehan as sops to the audience.

The Crowd's What Counts

Another thing Meehan figured, and all other coaches disregard, is that the crowd—any crowd—likes to see an even contest, a hard, thrilling fight down to the final yard with interest keenly suspended to the ultimate minute.

With that in mind, he never let his team run away with a ball game against

He also threw in other fillips, for the titillation of the throng and the psychological effect upon the enemy.

He'd always take a star out of the game, for instance, at the farthest possible point from the crowd, so that the player, the team and the enemy would get the various benefits of the sustained ovation as he raced the long distance back toward the bench.

And he had to race. That was part of the code. Every player dashed into the game and he likewise dashed out of it. He went in eagerly and came out with a smile. Meehan had brought this much down from Syracuse with him. One of his theories about football, and it's a pretty fine one at that, is that the game belongs just as much to the sub going in as it does to the star coming out.

Too often, he said, he'd seen some grandstanding prima donna come out of a game apparently madder than a rattlesnake with a gum boil and the stomach ache, slouch over to the bench and slam his headguard into the dirt with a large and exaggerated gesture. That, said Chick, was a dirty deal to the kid going in. It spoiled his entry by tak-

trilled. He even took them out and practiced them in hurdling it cleanly. He had to work extra hours with some of his big muscle-bound linemen, but he finally had every man jack of 'em schooled in taking that barrier on the fly.

In those days there was no resubstitution in the same half and a player could shoot straight for the dressing-room. And that's what they did. When the sub went in, the regular came out on the run, cleared that fence with a smile and shot down the runway. He might fall with exhaustion out of the sight of the crowd, but as long as he was in view he had to act the gallant part.

"That's not altogether for the benefit of the crowd," Chick told me one time, "although you can't tell me that it doesn't look good. But it's darned good psychology on the other ball club too. The scouts are going to see it and go back and tell their teams, 'N. Y. U. is so cocky and in such good condition that they actually come out of there on the run and jump a fence on their way to the dressing-room. Your job is to go in there and pour it on 'em so tough they won't be able to run, let alone jump any fences.'"

it broke so frequently into "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" that his friends began to kid him, asking if that was the college alma mater hymn.

He soon realized that he was directing the football play in front of him and the horn music behind him, so he figured that if he had to run the whole hesitant shebang he might as well do it right, and he became, forthwith, perhaps the only football coach who ever attended band practice regularly.

A Training Camp for Musicians

The skinny young gentlemen in horn-rims who blew in so sweet only to have it come out so sour were soon experiencing the numbing thrill of having a famous football coach come in and get clubby with them. And he did get clubby, for he likes young fellows and likes to help them find out how to do things.

Before they knew it, however, his powerful organizing powers had begun to shoot them full of juice, their numbers were growing and their tunes were getting sweeter as their repertory enlarged. Before he finished, the Violet



Football game in action, 1928, Hormel Stadium, N. Y. U. vs. Rutgers

a team billed as a major opponent. He never let it deliberately pile up a score against such a club. Any time it got a two-touchdown lead, it forsook safe football and went in for the wild, the spectacular, the thrilling but seldom successful. In short, it played for the crowd and not for the score. It deliberately put on a show.

Meehan wanted the big games to look even and the scores to be close. Many times in the days when his teams were their mightiest, when the first two periods showed they had the press-agented enemy plainly outclassed, Meehan would seek out the rival coach between halves and tell him the type of play N. Y. U. would use in the final periods.

The rival coaches usually thought it a ruse, but it wasn't. When he said, "In the last half, John, play a seven-man line against us and send your secondary in fast because we aren't going to throw any passes," he meant it. And to their amazement, his team did what he said it would. He was thinking of that crowd. He didn't want it to get any idea that it wasn't watching a battle. He figured it had paid its money to see a football game and he wanted it to go away with the idea that it hadn't been swindled.

ing the crowd's attention away from him. It also looked as if there might be a rebellion in the ranks. And whatever it looked like, it just wasn't pretty and none of his ball players could do it. When he pulled the string, they came out on the lode and with the big smile that said, "Certainly, coach."

Gate-leaping Psychology

That much he brought down intact from the Salt City stadium, but he added something to it in New York that was worthy of a Ziegfeld. There was a little fence between the players' bench and the side line in the Yankee Stadium into which the Violent Violets soon boiled from an outgrown Ohio Field. I don't know who put the fence there nor exactly what its mission was, but there it was, anyhow, and for other football games a wide gate in it was always left open for passage of players and officials to and from the arena.

Meehan took one look at it and got an idea. He had it painted white so the stands could see it plainly and he kept the gate locked when his team was in action. His players had to leap that fence on the run as they came off the field any time after the opening whistle

"And," said Chick with an honest glow of pride, "I flatter myself that my club is always in just a little better shape than anybody else's. When they go in there—the other team I mean—and shoot the works trying to wear my boys down, and they see them still coming out one by one and taking that fence on the fly, sooner or later they get discouraged and start saying to themselves, 'What is this?'"

For the further entertainment of the throng before and in between the times his warriors were on parade, Meehan had much to do with the development of the crack N. Y. U. band, but that chapter belongs more perhaps in some musical periodical. Briefly, when he took charge, the N. Y. U. band consisted of fourteen straggly pieces. It could play three or four tunes and "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." It was in charge of a soft-hearted army officer who hesitated to order a tune when a player was hurt because he thought it lack of consideration for the player.

Chick ran into the situation early and didn't know what to do about it at first. The band was right behind him as he sat on the bench and he had to keep turning around and telling it when to play. And when he did give the signal,

band was a crack organization of more than eighty pieces, with a "second team" almost as big. It was splendidly arrayed in ornate uniforms. It drilled and spelled and maneuvered in the spectacular coastal fashion and was so magnificent musically that it was eventually drawing \$3,000 a week in vaudeville!

The musical credit belongs to Maurel Hunkins, brought on from California as an instructor in the N. Y. U. School of Music; but Meehan, again, was the gentleman who had the idea. He even took the band with his players down to pre-season training camp where they blew hot and cold for eight hours a day, with an hour's time out if they sprung a sore lip!

And when a season was ended and time came for the big annual football banquet, Meehan had his hornsters at the board with his gridsters. They sat side by side in alternate seats; a tackle, then a saxophonist, a halfback, then a flutist. Each was of equal value in the autumnal extravaganza.

And there was one other thing—the newspaper men.

Meehan had not forgotten about them or discounted their importance. He had instantly recognized the value of

(Continued on page 36)

The Golden Lady

By James Hopper

A love story that couldn't have a happy ending. But it did

ON THIS Saturday, Willy Saunders had risen earlier than on school days. The corduroys his mother had washed lay fresh and creased across a chair. He slipped them on, and then the clean, crackling shirt, smelling a little of soap. With both hands he plied the water-doused military brushes till every curl he detested on his head had been flattened and well glued, then he broke his long, brittle length and brought his face nearer the mirror. He frowned at himself, and ground his teeth. Gee, how he hated that face!

In the empty and cold kitchen, he fried himself six eggs, and with a long spoon he got away with a pot of marmalade. Upon which, he sped to the links.

Everything was quiet when he got there. The caddy house was closed. Yesterday, Brandt, the caddy master, had telephoned to be here early for a customer, but now no one was about.

Willy threw himself on the grass and, hands behind his head, relaxed to a sensuous, trance-like enjoyment of the fog-filtered sun-warmth, the scent of flowers, and his profound idleness. After a time he heard steps. He sprang to his feet. A lady was approaching him. A golden, shining lady with hair like a golden helmet. She was in golf tweeds, she carried a golf bag. "Oh," she said, "are you the caddy that Mr. Brandt promised me?"

"Mr. Brandt told me to be here at seven," he answered guardedly.

"Well, then, you are my caddy," she said. She had a beautiful voice. It sounded like a golden bell. Or as a golden bell should sound—he had never heard one.

She set her golf bag down near him—and a delicious and tumultuous sea of sensations overwhelmed him. He frowned; he turned his head and looked out to sea.

SHE swung—a brave drive down the fairway. Then, together, they strode that marvelous course, high along that blue Pacific Ocean. She played a free and generous game, whistling her clubs through the air with no penury or petty calculation, laughing if now and then she missed. And after a while she began to invite him kindly into the circle of her intimacy. "A brassie, don't you think?" she would say. "A mid-iron; what do you think?" To which he would stammer, "Yes, I think so," or "Yes, a brassie."

Emboldened after a time, he hazarded a bit of tender advice. "Maybe I'd try a mashie," he said, when she had said, "Brassie, don't you think?" But at that very moment of poignant nearness his voice slipped into one of those gymnastics he so detested (and which, luckily, of late were becoming more rare). His voice, starting on "mash" in the depths of the most virile basso-profundo, suddenly escaped him like a bubble, and lit upon the "ie" of the word in a little squeak like that of a squirrel who has just found a nut.

He played safe after that. "Brassie?" she'd suggest. "Brassie," he'd whisper back, huskily, afraid to trust himself.

But all the time there was mounting

in him a desire to do something for her, to do something for her into which he might throw his whole and entire being. And thus they came to the sixth hole. Here there was a place where the sea cut deep into the course in a sharp V-shaped fiord, precipitous of sides, and at the bottom of which the sea boiled, blue, green and laced with foam. There were two ways to master this hazard. One was to go around it discreetly in two strokes that drew the two sides of a triangle; the other was to send your little ball in a flashing hypotenuse, across the chasm, to a rocky plateau on the other side. Which saved one stroke—unless you missed—in which case you

saw your ball—the water was very clear—reposing at the bottom of the little fiord, companionably with sea urchins and anemones and lustrous streaming kelp.

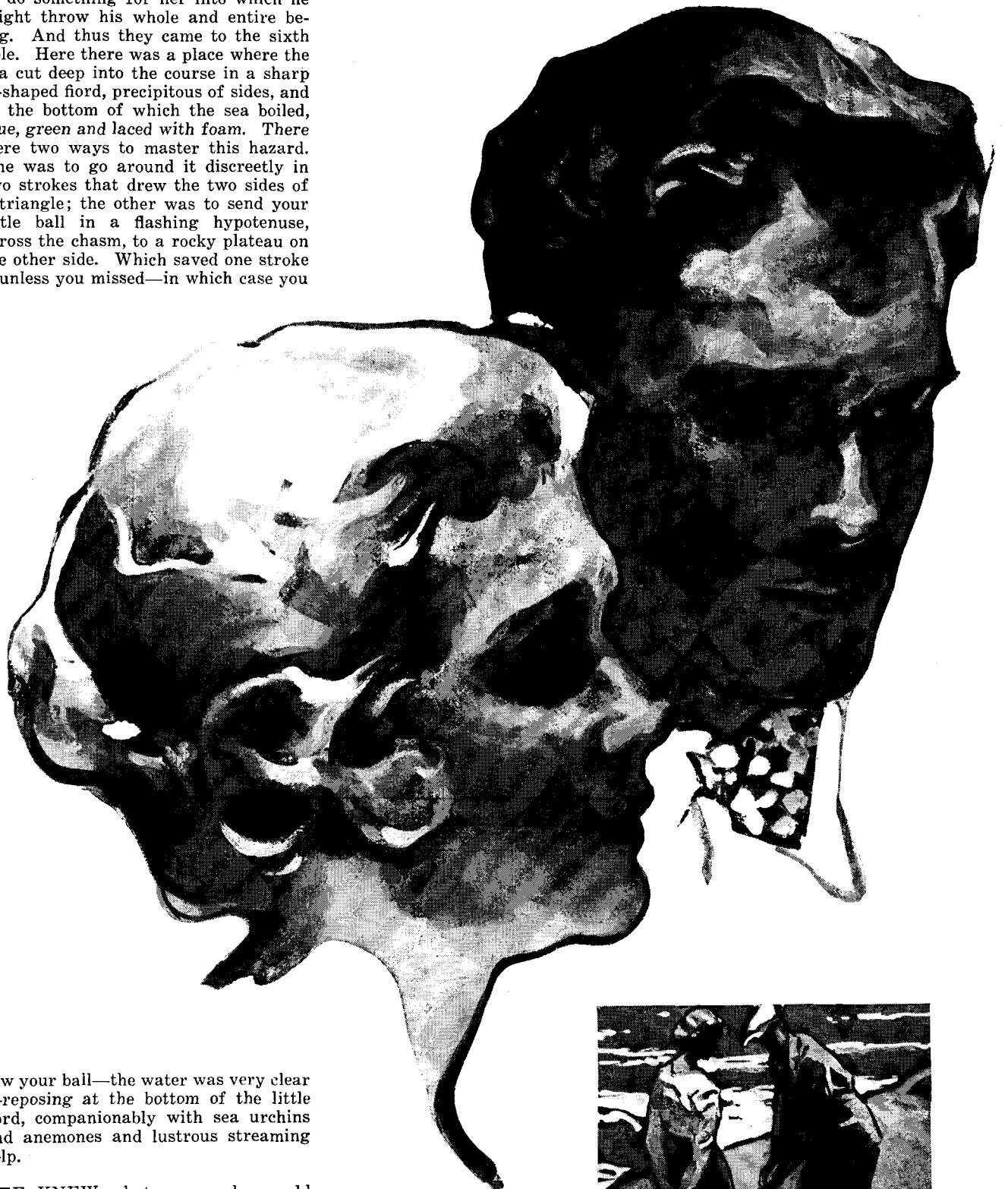
HE KNEW what course she would choose. And she did! The bold, the valiant one. Whir went her driver, and clack the ball, her sturdy body wound and unwound, and off like a white swallow went the ball, in brave flight. It was making the other shore all right, when a breath of wind deflected it. It did not reach the plateau on the other side, quite. It struck a pointed rock on its edge, rebounded high, and went down into the chasm. It struck the water. "Bll-oop," it said, and vanished.

Here was his chance. "I'll get it," he

said, and started down the steep cliff. "Never mind," she called. "We'll play another ball."

"I'll get it," he repeated, desperately, already far below her.

The sharp triangle of sea at the bottom of the fiord was deep blue and vivid green. Now and then it rose, rose, rose, then fell away again and laced itself with arabesques of foam. He slid down a steep rudimentary path made by ma-



Luella, there before his eyes, was an almost absolute replica of a young woman for whom he had caddied fifteen years ago



rauding caddies, reached the shingle, and clambered out on a reef. At his feet was now a quiet pool, blue, with green bubbles; at the bottom of it the little ball rested amidst sea flowers, swinging slightly from side to side. Into the pool he went.

It did not turn out very well. He got the ball, all right; but to get out—then merely to stay up—was another matter. He was a fair swimmer but he had all his clothes on. And he had forgotten his quiver of clubs; it was still slung across his back, weighing a thousand pounds. Down he went—came up—down he went, the little ball fiercely clutched in his right hand.

Looking up from his drowning, he could see her up there on the cliff, like the Statue of Liberty in his history book. He could have freed himself of all those heavy clubs; the thought indeed came to him. He spurned it as base: it was poles apart from the yearning for service that still warmed his heart in spite of the cold stabbings of the cold, cold sea. Finally she hastened down and, standing on the end of a reef, presented him with the club end of the driver which she luckily had still in her hand. He seized it, she pulled him to where he had foothold, he walked out of the sea and stood dripping, his hair plastered, swaying—weak with submersion and humiliation.

She was all distress and solicitude. "Oh, but you are terribly wet!" He snorted a negative, and started tearing up the cliff like a madman. When she

caught up with him at the top, he had taken the wet clubs out of the wet bag, and was rubbing them with grass, and laying them in the sun.

Here the argument was renewed. She wanted him to go home, to change his clothes, but her anxiety filled him only with a rageful despair. As if he couldn't stand being wet a little! As if he were a molycoddle that caught colds! Finally she saw that, obdurate as he was, it would be best to keep moving. They went on, he carrying the wet bag and his wet clothes, she swinging clubs slightly damp in spite of the fur-bishing he gave each as he presented it to her. "Mashie?" she'd say. "Mashie," he'd rumble. "Brassie?" she'd say. "Brassie," he'd rumble. In a voice now thoroughly fixed to the bass register by the dousing. So finally, the eighteen holes conscientiously covered, they went back to the caddy house.

THAT night Willie could not sleep. Or, at least, he kept waking up from his sleep. As he slept he could feel his heart beating in anticipation of the next sudden awakening. He'd awake happy; for a short time he wouldn't know why; then deliciously he would remember: he was going to caddy for her again this morning!

By four, he could no longer stay in bed. He sat down at his table by the window, and in the rosy light of dawn, on a white sheet of paper spread between Hasworth's First Algebra, Carter's Plane Geometry, and Lock's

Elements of Physics, wetting his pencil often, he wrote a poem. It began:

*"You are like the golden moon
In the sky,
The blue sky
At night."*

When he had finished the poem, he folded the sheet till it was a thick little square of paper, which he slipped into the watch-pocket of the flannel trousers (the corduroys were hanging out on the line) that he was going to wear this day. He proceeded to a meticulous toilet, shaved three times, and fifteen minutes later was at the links.

It was much the same kind of morning as yesterday. High fog and a smooth, leaden sea. Along the course they went, she ahead, golden, gay and glorious, he behind, knees bent, glowering with love. "What a funny boy," she thought, and was kind to him.

He was carrying the little wad of poetical effusion palmed in his right hand. Every now and then he screwed up his courage to the point of offering it to her, but always, before he could do that, all the courage would unwind again. When they came to the sea chasm, scene of yesterday's heroism, she discreetly took the long way around and sacrificed a stroke.

They were back. The wondrous day was over. Saturday and Sunday were over. Only blue Monday ahead now—blue Monday after blue Monday—a life of blue Mondays. And the poem, squeezed, limp with sweat, was still in the palm of his hand.

But she said, considering, "I'm going to go out every day, early like this."

Her eyes—each was like the big star Venus when seen at dawn—were on him; she cocked her golden head. "You go to school?"

"High," he said (which was technically correct; he had just entered high school).

"You couldn't caddy early, before school," she considered. "No. Of course. It would make you too tired for school."

Tired! To go about the links with her! Tired! And school. What was school?

"I don't get tired," he growled.

"Really?"

"Naw-aw!"

"Then you'd be willing to caddy tomorrow? Early, like today?"

Willing! Jee-ee-ze!

"Sure," he said.

FOR two weeks every morning he walked the links with her and the clouds. He hardly slept at night; he kept waking up with inexhaustible excitement. And all day afterward he was no good; he floated in a trance, his being in abeyance till morning should come again, and the walk along the sea. In school he sat with drooping jaw; he looked like an idiot; and, when called upon by the teacher, started so violently the whole class laughed. He was slipping every day now a little wad containing his lyric into the golf bag. With no result thus far; a peep into the bag every morning showed him the little wads still all down there at the bottom. He was adding stanzas at night. Such as:

*"And you are like the edelweiss
On the edge of the precipice,
Sweet, sweet flower, ever,
Ever, ever, ever beyond
My reach."*

Marching along behind her, laden with golf bag and emotion, there were moments when he dimly suffered. This came from a way she had of laughing at times.

It should have charmed him; it was a charming manifestation. But somehow it did not bring him into her intimacy as when she said, "Brassie?" or "Mashie?" It had a tendency, in fact, to leave him out. Bending over the club before striking, in the customary waggle, suddenly she would laugh. Just a little; low, to herself. It was a pretty sound, between the cooing of a dove and the rippling of a brook. Only it reminded him of something his mother did at times. She would laugh like that, low, his mother, bending over the stove, or over her sewing. And when he asked her what she was laughing at, she would say, "Nothing, Willy." Then, after a moment she'd say, "Come here," and she'd kiss him. He loathed being kissed that way.

On the Thursday of the second week, he managed at last to deliver his verse. Getting ahead of her, he dropped the crumpled little wad to the green. Three times he did that without success. She walked by without noticing, and he had to run back and pick it up. But the fourth time she called out, "Oh, Willy—is that yours? I think it fell out of your pocket." She had the small wad in her hand. His heart was beating like a drum.

"It's yours," he said.

"But, no. . . ." She was surprised. "It isn't mine. . . ."

He wasn't going to give way to panic this time. "It's for you," he said harshly, scowling fearfully.

"Oh!"

SHE unfolded the paper, spread it out; she gave him a swift look, then read. He gazed out into the distance and suffered.

She read. She re-read. How slowly she read!

"Why, Willy!" he heard her exclaim.

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

"You write verse! Why, that's nice! You must keep this, Willy. Don't throw it away. . . ."

She was reading again. "It's for you," he blurted.

"Oh, it's for me. Oh, thanks, Willy. Let me see, where shall I put it?" She started to slip it into her sweater pocket. But it was a shallow pocket. "No," she said. "I know! I'll put it into the golf bag!" Which she did, where there were already twelve others.

And they went on, he at once bitterly disappointed with the result, yet still sweating with fright at what might have been. He could not keep his eye on the ball; two balls were lost. . . .

Friday was a splendid day, and then came Saturday morning. As he sat on the caddy bench, waiting, her coupé drew up, and almost right away he saw that she was not alone. In the coupé with her was a man.

The door flew open. They came out; two there were, with their clubs; they came toward Willy, and Willy was already hating the man. He was a firmly knit individual, definite in outline, and solid. His nose was clear cut and nobly bronzed—not burned in patches like Willy's. His sports clothes, of a subtle blend of heather hues, fitted perfectly, his bare head was meticulously clipped, a little brush mustache just below the nose gave him the look of one arrived and secure.

They approached, swinging side by side. "Hello, Willy," she said carelessly. "Is there another caddy here? I asked Mr. Brandt yesterday to have one."

But no other caddy was here. They waited; no one appeared; the man kept

(Continued on page 60)



Illustrated by
Harry Morse
Meyers

Conspiracy

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

IN PARIS, at Paul Lanson's restaurant, Doyle Evans, of the American Embassy, witnesses the killing of Big Mike Pelletiere, a gangster. Two years later in New York he meets Phyllis Benedict—the famous Phyllis Benedict, who, kidnapped when a child, had been found recently by her wealthy father, working for one Johnson Fay, an importer. He recognizes her at once. When Big Mike died, he had had a girl companion. Phyllis Benedict is that girl!

That evening a girl (Lisa Gundstrom) calls on Evans, tells him it was she he had seen at Lanson's. Later, she meets a man. *Johnson Fay!* "Okay," she says. "Benedict's eighty millions are in the bag!" . . . The girl, Evans knows, had lied. But, skeptical as to Phyllis Benedict's past, he falls in love with her. Exciting episodes follow. Paul Lanson is murdered. Jean Degas, a French detective, comes to New York—and promptly gets in touch with Evans, who is an old friend. Lisa Gundstrom "commits suicide" under extremely suspicious circumstances. And Evans, following a series of weird adventures, knows that he is in peril. He becomes aware of a sinister plot: the girl he loves—the girl whom he hopes to marry—is not, it appears, old Jason Benedict's daughter; she is an impostor. Johnson Fay is a crook, a criminal. With the girl's cooperation (he has her completely in his power) and that of a small band of killers, he hopes to gain control of the vast Benedict fortune. Of late, however, "Phyllis Benedict" has shown signs of weakening; the plotters are worried. . . . At the beautiful Benedict mansion, Fay and Phyllis have a talk. "I," says the girl, "love Doyle Evans. I am going to tell him the truth." Fay grins. "Oh, no, you're not! You're going to marry him. Right away. If you don't—"

Evans is announced. Fay slips behind a portière. Evans enters. Overwrought, he denounces the girl who is posing as Phyllis Benedict, threatens to expose the plot against the Benedict fortune, and demands that the girl confess.

Johnson Fay slides into the room. "Get it, kid?" he rasps. "He wants you to take the rap!" The two men exchange words. They fight. Evans is knocked unconscious. Fay turns to the girl. "Kid," he whispers, "you've got a trust fund of two million dollars. Turn it over to me, and your sweetie's safe. If you don't, it's goodbye for him!" . . .

Degas (disguised and known as Pedro Carminas) phones Evans' apartment. Evans' man, Derrick, takes the call. "Come up here quickly, Mr. Degas!" he exclaims. "For God's sake, don't waste time!"

VIII

DEGAS took in the living-room with a glance. That was a Corot on the wall and the vase on the mantel was definitely Ming. He had heard, two years ago, that the under-secretary of the Embassy had quit diplomacy because of financial losses. Well, all the family possessions had not gone under the hammer, he was glad to note. In the same glance he took in Derrick, and that worthy man would have been amazed could he have realized how quickly and certainly Degas catalogued him. Honest, stupid, loyal, equipped with fidelity but not overburdened with brains. And fancying himself, the least trifle, as a bit of a Lothario.

"You are—Mr. Degas?" Derrick asked.

Degas noticed that the man stood by the door. Now he remembered that Derrick had admitted him cautiously, reluctantly. He grinned.

"It is the beard, eh?" he inquired.

Derrick's eyes narrowed.

"While I waited for you I went through the evening papers again. Your picture is there, and the statement that you are in the Wanderers' Hospital. If that is so, how do you happen to be here, Mr. Degas?"

"My friend Evans is well served,"

said Degas. "Although, expecting a bearded man, it was not too smart to admit one clean-shaven. Still, better to think late than not at all. I am Degas. I beg of you, do not waste time disputing this fact. Let me recall matters that will resolve your doubts. There was, if my memory serves, the little affair of the taxicab on the Rue St. Honoré. You were the unfortunate victim of a collision. You were taken to the hospital to identify the Apache who drove the other car. You wore, if Degas can rely on his recollection, a blue double-breasted suit, brown shoes, and a hat somewhat like the one I wear today. Am I Degas?"

"You're Degas—or someone else who was there," said Derrick, "and I guess you're not someone else. My, sir, what a memory you have!"

"Degas never forgets," said the owner of that name complacently. "Now—where is Mr. Evans?"

A MOMENT ago admiration had crept through the mask of impassivity which Derrick habitually wore; now alarm showed on his face.

"I don't know that Mr. Doyle would like me to—I mean, he is not a child, sir. That he doesn't come home is not alarming. After all, it is barely six-thirty. But he hasn't been at his office today; he isn't at his club, hasn't been there all day, and—with him going out so late last night, to call on you—"

"Your master would wish you to confide in me, Derrick," said Degas. "There are matters so grave—and you did not ask me in the name of God to come up here at once because your master was late for his afternoon highball. Nor did Degas shave his beard for a whim. Perchance the two things are related. Mr. Evans came back here last night?"

Derrick nodded. "Yes, sir. I told him that while he had been out a lady had telephoned. She said that her name was Miss Gundstrom, sir." He looked inquiringly at Degas. The latter frowned. Gundstrom—Gundstrom. . . . His lips moved noiselessly, as if he repeated the name to himself.

"She killed herself this morning," said Derrick. "It's in the afternoon papers, sir. And Mr. Doyle went to see her this morning."

Degas' frown deepened. Why had this dolt continued speaking? In another second the Gundstrom name would have registered in his memory; he would have remembered the brief item in the afternoon paper. Not that it mattered that Derrick had anticipated memory's functions; only Degas disliked missing any opportunity to prove that his mind never let go of anything relevant to the moment, however remote in time or space it might be.

"He did not mention the reason for his visit?" he asked.

Derrick shook his head.

"I told him that," he said. "She telephoned, and seemed rather upset. She gave me her address—the Altemaha Hotel. And it seemed to me that she feared Mr. Doyle might not recall her name, so she reminded him that she was the lady who had called on him on Monday night."

"You saw her then?" asked Degas.

Derrick shook his head again. "I was off that night, sir. A little matter of dinner and the movies and some later dancing, sir."

"What did your master say when you



"I had the felicity of meeting you the night before last," he said, bowing over her hand. "I was then Jean Degas"

gave him the message?" asked Degas. Later he would permit himself a grin at memory of Derrick's explanation of the way he had spent his evening off, but now he was too intent for mental side trips.

"Nothing that I particularly remember, sir," replied Derrick. "I think he wanted to telephone her; I'm not sure. I remember, though, that I told him the lady especially requested that he should not phone her. So he didn't."

AND he went to see her this morning?"

"I don't know, sir. Mr. Doyle was not the kind to neglect a lady's request. I suppose he did. And that is why, having read that the lady killed herself—and Mr. Doyle not having returned here, not having been to his office or his club—Mr. Degas, what is wrong? Why are you supposed to be in the hospital? Why is my master—?"

"Sit down, Derrick," said Degas. "Compose yourself. You are fond of Mr. Evans, eh? But of course. You

would do anything in your power to serve him. Well, then, be calm. Your master, through no fault of his own, has become involved in matters that are dangerous. I, Degas, am also involved in them. So much so that I have, for the moment, ceased to be Jean Degas and have become Pedro Carminas. There has been, Derrick, a monstrous crime committed."

"And Mr. Doyle is mixed up in it?"

"Mr. Doyle is mixed up in it," said Degas gravely. "So am I mixed up in it. And yet—mark this, Derrick—neither your master nor myself have the faintest idea of the nature of the crime, nor who committed it. Yet we are both close upon the trail of the criminals. We must be, else there would be no effort to keep me from—but no matter. I think aloud, and my speech wanders. Derrick, you can help me, perhaps. I do not know. This Gundstrom woman—her voice was perhaps familiar to you?"

"No, sir," said Derrick.



Illustrated by
Jay Hyde
Barnum

"Her name—it stirred nothing in your memory?"

"I'd never heard it before," said the servant.

"Your master seemed unfamiliar with the name, you say?"

"I don't think she expected him to be familiar with it. I told you that she reminded him—or told me to remind him—that she had called here the other night."

"Of course," said Degas.

"Oh," exclaimed Derrick, "she also said that he had seen her in Paris."

The additional information didn't seem to register with Degas, for the reason that he hardly would have thought that two women had called on Monday night.

"And your master in no way hinted to you any suspicion he might have had as to the reason for the lady's telephoning?"

"No, sir," said Derrick.

Degas sighed. The train of events was easy enough to follow for a way, but it led to no destination. The Gund-

strom woman was the one who professed to be Pelletiere's companion at Lanson's; she was unquestionably the woman who had pointed out Evans to the three men in the Ambassador. So far the train went straight ahead. Had Evans now merely disappeared, one would have assumed that the Gundstrom woman had enticed him into a trap. But the Gundstrom woman had killed herself. Why?

He went over the facts as he knew them. Lisa Gundstrom had called on Doyle Evans. She had said she was Mike Pelletiere's companion, a statement that Evans did not believe was true. She had accompanied three potential murderers to the café where Evans and Degas supped; she had vanished; Evans and Degas had eluded their followers; the girl had telephoned Evans' apartment and identified herself to Derrick; she had asked Evans to call upon her and had stressed her wish that Evans should not telephone her. Evans had left his apartment this morning to call upon her; and the woman had killed herself.

A query insinuated itself into his mind. Had Evans seen the woman before she killed herself? He lifted his eyes and looked at Derrick.

"What time did Mr. Evans leave here this morning?"

"Shortly before ten, sir," replied Derrick. "It might have been fifteen or twenty minutes before ten. You don't think—"

"Don't think what?" demanded Degas, as the man stopped speaking.

"I don't know, sir," said Derrick. "I—she seemed very excited last night. Do you suppose she wanted to tell something to Mr. Evans and then killed herself because she didn't want to tell him? But that doesn't make sense, does it?"

"IT MAKES very good sense, Derrick," said Degas, grimly. "Only, she might have been killed because other people didn't want her to tell Mr. Evans something. Do you remember Lanson's, where your master used to dine, in Paris?"

Derrick nodded eagerly. "Yes, sir. He was killed yesterday, in a speakeasy that he ran over here."

"And he was killed because I was on my way to see him," said Degas grimly. "Derrick, there has been a crime of major importance. Paul Lanson knew about it. I think this Gundstrom woman knew about it. Paul died because—I believe—I was about to see him. The Gundstrom woman died—perhaps—because Evans was on his way to see her."

"And my master," cried Derrick. "You say he is in danger—have you been to the police?"

Degas smiled mirthlessly. "I am of the police, Derrick. Not of the American police and yet . . . Derrick, I shall take you into my confidence. Your master and I have discussed this matter. In Lanson's, in Paris, just previous to your master's departure from France, Mike Pelletiere, the American gangster, killed two South Americans and was himself slain. Your master saw that triple killing. Also, a young woman saw it. Your master aided her to escape. We did not censure his gallantry. Three evil men were dead; the world was better; Mr. Evans yielded to a perfectly understandable chivalrous impulse. Because we wished to question the woman, we sought her. But never found her. And two nights ago, years after the event in question, a young woman—evidently this Lisa Gundstrom—calls upon your master, declares that she was Pelletiere's companion—and that is that.

Out of a clear, untroubled sky, she revives a matter that might prove unpleasant for her.

"Meanwhile, Paul Lanson has written me that he has seen Pelletiere's companion, and that she has committed a monstrous crime. I, about to visit your country, arrive here. I call on your master and tell him of Paul's letter. Paul is killed before I can see him. Your master tells me that the Gundstrom woman is not the woman of the triple killing. Last night she accompanied three men to a café where your master and I were having supper. At least we *think* she did. We thought she pointed out your master to three killers. I, Degas, am not given to unreasonable alarm, and yet I made a most laughable spectacle of myself—and of your master—in escaping from the restaurant. We went to my hotel, where your master planned to spend the night with me.

"There he telephoned you to inform you of his intention, and then told me that a visitor awaited him. A woman, I easily gathered. I told him that it was not a time for romance, yet he left me." His forehead suddenly creased in a terrific frown. He pointed an accusatory finger at Derrick. "You are not deceiving me, you? That woman was not Lisa Gundstrom, eh?"

His voice had risen in a sudden bellow and Derrick shrank from it.

"Good Lord, no, sir!" he stammered. "Why"—indignation came to him—"why would I lie to you about anything? My master—"

"But of course. You love him. Degas withdraws the accusation. Degas retracts; it has never been uttered. But who was the woman?"

DERRICK hesitated. Degas' voice, that had been a roar a moment ago, became a whisper now.

"I understand. Loyalty is commendable. But common sense, my Derrick—that is much more praiseworthy. Your master is in danger, I tell you. I understand these little trifles of romance."

His hand went up to his chin, while his eyes took on a complacent expression. The hand fell away from the chin and he squinted down his nose. For a moment he had forgotten his shorn beard. He recovered himself. That glossy mass would never be stroked again. But had not Dr. Peary stated that he seemed in the middle thirties?

"Ah, yes, romance. One comprehends. One understands, also, that discretion and loyalty combine to make you un-

willing to reveal an episode that your master would prefer to be private. But we are dealing, Derrick, with an intrigue that baffles me. I would not pry, I trust you are willing to believe, into the affairs of my dear friend Evans. Yet I would like to know her name."

He lighted a cigarette and once again memory played a trick on him. He caught one hand rising to brush away the nonexistent whiskers.

"You see, Derrick, your master left me to see this lady caller. Then, you say, he left here again to call upon me. But, in the interval after her departure—she had left him when he talked to me—he called me on the telephone. It was arranged between us that I should pretend to be sailing back to Paris. He promised to come and see me off. Follow that closely, Derrick. After the lady has gone, he telephones and does not

(Continued on page 58)



Derrick, white-faced, turned to Degas

The Man without Nerves

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

SAM JESSON, of Sandywayes, Sussex, is found dead and the verdict of the coroner's jury is suicide. Jesson had lost his money; so, at least, his banker, James Huitt, testifies. His friends—Lord Milhaven, Andrew Cresset, Timothy Sarson and others—accept Huitt's statement. One man, however, does not—young Mr. Tyssen, a stranger in the village, who believes that Jesson was murdered.

Another tragedy soon shocks the village. Sir Julian Bott, a noted financier, is shot to death. By whom? The only suspect is Anthony Sarson, Timothy Sarson's son. He is not guilty, but he dares not tell the truth, for fear of involving a woman—the beautiful Madame de Sayal—near whose home the body had been found. . . . Playing the rôle of amateur sleuth, Tyssen works frantically. Calling on Huitt one evening, he finds the banker strangely perturbed by a radio weather report. Leaving Huitt, he calls a London number and learns that one "Major Flower" is the weather-report announcer. An attempt on his life follows. He escapes, badly wounded. And presently he is in London, interviewing Flower. The man, bribed, gives him some facts that amaze him. He is, he says, changing the wording of his reports from time to time, in accordance with secret orders from Sandywayes' one noted celebrity, Lord Milhaven! He warns Tyssen that the man is dangerous, a conscienceless killer.

The police, headed by Inspector Penny, of Scotland Yard, plan to arrest Anthony Sarson. Before they do so, they must find a revolver they have reason to believe he was carrying when Sir Julian was killed. But they will not find that revolver. Certain of Anthony's innocence, and in love with his lovely sister, Pauline, Tyssen himself has found it—and hidden it. . . . At a Sandywayes tennis club, Huitt makes a startling announcement. Sir Julian Bott had, he says, lost a vast fortune speculating with funds belonging to various companies he controlled—funds which he had withdrawn, personally, from Huitt's bank! "We are convinced," the banker concludes, "that he took his own life."

Having listened, Timothy Sarson turns to young Plumer, one of Huitt's clerks. "No suicide for me!" he laughs. "But take good care of my bonds, Plumer. You know I've 30,000 pounds' worth of them at your bank." Plumer gasps; then, controlling himself, makes a noncommittal reply. A few moments later, Huitt leads the clerk aside. "Don't contradict Mr. Sarson," he says. "His mind, you know. We must all treat him kindly."

X

AMONDAY morning call to the manager's private office was not always accepted as an agreeable happening by anyone of the staff of clerks attached to Barton's Bank. Plumer received a summons with anything but delight, especially when he remembered a certain vague uneasiness which had troubled him during the previous day.

"Any idea what I am wanted for?" he asked the cashier who had summoned him.

"Can't imagine. Lord Milhaven is there too. Perhaps they're going to start a new branch somewhere and want to offer you the managership!"

Plumer indulged in a little grimace as he straightened his tie in front of the mirror and stepped out to face the ordeal.

"A directorship, more likely," he observed.

He was possessed of rather keen apprehensions, and he could not rid himself of the idea that, for some reason or other, his appearance at the Oasis on the preceding day had been looked upon with a certain amount of disfavor by

his chief. The latter's reception of him, however, was quite in his usual fashion.

"This is the young man I was speaking of, your lordship. Maurice Plumer his name is. He has been with us for five years and so far as I know has given complete satisfaction. Plumer, this is one of our directors, Lord Milhaven, come to see if we can help him out of a slight difficulty."

Milhaven nodded to the young man in kindly fashion.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Twenty-five, sir."

Milhaven looked the young man over in a thoughtful but pleasant manner.

"I think Plumer might suit our purposes very well," he said, "if the matter can be arranged."

THE bank manager turned towards his employee.

"As I have just told you," he said, "Lord Milhaven is a director of our bank and takes a great interest in our staff. Our West End branch does not altogether please him just now. He is of the opinion that a young man of the wrong type has been drafted into it. You would have no objection, I suppose, if we exchanged you—that is to say, if you gave up your place here and we gave you a similar post in our Bond Street Branch?"

"Certainly not, sir," the young man replied, with much relief. "I should be glad to go wherever you think I would be most useful."

"In a sense," his chief confided, "it will be promotion for you. The scale of pay is a trifle higher, and there are more opportunities for the display of individuality."

"I suppose I am like everyone else, sir," Plumer remarked with a smile. "I very much prefer the West End to the city."

"In that case," Huitt instructed him, "you will kindly present yourself to Mr. Holderness, the manager, at the New Bond Street Branch, tomorrow morning at nine-thirty. There is no particular work upon which you are engaged at the moment, I suppose, which cannot be taken over?"

"Nothing out of the ordinary routine, sir."

"It may interest you to know," the bank manager continued, "that your behavior yesterday afternoon, Mr. Plumer, has induced me to select you for this preferment. You showed yourself possessed of that rather rare quality—tact. You probably realized the fact that Mr. Timothy Sarson, since his son's trouble, has been a very difficult person to deal with. I will not say that he has lost his mental balance altogether, but he is certainly in rather a queer state. One of our clients, Lord Milhaven," he went on, turning to his visitor, "who persists in talking about some securities he had with us, although he took them out of our keeping and disposed of them, I suppose, some time ago."

Milhaven nodded carelessly.

"I know the man you mean," he remarked. "Very fine old-fashioned wine



Illustrated by George Howe

"If I am upset it is not with drink. At least not altogether. It is your fool clerks"

business he has, I believe. My uncle used to deal with him. By the bye, isn't he the father of the nice-looking youth whom people are talking about in connection with poor Bott's affair?"

Mr. Huitt assented.

"He certainly behaved rather foolishly at the time, but none of us who knew him fairly well looked upon him as a possible assassin. That will do, Plumer. We need not keep you any longer."

The young man took his leave, receiving a pleasant farewell nod from Milhaven.

"That went off all right, I think," the latter remarked, lighting a cigarette.

"I am perfectly satisfied," Mr. Huitt affirmed. "Of course, any direct intercourse between our clients and a young man like Plumer is the one weak point in our scheme."

"YOU seem to have avoided trouble up till now," Milhaven observed.

"We have been fortunate," Huitt admitted.

"Any more disturbances in the Oasis?"

"None that I know of," was the placid reply. "There is one inquisitive young man down there who is asking for trouble. He has had a charge of Number 6 shot in the calf of his leg within the last few days, but that doesn't seem to have been enough for him."

"Queer little corner of the world, that Oasis," Milhaven reflected, lounging back in his chair and watching the smoke from his cigarette curl upwards towards the ceiling. "How did you ever happen to find it out?"

"Entirely by chance some twenty years

ago," the bank manager replied. "I used to take a train from one of the London terminals every Sunday and then walk. It was on one of my excursions that I came across this place."

"I should never have thought country walks very much in your line," Milhaven chuckled.

"They are not," the other confessed. "I took those excursions and those long walks simply as a matter of health. Health is a vital necessity for the successful conduct of life. Nowadays in order to preserve it I play tennis."

"And play damn' well, they tell me."

"I would not go so far as that," Huitt observed. "As a matter of fact it is the others who play so badly. Very few people in games, in any form of pleasure or business, seem to have learned that the greatest secret of life is concentration. When I play tennis there is nothing so important to me as to deal with each ball I receive or serve in the most advantageous fashion—for my score, I mean, of course."

"I imagine," Milhaven ruminated, studying the precise little figure at the desk, "that you would have been a success in any career you had taken up."

"You are very likely right," the bank manager admitted without any trace of self-consciousness.

"Perhaps on a broader canvas your gift would not have been so manifest," Milhaven continued, as though following out his own train of thought. "Your genius is a little intensive. Your greatest talent of all, for instance, could only have been acquired by a terrific amount of patience."

"Your lordship is inclined to be discursive this morning."

"Perhaps," Milhaven acquiesced, "it is because I have today what a woman would call an attack of nerves."

The bank manager smiled slowly.

"Is that possible?"

"The very question, my dear Huitt," his visitor declared, "shows how little you understand me. I lived for many years on presentiments and fancies. I steered my life by instinct, not by reason. That was when I was living in the East—the Near East, I should say. In Arabia and Mesopotamia."

HUITT listened without comment to what he did not understand. There was a brief silence between the two men during which the hooting of the motor horns, the rumbling of the heavier traffic and all the street noises outside seemed suddenly to have become intensified. Milhaven rose to his feet. He looked wan and tired and there was something of that curious expression in his eyes which comes only to men who have lived for years in loneliness.

"We are nearing the end, my little companion in crime," he said. "That I can apprehend just as clearly as I can hear that hideous orchestra of sound outside. It is lucky that we have already pulled down the great things."

"Have you any specific indications of danger?" Huitt asked.

"Nothing of the sort," his companion assured him. "Just my imaginings, that is all. I am feeling like a superstitious woman who has gazed into a crystal."

Mr. Huitt's chief of staff came in for advice on an urgent matter. Milhaven prepared to depart.

"You haven't forgotten that you are lunching with me today, Huitt?" he remarked carelessly, as he drew on his gloves.

Mr. Huitt smiled. The smile was quite sufficient. Anyone who had ever had dealings with him knew that Mr. Huitt forgot nothing, and least of all was he likely to forget a luncheon with one of his directors.

CHURCHILL, Huitt's confidential cashier, followed his chief into his private room with a sigh of relief. The bank manager, who had only just entered, was already in his chair glancing at the various memoranda on his desk.

"Anything special, Churchill?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," the young man replied. "We have been trying for some time to get you on the telephone."

"Indeed?" Huitt murmured. "I have been lunching with Lord Milhaven."

"So we understood, sir, but no one seemed to know which was Lord Milhaven's club."

"Nothing very serious, I hope?" Huitt inquired tolerantly.

"It is Mr. Martin, sir. He came in the moment you went out and he has been in half a dozen times since. He will be here again in a few minutes."

Mr. Huitt felt no longer any interest in the little pile of memoranda reposing under his paper weight. He flattered himself that there was no change in his expression, no sign of any emotion in the thin, rigid lines of his features. Nevertheless, no more disquieting news could have been offered him than this.

"What on earth can the man want?" Huitt demanded. "He was here for nearly half an hour the other day—gave us no end of trouble getting that money all together."

"I know, sir," Churchill replied. "And the trouble of it is that he seems to have forgotten all about it."

Mr. Huitt frowned.

"Forgotten?" he repeated.

"I am afraid, sir," the young man went on, "that Mr. Martin is scarcely himself today. He seemed a little excited the first time he came in and he has been getting worse ever since."

"In what way?"

"Well, sir, to be frank, I am afraid he has had too much to drink."

Mr. Huitt shook his head.

"Regrettable," he sighed. "Very regrettable."

"I can hear him outside again, now, sir," Churchill announced. "Shall I fetch him? I am afraid he won't go away unless you have a few words with him."

"Certainly I will have a few words with him," Huitt replied. "Give me five minutes, Churchill. At the end of that time I shall ring my bell and you can bring him in yourself. Until then try to keep him away from anyone else. Sit with him in the small reception room."

"Very good, sir. I think I ought to warn you that he disputes his balance vigorously and utterly denies that very big cash withdrawal yesterday. If he gives any trouble at all, sir, I should be inclined to have him removed by the police. He appears to me to be in a dangerous condition."

"We cannot do that, Churchill," Huitt said calmly. "Mr. Martin is, after all, an old client of the bank. I daresay I shall be able to soothe him down. Show him in here and if I ring after his arrival it will be for the receipt he gave us for the money."

"Very good, sir."

THE young man hurried out. Huitt sat for a moment without moving, listening to the retreating footsteps, listening to the voices in the bank, the clicking of distant typewriters. Then, with incredible swiftness of movement, he made one or two preparations before pressing the bell. When Mr. Roland Martin blundered into the room he found the bank manager seated at his table, an immutable figure, writing rapidly.

"Mr. Martin, sir," Churchill announced.

Mr. Martin did not present a prepossessing appearance. He was untidy, unbrushed, and his linen needed attention. He had failed to remove his hat, which had reached now an almost impossible angle at the back of his head. He was scarlet of face and loud of tone.

"Look here, Huitt," he blustered. "What's the meaning of these stupid figures they keep on giving me as my balance? I have not drawn a check for a week and I have ninety-three thousand pounds lying here and twelve thousand pounds in War Savings Certificates. Are your clerks all drunk that they treat me like an idiot?"

Mr. Huitt laid down his pen carefully and sat upright in his chair.

"You can leave us, Churchill," he said. "If I ring you will know what it is that I want."

The young man went out, closing the door behind him.

"Mr. Martin," the bank manager began very quietly, "I am going to speak to you as a friend and a neighbor. You have had too much to drink. You are not in a fit condition to be going out alone."

Mr. Martin seemed staggered.

"What the hell business is that of yours, Huitt?" he demanded. "If I am upset it is not with drink—at least, not altogether. It is your fool clerks. Can you believe it? They want to tell me that I took ninety thousand pounds out of the bank yesterday and ten thousand

(Continued on page 40)

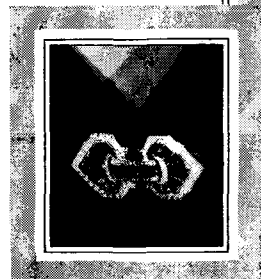


A brooch of topaz, green tourmalines and diamonds at the base of an evening décolletage



Photographs by
Lazurnick

Glowing, blood-red garnets set in fleur-de-lis design and accented with diamonds make graceful earrings to match the deep red of a dinner gown



Theodore A. Kohn & Son

Find the star in these sapphires? The setting of the bracelet is black enamel, diamonds and platinum

Olga Tritt

Glowing Complements



Olga Tritt

THE love of fine jewelry is easy to understand. To hold, as I did, a clear white diamond less than an inch square and priced at \$100,000, to turn it and watch the light sparkle in it so that it seems surely the shimmering contents will suddenly liquefy and spill in a brilliant cascade over your hand, is suddenly to realize that here is the distilled essence of all the sunlight in the world dancing on the little restless bright waves of the ocean. Look at a pigeon-blood ruby, deep and glowing, or a dark blue cabochon sapphire, or an almost flawless emerald, and pretend if you can to be unimpressed, not only by the fortune in your hand, but by the almost sinister depth and intensity of the gems!

But the true function of jewels is to adorn beautiful women. When one sees how a plain workaday woman is transformed into a creature of exotic charm by simply clasping a necklace of emerald drops about her throat, or how a girl with mousey hair can become as fragile as an ivory miniature by hanging a pair of old amethysts in her ears, it is a crime to keep jewels hidden away. By such results the labors of diamond miners and pearl divers are justified, and the wide travels of jewelry merchants on the lookout for strange settings and beautiful gems.

Few women are aware of the adventure and romance involved in the search for the jewels they wear.

The jeweler must be detective, artist, adventurer and hard-boiled business executive. He must be able to spot a jewel thief with stolen merchandise to sell, or detect the flaw in an apparently perfect gem. He must be able to tell the antique from the clever pseudo-antique and the almost exact imitation from the original.

The best jewels are to be found not in the musty, unexpected little places

Jewels may not make the woman, but they do bring her out. Aquamarines can make the palest blue eyes glow with color, and topaz earrings matching blond hair can turn a homely girl into a beauty. So furbish up that diamond bracelet or make the most of your coral clips—it isn't the cost but the appropriateness that counts

By Selma Robinson

of the world, but in the estates of noted jewel collectors who buy jewelry and unset stones for their sheer beauty and excellence, in the same way that a connoisseur of art buys paintings. Occasionally a jeweler will receive word through some peculiar grapevine of an extraordinary collection that is to be placed on the market or, following events in the day's news, he will deduce that a prize piece is to be had. A jewel auction in London, where the far-famed diamond of a certain maharajah is to be sold, acts as a magnet for jewelers or their representatives the world over. They look for antique jewelry in Spain and Mexico. Mexico is like an unopened treasure box of unbelievable richness and splendor in turquoise, jade and coral. They go to England for old English pieces, and for East Indian rose diamonds, emeralds and enamels. The delicate engraving and the fine enamel of the eighteenth century are still to be found in France, and in Italy one may sometimes come upon a miracle of gold created by the hand of Cellini.

One of the most dramatic adventures in the search for rare jewels was experienced by Olga Tritt, who is a connoisseur of fine stones. In the window of Miss Tritt's shop, next to trays filled with unset diamonds, rubies big and red

as cherries, and majestic emeralds, is the wide-open jaw of a tiger shark. Rows of teeth, sharp and sinister, frame it in jagged spikes and, though it is the color of old ivory, creamy and subtle, there is nothing creamy or subtle about the edges of the teeth, which are like knives to the touch.

Eight years ago, Olga Tritt sat in a native canoe off a peninsula in the South Seas, squinting at the sun reflected in the small broken waves, smoothing down her hair ruffled by the wind. In the gentle waters beneath her were the pearls she had traveled thousands of miles to obtain.

A Pearl—at a Price

One of the divers, darkly poised for a second, cut the water cleanly and without splash. Miss Tritt idly watched the spot where he had disappeared, and while she watched, it turned from blue to crimson, spreading swiftly.

"Sharks!"

An instant later, another brown boy, knife between his teeth, dived overboard. There was a terrific boiling of water, an unseen struggle, and then the silent woman in the boat saw the second boy emerge, triumphant over his brother's slayer.

The black pearl which was the fruit of that grim experience adorns the slender hand of a well-known society woman who probably sees only the startling beauty, the purple velvet of the dark surface, and none of the tragic story.

The pearl, incidentally, and not the diamond, is the actual king of jewels. Despite the recent popularity of the emerald and the present vogue for rubies, the true connoisseur prefers the pearl with its veiled shadings of cream or beetle green or palest blush or somber gunmetal, always bathed in iridescence. Even men who abhor jewelry will buy a single pearl to wear as a scarf pin or simply to keep, unset. Mrs. Harrison Williams, who is probably one of the smartest women in America, wears her pearls with simplicity and exquisite discretion; to emphasize the twin pearls on her finger she has repeated them, like a lovely chord, in a twin pearl clip which she wears on a perfectly plain frock.

There are many women with only one or two fine pieces of jewelry who have the wit to make their jewels the focal point for their wardrobes. One woman of rather limited means has a large brooch of silver filigree studded with smoky blue sapphires. It is not an expensive pin, but it is a lovely one whose effect might be completely ruined by wearing it on the wrong type of dress. But its owner has a dress designed for it every other year. Two years ago, it fastened the soft floating scarf on a white chiffon dress. This year it will adorn the pointed neckline of a severely plain black velvet gown.

(Continued on page 55)



21

delicious soups
to choose from



EAT SOUP
AND KEEP WELL

10 cents a can

*Each one has its own special
delight to the appetite!*

Asparagus

Springtime's tenderest asparagus shoots in fascinating purée. Strictly vegetable. Even richer served as Cream of Asparagus.

Bean

The old home favorite even more delicious and more satisfying.

Beef

Solid food in tempting soup. Hearty pieces of meat blended with vegetables.

Bouillon

Limpid, amber-clear beef broth delicately flavored with vegetables. For the sick-room, too.

Celery

All the tonic goodness of crisp, snow-white celery, captured for your delight. Strictly vegetable. Makes wonderful Cream of Celery.

Chicken

New! This tremendous favorite now contains double the quantity of chicken. Better than ever!

Chicken-Gumbo

Chicken soup with okra, in the Louisiana Creole style.

Clam Chowder

Meaty, juicy clams fresh from the sea, in a soup that's a treat!

Consommé

The formal soup. Beef broth, beautifully clear and combined with a delicate vegetable broth.

Julienne

Banquet Soup par excellence. Whole peas, shredded vegetables in dainty beef broth.

Mock Turtle

Seldom made at home. Tomatoes, celery, fresh herbs, delectable sherry and toothsome pieces of meat in a smooth rich blend.

Mulligatawny

The Orient's own chicken soup, with curry and East India chutney.

Mutton

Mutton broth with vegetables; very lightly seasoned; splendid for children and invalids.

Ox Tail

Popular hearty soup. Ox tail and beef broth, with vegetables a-plenty; garnished with ox tail joints.

Pea

All the charm, all the extraordinary nutriment of dainty tender peas, blended with rich creamery butter. Strictly vegetable. Enjoy it often as Cream of Pea.

Pepper Pot

A man's soup! From an old Colonial recipe. The real, famous Philadelphia Pepper Pot, with macaroni dumplings, potatoes, spicy seasonings and meat. Just taste it!

Printanier

Exquisitely blended chicken and beef broth with vegetables in fancy shapes; jells in can over night on ice.

Tomato

The glory of the tomato, in the most popular soup in all the world. Strictly vegetable. Pure tomato juices and luscious tomato "meat" in a purée enriched with golden creamery butter. Especially delicious prepared as Cream of Tomato.

Tomato-Okra

Southern Gumbo style. Tomato Soup with fresh sliced okra.

Vegetable

Best-liked hearty soup all over the United States. It's a luncheon or supper, with its 15 vegetables, invigorating beef broth, alphabet macaroni, barley, fresh herbs.

Vegetable-Beef

And here's that fine old-fashioned favorite—vegetable soup enriched with tender pieces of beef.

Vermicelli-Tomato

The tangy flavor of cheese and bacon imparts an irresistible sparkle to this tomato purée, garnished with vermicelli.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

It was a ride! One reporter called it "the most thrilling ever known to round-up history." He missed a greater story. Only two men ever knew it—and one girl, who knew the difference between a winner and a—

Second-money man

By Ernest Haycox

STEVE MELODY polished the mourners' bench with the seat of his pants, swaying at each pitch of the yonder horse. He planted his feet wider and he punched his hat brim farther back from a grave, dogged face. He said to Bill Tensaw, sitting beside him, "He's makin' that ride look wild and wicked," and he squinted across the arena to where Ray Rand, carried high into the air by the bucking Gray Ghost, cut a splendid silhouette against a background of twenty thousand crazy people in the grandstand. Gray Ghost crashed to the earth on all four stiff feet; dust burst around man and beast, and for the moment there was nothing but Ray Rand's free arm flourishing above this minor maelstrom.

"Fakin' it," criticized Bill Tensaw. "He always does."

"Sure, but swell fakin'."

It was a fact. There was Gray Ghost, which every rider and every judge knew to be a second-rater, and there was Ray Rand, making the crowd believe it to be a terrific struggle. Applause washed over the field as Gray Ghost emerged from the screen of powdered earth and was trapped by the field hands. Ray Rand went out of the saddle, across the rump of a field hand's pony, and struck the earth with an agile spring; he swayed a little and he shook his head, and then he went swiftly over to retrieve his hat and to swing it cheerfully at the stands.

"The weary but conquerin' hero takes his bow," grunted Bill Tensaw. "Rats."

"But he gets 'em," mused Steve. "He sure gets 'em."

"Listen, kid, you can ride circles around Mister Rand and his forty-dollar hat."

"Think so?"

RAY RAND came striding across and stopped at the bench. He took off his hat, recreated it, and placed it on his yellow head at a careful angle. He laid his palms on his hips and grinned down at them.

"I knocked 'em, didn't I? Listen to it."

The Lord had been kind to this man. Fine shoulders swelled up from slim, indented flanks; and his face had a smooth and hungry regularity about it. All his features were mobile, made for quick changes. That grin was something high-hearted and reckless across a bronzed skin. He said again: "Hear 'em holler. Well, we're all washed up for the day."

Steve Melody rose and turned toward the corral gate, the customary way out for contestants, but Ray Rand hooked his arm through Steve's elbow, and drew him around the track so as to pass before the crowd. The day was done, with a late prairie sun casting a higher and higher tide mark on the grandstand roof; field hands ambled wearily across the arena, the crowd was



Steve said "Sucker," and marched unannounced into the room

boiling around the exits. Down that long slope somebody yelled, "Good goin', Ray," and Ray Rand whipped his hat outward with a gay carelessness, the grin breaking like sunshine across his cheeks. That gesture Steve Melody had seen repeated a thousand times from Tucson to Calgary, all along the circle. "Grandstandin'," grunted Steve.

"Why not? What makes the turnstiles click? A hot show. Something that looks like blood. You play to the judges, so you're a second-money man. I play to the crowd, and I pack 'em in."

"Don't bite yourself," said Steve.

"Kid, I did more work than the horse. I'm shot." The smile slid off Rand's face and the corners of his mouth sagged; they went on down the street at a sprawling gait. "After dinner we're going up to see Iris."

"That's a break," muttered Steve.

They were buffeted along Main Street as far as the hotel. In the lobby people stood in solid ranks and at sight of them Ray Rand pulled up his shoulders and smiled again, an actor returning to his rôle. The inevitable crowd sur-



Illustrated by
Herbert Morton
Stoops

rounded him. Over in a far corner there was another crowd, through the edges of which he saw the governor of the state; but it made Steve chuckle ironically to see that Ray Rand's audience was larger than the governor's. Showmanship, that was it. Ray's voice, very self-sure, struck through the swelling overtones of talk.

DEFINITELY out of it, Steve Melody went up to his room and stripped, feeling bruised and weary from the tough day. He shaved and he let the hot shower water fall on him till he was groggy; he wrenched on the full cold and sprang out of it with a curdled yell, dripping water all across the room's flowered carpet. He dressed, feeling a little more cheerful, and he sat on the bed and polished his shoes with the end of the bedspread, softly whistling Old Black Joe till he thought of Iris Cantring. Old Black Joe died right there and he held a shoe idle in his big, calloused hands, scowling at the pink-plastered wall.

He hadn't written her a line since he and Ray had left this their home town in May to follow the rodeo circuit on the usual summer's competition. She would ask, "Why don't you write to your friends?" And he would have to say that there hadn't been much news, and pull his face together against the search of her quiet, level glance. It was hard to lie to Iris, but less hard than playing an impossible game of

(Continued on page 48)

Invite Romance

by keeping that schoolgirl complexion

This is the approved way,
with Palmolive's precious
blend of olive and palm oils



A LOVELY skin invites romance. Birthdays may be forgotten, years need not really count if skin retains the radiant bloom of youth. And daily care with Palmolive—the soap of youth—can help you to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

Why is Palmolive the chosen soap of youth? Because it is made from a blend of youth-giving oils, the oils of olive and palm. Its secret blend is famous the world over. That blend accounts for Palmolive's supremacy in keeping skin young and lovely.

To beautify, use beauty oils

The promise of beauty lies in Palmolive's mild lather—made rich and velvety by the olive oil that goes into every cake. That soothing lather penetrates the tiny pores, freeing

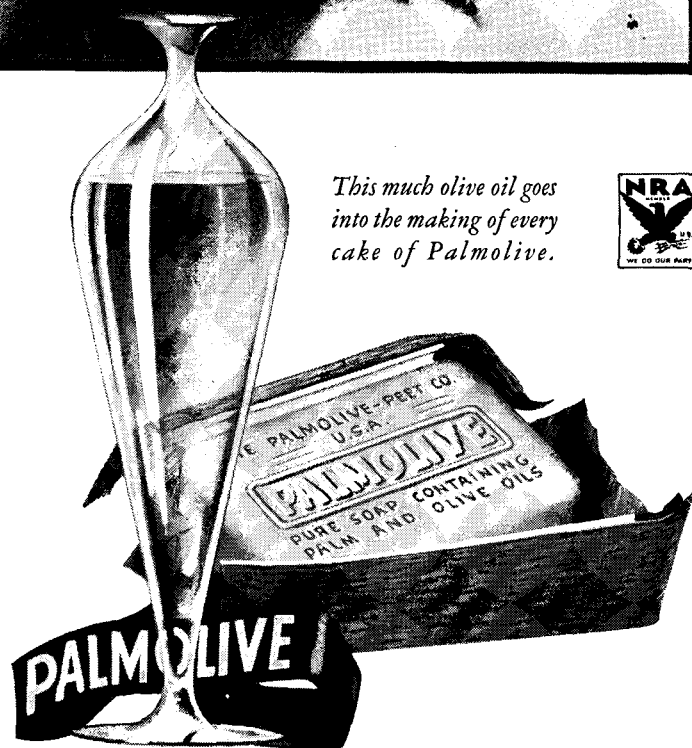
them of impurities, leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh. Olive oil gives that rich green color, too—a color that assures you of natural purity and safety.

Use this beauty treatment

Buy three cakes today. Then, start this 2-minute beauty treatment recommended by over twenty thousand beauty specialists: every morning and evening, massage a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water gently into the skin with your hands; rinse with warm water, then with cold. And when you've done that regularly, for an entire month, your mirror will give you the confidence of youth—youth that is charming, lovely—youth that invites romance.

P. S. And of course, you want to keep that School-girl Complexion all over. So use Palmolive for the bath, too.

*This much olive oil goes
into the making of every
cake of Palmolive.*



PALMOLIVE . . . the soap of Youth

Fifteen years' experience with international skulduggery has made Bill Bullitt a hard-boiled and realistic specialist in diplomacy

Photographed by Ifor Thomas,
Collier's Staff Photographer

Explosive Bullitt

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

An inside track in foreign negotiations, that's what's to be expected from William Christian Bullitt, adviser and critic of President Wilson, now adviser to President Roosevelt



SITTING in his cabin aboard the George Washington as it sailed toward Paris that fateful fall so long ago, Woodrow Wilson was impatient to be about his business of rearranging the map of the universe and making the world safe for democracy. He did not want to disappoint a Europe which was then awaiting the coming of the American prince of peace, of the American President whose messianic message had blazoned in many hearts the hope that all the blood-letting might not have been in vain. But somewhere between the Old and New Worlds, between promises and performance, there was staged a scene in his cabin that pointed directly to the collapse of the dreams of the brotherhood of man.

"Bullitt," declared the War President as he drew a pencil through pre-1914 maps of the old continent, "Bohemia must go to Czechoslovakia."

The young man's big, hazel eyes almost popped out of his head—a reaction still characteristic as he reads dispatches from Europe at the State Department, where he is again serving as confidential adviser to a Democratic President. A look of amazement and disappointment crossed his round, cherubic countenance with the childlike stare.

More than most diplomats, perhaps, he had placed implicit confidence in the President's altruistic promises that had brought about the order to "cease firing" at 11 A. M., November 11, 1918. For the President's companion was William Christian Bullitt, who, as special adviser in the State Department, had furnished the memoranda for those beautiful notes and addresses that dis-

couraged the Germans, for the Fourteen Points that persuaded them to lay down their arms. As a student of Teutonic psychology and conditions, it had been his assignment to supply the President with the material which had made his appeals peculiarly effective to the peasants, laborers, liberals and soldiers of the Central Empire. Twenty-eight years old, only six years out of Yale, he had believed with millions of other young men that a more decent society would spring from the sacrifice of the young dead along the Marne and the Piave and the Don. So he replied:

"But, Mister President, how about the 3,000,000 Germans in Bohemia?"

"Are there 3,000,000 Germans in Bohemia?" countered Wilson as a shadow fell upon his face. "President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia never told me that."

An Idealist Shudders

Thus did diplomatic disillusionment first strike young Bullitt. There was more to come at Paris, however. When he returned from a special mission to Russia with a treaty in which Lenin conceded all the Allies asked, and agreed to restrict Soviet territory to greater Russia, it was suppressed by President Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau.

This time disillusionment was tempered by a cynical understanding, and Mr. Bullitt began to see things more clearly; the picture of Paris began to unroll. Although his mission had been authorized and planned by the Allied peacemakers, they repudiated him and suppressed the Lenin-Bullitt peace proposals. Mr. Wilson explained that he

had a "one-track mind" and could not discuss the Russian problem until he had disposed of Germany. Lloyd George dared not act because the Northcliffe newspapers were after his scalp, and conservative Britishers shuddered at thought of the "Reds." Clemenceau bowed to the wishes of French lenders whose tremendous advances of funds to the czars had been repudiated by the Soviet, and he later conspired to block the proposed assemblage of Russian factions who sought to make peace between warring Red and White Russians.

When the men at Paris climaxed this misunderstanding of Russia with a peace treaty which, in Mr. Bullitt's opinion, seemed to violate all the pledges he had helped Mr. Wilson to make, he resigned in protest from the American delegation. Although eight other members had pledged themselves to quit, he was the only one to go through with it.

"I can convince myself no longer," wrote young Bullitt to Mr. Wilson, "that effective labor for a 'new order' is possible as a servant of this government. Russia, the 'acid test of good will' for me, as for you, has not even been understood. Unjust decisions regarding Shantung, Tyrol, Thrace, East Prussia, Danzig and the Saar Valley, and the abandonment of the principle of freedom of the seas, make new international conflict certain. . . . I am sorry you did not fight our fight to a finish, and that you had so little faith in the millions of men like myself in every nation who had faith in you." The youthful adviser also told his chief that had he taken the peoples of all nations into his confidence instead of negotiat-

ing a treaty in secret with the "Big Four" around a fireplace, a more equitable settlement would have resulted.

The Bad Boy of Politics

Upon his return to the United States Mr. Bullitt was dragged before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and there he told the inside story of what happened at Paris. He testified that Secretary Lansing had opposed the League Covenant, and predicted its rejection if the Senate and American people understood its provisions. He told of the suppression of his report on Russia's willingness to reënter the family of nations, and painted a picture of a clique conspiring against world peace. He turned over to the committee the first draft of the League Pact to reach this country—a document laboriously tapped out by Mr. Wilson on his own typewriter and presented to Mr. Bullitt as a "souvenir" by Col. E. M. House.

Perhaps as much as anything else, his testimony and secret documents helped to kill the League and the peace treaty; he furnished the "irreconcilables" with ammunition they had sought in vain until he appeared. But to a United States still shaky and hysterical over the Soviet's social experiment he became "explosive Bullitt," a trouble maker and the bad boy of international politics. A leading Eastern newspaper declared that he was "one of that altogether too numerous class of worshipers at the shrine of radicalism and social revolution," and he was pictured as fouling the diplomatic and journalistic nests.

(Continued on page 56)

A Big Shot in Steel but he's a DENTAL CRIPPLE just the Same!



This man is as sparing of words as the proverbial Scotsman is of coins. He never speaks an unnecessary word—and he never talks about himself. Nobody—with the exception of his wife, his dentist, and his son—knows that he's a Dental Cripple. But *he* knows it—every minute!

Like most men, he thought he was doing *plenty* when he cleaned his teeth a couple of times a day, and went to a dentist when a tooth raised Cain and kept him awake all night.

When a dentist told him that gums which bleed need massage, with Ipana—he let it go in one ear

“PINK TOOTH BRUSH” BEGAN IT...

“Pink tooth brush” is a threatening condition of the gums which should be corrected at once—with Ipana and massage

and out the other. He paid just as little attention when a year or two later another dentist told him that “pink tooth brush” is often the first step toward gingivitis or Vincent's disease—and may endanger the soundest teeth a man has in his head.

Today—he's a Dental Cripple.

Massage of the gums has come to be recognized

as just as important as cleaning the teeth. Modern soft foods do not exercise the gums, which tend to become so flabby and tender that they bleed. You yourself must do something about *keeping your gums firm.*

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. Each time rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. The ziratol in Ipana aids in speeding circulation through the gum tissues—aids in hardening the gums back to health. It will pay you to add *gum massage*—with Ipana—to your daily routine. You won't have to worry about “pink tooth brush.”

THE “IPANA TROUBADOURS” ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

I P A N A
TOOTH PASTE



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73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Lonely Lover

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Henri Duvernois



Illustrated by
Harry Beckhoff

He got to his feet and touched his hat and took his leave, never looking back at her—the only adventure of his life

BEFORE his cozy fire, Monsieur Gabriel Resumeaux rubbed his hands with the pleasure of a good solid citizen who has come back home again. He sat down without delay at his desk, and began to write, upon sky-blue note paper adorned with a crest that bore the letter N:

"Gabriel, my Beloved:

"Again I am in your debt for such a lovely day, and I must write to thank you.

"For nineteen years now we have been side by side, traveling a road so long and so difficult for other people, and for us, how short, how easy! Our hearts have never ceased to beat together; each of us, without the other, has but half a soul.

"Today was the 23d of January; we made our annual pilgrimage. The 23d of January, 1894, I was all alone, and I was desperate; there I was, sitting on a bench in the square of the Trinity, and you came, and sat down. 'I must go,' I kept thinking, 'I can't stay here next to this stranger.' I could tell that you were going to speak to me; and I was so tired I didn't care.

"Then you said, 'You're going to be awfully cold, my child,' so kindly that I began to cry. My mother was the last person who had said anything like that to me. You came closer—and I have never been cold, never been unhappy, since then.

"Oh, my dear, when we came back again today to our bench, it seemed to me that nineteen years were nineteen minutes, and that we were only lingering a little while after that moment when your hand first held mine. Nothing has changed; it's the same kiss, a kiss that's so young and eager, a kiss

that can't be nineteen years old—I love you—I am yours—"

And Monsieur Gabriel Resumeaux, whose handwriting was fine and delicate and much like a lady's, signed the letter coolly and carefully "Nanda." Then he wrote his own name and address on the envelope, sealed it, put on his hat and coat, wrapped an enormous muffler about his ears, and departed.

"He always bundles himself up like that, the old sissy," said the janitress to her friend next door.

Then she went on: "His life is ruled like a sheet of music; he'll be home at eight o'clock, mess around with an egg and a cup of tea, and go to bed. I'd like to know what good they are, he or his fine income either."

Nevertheless, Monsieur Resumeaux was bustling right along. He took an omnibus and got off at the Place de la Bastille. There, in his own quiet way, he posted his letter. Then he went slowly home again. For nineteen years he had written himself a letter every day; he had no other occupation whatsoever.

HE'D really met Nanda, on the 23d of January, 1894, in the square of the Trinity. She must have seemed dreadfully unhappy, since he dared to address her. She'd answered him: "My name is Nanda—I came to Paris to be a teacher. There aren't any jobs—I've got only two francs left." Nervous, ill at ease, he had slipped ten louis into her shabby little muff. She sat there, blushing with shame and with joy.

At once, he got to his feet and touched his hat and took his leave, never looking back at her—the only adventure of his life, the only one! He was homely,

he was timid, he was old beyond his years, and always ailing, a man with finicky habits, the eccentricities of a bachelor, the dull desolation of those who are always lonely.

In fun, at first, he scribbled to himself the letter which Nanda might perhaps have written had he been a little more enterprising—the confession of a woman head over heels in love after a first meeting. Having finished it, he addressed it to himself, and receiving it, he read it again with a strange pleasure. So he continued each day this childish game which kept his dream for him. And every morning, that sky-blue envelope gave him great joy.

HIS janitress came thumping up the stairs. "The papers, and your letters," she said, as usual.

But Monsieur Resumeaux didn't answer according to the ritual, "Hurry up. Let's have them." Instead, he gave a groan.

"Are you ill?" She pulled aside the window curtains.

"Oh! My poor Monsieur! You have had an attack."

His face was drawn and twisted; one eye was closed.

"I'll go run for the doctor."

She scurried after the doctor, and sent a telegram to his family, who'd given her a tip so that she'd notify them "in case of accident." At noon, his sister, a Madame Houfflot, arrived with her husband. They were grave and solicitous, anticipating a legacy.

The letter had fallen on the floor. Mme. Houfflot picked it up and carried it to the next room and read it at her ease. What nonsense! Who would ever have thought that this Gabriel, so timid, so lacking in gumption, could be having a

love affair? Some hussy who was hoping to be remembered in his will, no doubt.

"Yes, madame," the janitress answered, when she asked her. "Every morning he got a letter. If you ask me, I'd say he had a friend—some creature, you understand—in town. . . ."

MME. Houfflot took advantage of the last breath of life that remained in her brother.

"You may be ill for several weeks," she said. "You'd better give us some instructions. We see each other only three times a year; we've never been familiar with your affairs. Yet—we've never liked to mention it to you—if—if that uh—that—you know, Nanda—if she should come, what should we do? Shall we let her come in?"

He raised his head. "Oh, yes! Yes. Let her come in."

"That's nice," Mme. Houfflot couldn't resist saying. "I'd never have believed it of you, Gabriel."

His lips twisted into something like a smile. At twilight his hand seemed to be hunting for something under his pillow—a letter. Then it stopped. He was dead. Madame Houfflot closed his eyes and went to join the janitress.

"It is the end."

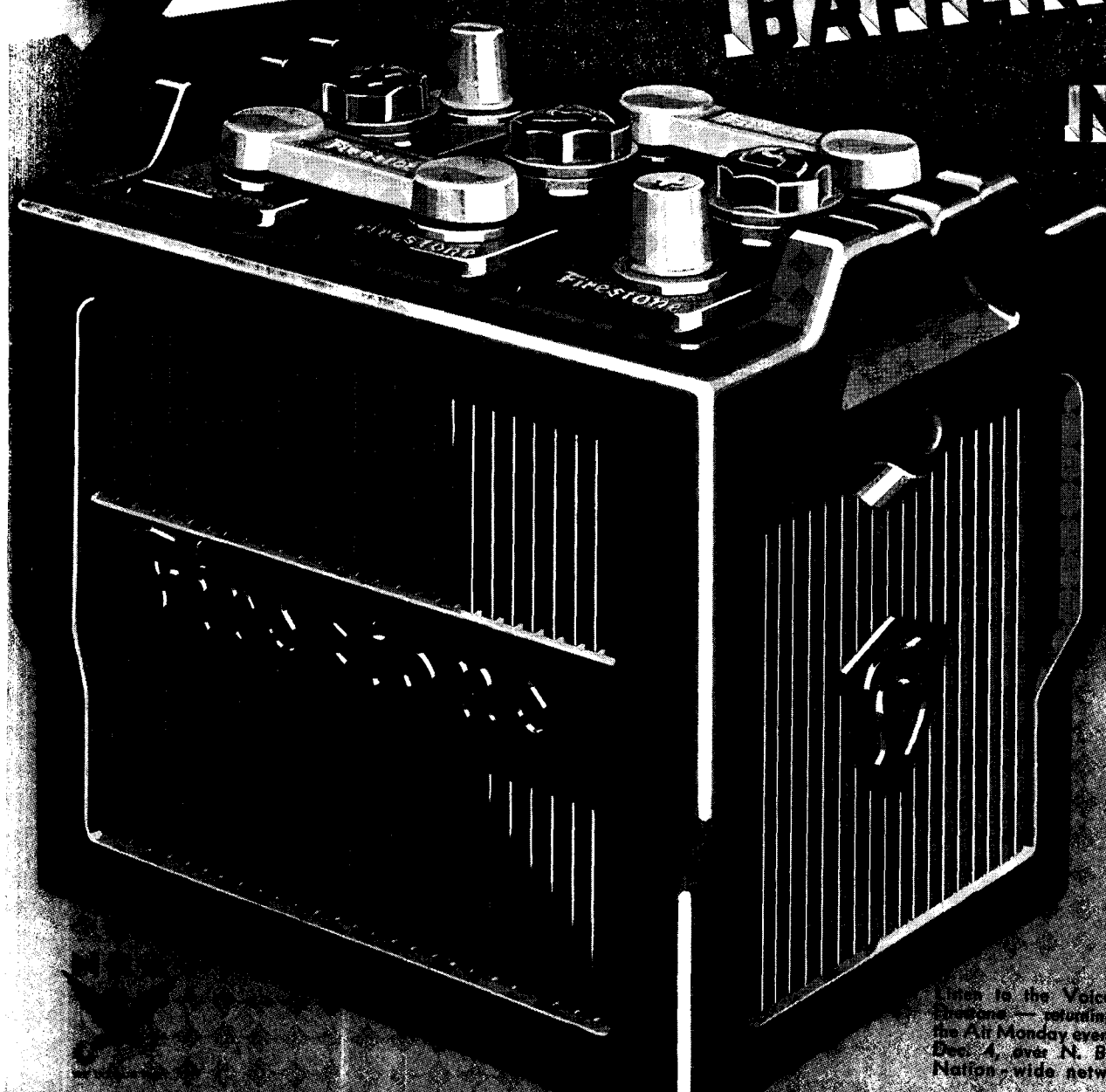
His sister thought it becoming to stop here and touch her handkerchief to her nose, before continuing.

"If a woman should come here—a woman, yes—who calls herself Nanda—you will tell her that she hasn't any further business here, that now the family is taking charge of everything."

Monsieur Houfflot had come to reinforce his wife. He said, "And if she makes a fuss, do me the favor to call the police."

WELCOME

BATTERY FACTORIES SET NEW STANDARDS



OVER TEN MILLION visitors to the Firestone Exhibit at "A Century of Progress" saw a Firestone Standard 13-Plate Battery supply the power to lift a 250-pound steel ball 1,080 times every day—power enough to start an average car 247 times a day.

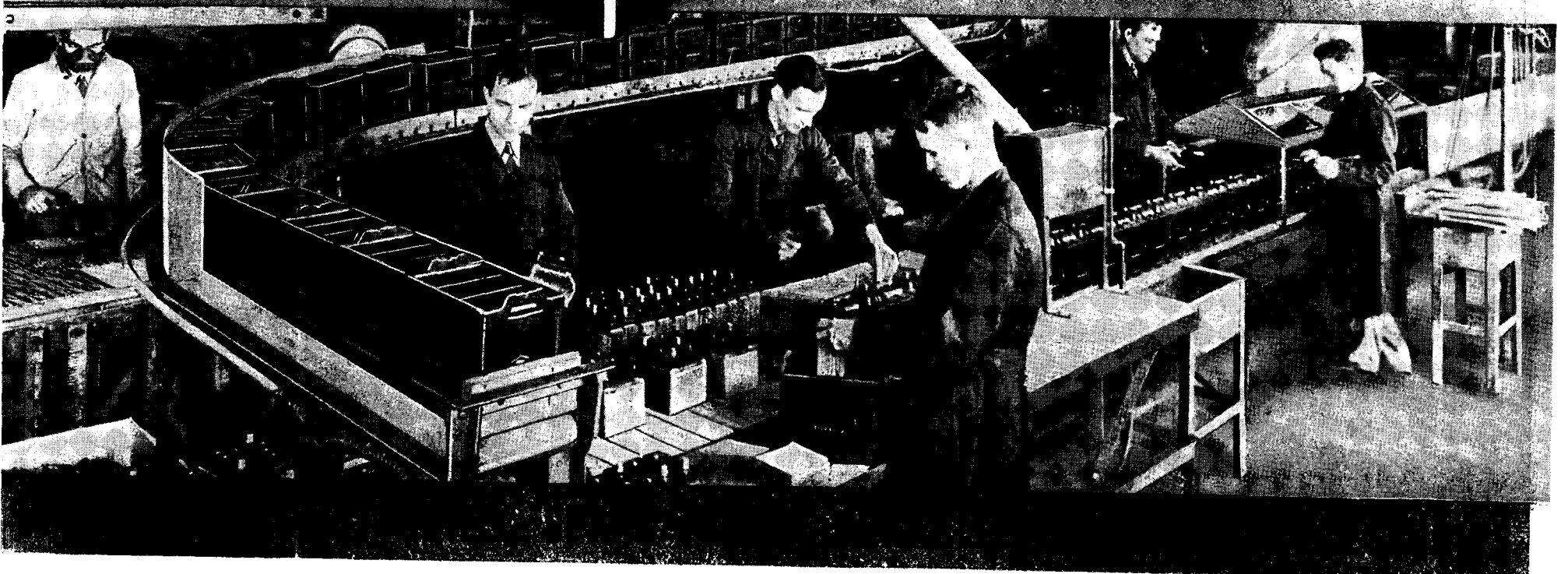
The reason for the unusual performance of Firestone Batteries is best understood when you know how they are made.

Only highest grades of raw materials are used. More scientific compounding and processing and more efficient machinery have been developed. Only skilled workmen are employed. 30 to 34% more strength is built into the plates.

Every Firestone Battery exceeds the rigid specifications of the American Society of Automotive Engineers.

Have one of the 30,000 Firestone Service Dealers or Service Stores equip your car with a Firestone Battery—the battery that sets a new high standard of long life and dependability. Drive in Today!

Listen to the Voice of
Firestone — returning to
the Air Monday evening,
Dec. 4, over N. B. C.
Nation-wide network.



They said we were crazy to bring out a new SHAVING CREAM— BUT IT'S GOING PLACES ALREADY!

TRY IT AT OUR EXPENSE

It takes nerve to enter the shaving cream field today; competition is fierce; a cream must be exceptional or fail automatically. Advisors said we were crazy to even think of trying to crash a field so crowded.

Nevertheless we entered that field with Listerine Shaving Cream. We have never regretted it.

We want you to believe, as we believe, that no cream at any price can offer so much shaving comfort. The only way that you can be the judge is to try the cream itself—at our expense. We therefore offer you a tube containing 15 free shaves.

Already nearly 500,000 men have switched from former favorites to Listerine Shaving Cream. In every case a trial tube convinced them of its outstanding superiority. You, too, will discover it. There's simply no getting away from it.

When you get your trial tube

15 SHAVES FREE

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

CLIP COUPON NOW



Lambert Pharmacal Company, Dept. C115
St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Below is my name and address.
Please send me, free and postpaid, your large
sample tube of Listerine Shaving Cream.

Never Bet with a Sailor

Continued from page 9

"That's funny. I guess I'm going away too."

"Huh? Going away? Where?"

"I got me a job in town; I mean I got an offer. I don't want to stick around chicken pens all my life."

"You better stay where you are."

"Oh, is that so?"

"Yeah, that's so." Pete looked around him. "What's wrong with this place, sister?"

Tearfully, Opal blurted: "Yes, you. Talkin' that way. You're going off on a swell trip. Huh. I'm going somewhere too. This position I'm offered, why there's a big opportunity for me to travel."

"Travel where?"

"Mexico," said Opal recklessly, "and South America and India and all over—"

Pete's nonchalance left him.

"I'm gonna talk to your dad. You ain't got no business in them countries. I know. Where's your dad?"

"He ain't here. He took some fryers to market."

"I'll see your aunt."

"She ain't here neither."

THIS caused Pete to scowl and rumple his red hair.

"Listen," he said earnestly, "a girl that travels in them countries, why she's got to have a man to look after her."

Opal tossed her head.

"I guess I won't have a great deal of trouble finding somebody."

It was Pete's cue to say: "I'll look after you. We'll be married and I'll take you with me to Panama and Hawawyea and every place." But Pete didn't. He deliberately rolled a cigarette with one hand and, lighting it, got on his motorcycle.

"I'll write your dad," he said.

"Huh. Lot of good that'll do you."

Pete smiled. "I'll write you too."

"Yeah. I'll bet."

"Never bet with a sailor, sister." Then, ducking his head bashfully, "You're a good little kid. S'long."

Opal burst into tears as the motorcycle roared away. Judas Priest was leading ten feminine admirers into the forbidden territory around the bungalow porch. Opal charged at him viciously, sobbing: "You darn' rooster!"

But Pete did write to her. Postal cards. One from Vera Cruz saying: "Well, it's sure hot here. Thirty (30) Mex got blowd up in oil tank. Your friend. P. J. Smith." Another from Panama City, reporting: "Was in Mame Kelly's last p. m. Coon got cut with razor 1 arm almost off."

There was a terrible silence, then, for almost three weeks. Opal, dreaming of Vera Cruz and Panama, began to fear that Pete was lost forever. But just before Christmas a swell silver-spangled shawl arrived with the following letter:

Honolulu

Dear Freind:

Picked up from a Spig in Colon. You sure write interesting letters. Sorry to here egg price has fell off again. Tell your dad to try clabor on frieing chicks. Cook buddy of min says clabor flavors meat swell. How is the new incabater? I hope you are well. Things are sure dull here. A Rusky took poison and they pinched her boy freind the dirty bum. A Chink I met here says dried squid fish mixxed with oster shells makes hens lay. Well, I will close now as their is no news. I sincerely trust you enjoy the shawl, kid.

Your freind

P. J. SMITH
Mach. 1st cl. U. S. N.

P. S. You had oughtn't talk that way about it being slow on ranch. It's slow every place. We sail for Dago the 5th Jan.

Opal sniffed impatiently as she read Pete's postscript. Pete didn't know how bad things really were at the ranch. Daddy had collected enough to meet the mortgage interest by selling hens, but a salesman came along and talked him into the purchase of a patented automatic watering system. So Daddy couldn't pay the interest when it came due and the bank was threatening to foreclose. Aunt Christine blamed poor Daddy for losing her fifteen hundred dollars and kept making dirty cracks about how she'd be independent if she had bought the avocado farm in Florida. The zero hour came one evening when Daddy announced: "I've been thinking it over and it seems to me we been working at this proposition the wrong way. The money ain't in eggs. It's in meat chickens."

Aunt Christine and Opal stared at him.

"Meat chickens. H'mph," said Aunt Christine. "That's what you got already. They certainly ain't laying chickens."

Daddy looked hurt.

"A man in Santa Ana was by to see me. He's got a thousand Cochín-Wyandottes he'll trade me even for our Leg-horns. I got it figured on paper—"

Opal exploded.

"Yeah, on paper. It's alla time on paper. You better be figurin' how you're gonna pay the intrust we owe. Me... I'm sick and tired of chickens. I'm gonna get me a job in San Diego."

Aunt Christine began to cry about her fifteen hundred dollars and Daddy tried to explain that Cochín-Wyandottes were a cross-bred chicken that ate practically nothing and weighed eight pounds in no time and Opal fled to a corner of the veranda.

THEN Ramon returned from Donna-ville with the mail. There was a postal from Pete:

Dear Freind:

How's for meeting me in Dago the 9th inst. I been thinking about a personal matter which might interst you and no fooling and anyway I am not fooling. This is serious I mean and I hope you are serious too and will not think it to sudden.

Seriously,

P. J. SMITH

Chief Machinist Mate U. S. N.

P.S. That means I got a big crow. I am promoted.

Gee! Opal could hardly catch her breath she was so excited. Pete loved her. That's what it meant. She knew Pete. He wouldn't say so right out, but that's what it meant. He wanted her to marry him. She would be Mrs. Machinist Mate Smith, U. S. N. She'd travel! She would go wherever Pete was at. Mexico, South America, India, Africa, where the Vale of Kashmir was, Japan, Honolulu.

Opal was waiting at the boat landing. Pete came along with a lot of other sailors. He had on a different uniform. He had a white-topped cap like an officer and a swell blue coat.

"How is it, sister?" Pete said.

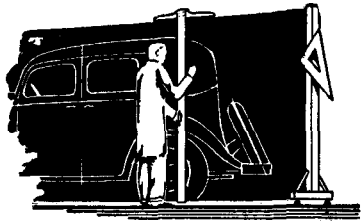
"S-swell, Pete," she said.

He reddened and took her arm. He squeezed it.

"Let's shove off for the ranch."

Her eyes clouded.

(Continued on page 34)



YOUR CAR AS YOU

WOULD BUILD IT

For many years past, General Motors has conducted consumer surveys as an important phase of its fact-finding activities, and, in keeping with the spirit and philosophy of the New Era, such work is now being pursued even more aggressively than heretofore.

During the past year, well over 1,000,000 motorists, located in all sections of the country and owning all makes of cars, have been invited "to pool their practical driving experience with the technical skill of General Motors Engineers and Production Experts."

In case you have not received our questionnaire, "The Proving Ground of Public Opinion," we shall be glad to mail you a copy.

We realize, of course, that many people look upon questionnaires as something of a nuisance—one could hardly blame them—and yet the fact remains that these are frequently the very people whose ideas are worth the most in dictating the future trend of design.

So "The Proving Ground of Public Opinion" has been developed to appeal to those who usually ignore questionnaires. It is easy to read, and no writing is necessary unless you feel the "urge"—in fact, the answers can be checked off with less effort than it takes to work a crossword puzzle.

It contains 24 pages of interesting information on important automobile developments during the past 5 years and gives you the opportunity to "cast your vote"—to tell General Motors the kind of automobile you would build—the features you want most in your next car!

CHECK ☒ ANSWER

NO DRAFT VENTILATION 

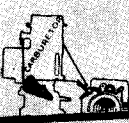
The passenger beside the ventilator enjoys fresh air without drafts swirling across the whole seat. Smoke and used air are instantly drawn outside by the vacuum set up at rear edge ventilator.

Does your PRESENT CAR have this feature? ☐ YES ☐ NO

SYNCHRO-MESH TRANSMISSION 

Prevents clashing of gears. Makes gear shifting easy and smooth.

Does your PRESENT CAR have this feature? ☐ YES ☐ NO

AUTOMATIC CHOKE 

- eliminates "choke" button on dash. When engine is cold the gasoline mixture is enriched automatically. As engine warms up the choking mechanism shuts itself off.

Does your PRESENT CAR have this feature? ☐ YES ☐ NO

"COASTING" MECHANISMS 

With such equipment car can be made to coast along on its own momentum, independently of engine. (Not unlike coaster brake on a bicycle.)

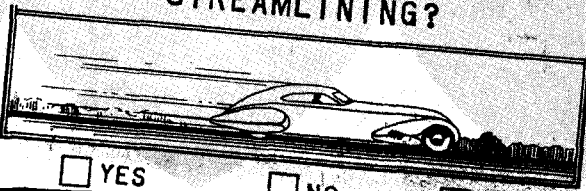
Are either of the following features on your PRESENT CAR? ☐ YES ☐ NO

W H E E L S

"Industrial history - in fact CIVILIZATION itself, dates back to the first wheel - the GREATEST, perhaps, of ALL INVENTIONS." CHARLES F. KETTERING



Do you favor the tendency towards STREAMLINING?



☐ YES ☐ NO ☐ DON'T CARE

STARTERATOR

STARTER BUTTON COMBINED WITH FOOT ACCELERATOR

Engine is started by merely pressing accelerator. If the engine stalls it is automatically restarted by merely pressing down on accelerator pedal.★

Does your PRESENT CAR have this feature? ☐ YES ☐ NO

Would you want it on your NEXT CAR? ☐ YES ☐ NO ☐ DON'T CARE

* Excerpts from "The Proving Ground of Public Opinion"

Send for FREE copy

**CUSTOMER RESEARCH STAFF
GENERAL MOTORS, DETROIT, MICH.**

Without obligation, please send me a free copy of your illustrated questionnaire, "The Proving Ground of Public Opinion," covering 67 features of automotive design and construction.

Name PLEASE PRINT

Street

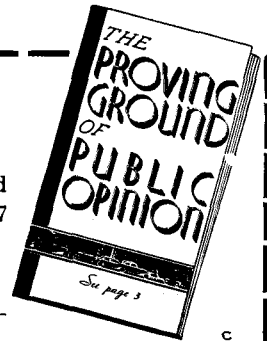
City State

If you have friends who are especially interested in motor cars we'll be glad to send extra copies:

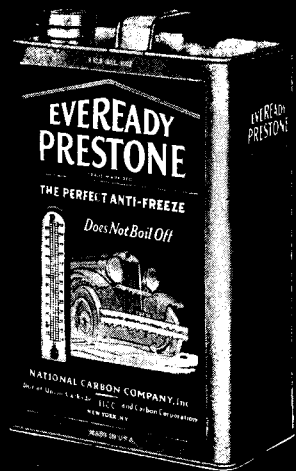
CHECK ☒ BELOW

☐ 1 EXTRA COPY ☐ 2 EXTRA COPIES ☐ 3 EXTRA COPIES

There will be no sales follow-up



Genuine



\$
now **2.95** a gallon

TWO MINUTES OF YOUR TIME in reading the facts on this page may save you many hours of driving-discomfort this winter. Do not wait until the first freezing day comes to decide the kind of anti-freeze you want. The economy and safety of your winter driving will depend upon how well you choose. It is important that you learn the facts *now*.

Economy plus safety

You know this about anti-freezes. There are two types—the “boil-away” kind and the “permanent” kind that is supposed to stay right on the job throughout the winter. Boil-away anti-freezes smell up the car. They are inflammable. They evaporate in warm weather, and leave your car unprotected against the next cold snap. Their one appeal in the past has been their low initial cost. But today, at the new low price of \$2.95 per gallon, Eveready Prestone is within the reach of all. And, of course, in *all-season cost* it offers real economy. That’s because one filling of Eveready Prestone gives you complete

protection all season long. No replacements, no costly repairs for frozen engines, no rust, no worry about the protection in your radiator. It’s there to stay!

Permanence plus rust protection

With Eveready Prestone you get this permanent anti-freeze protection without the *penalty* of a rust-clogged radiator and overheating.

Many so-called “just-as-good” anti-freezes are being offered. Some give protection *for a limited time*; others are immediately harmful to your car. To bring you the cold, scientific truth, “permanent” anti-freezes have been subjected to exhaustive tests—the most rigorous ever conducted.

For hundreds of hours, each product was run through an automobile cooling-system at a speed and engine-temperature *exactly duplicating actual driving conditions*. Under this test Eveready Prestone was unchanged after 1000 grueling hours—still giving full protection *not only* against freezing, but against rust and corrosion. Other anti-freezes, in the same test,

broke down and became *definitely corrosive* to the metal in the cooling-system in from 50 to 200 hours . . . developing “anti-freeze rust,” a common cause of radiator clogging and overheating.

The 25,000-mile anti-freeze

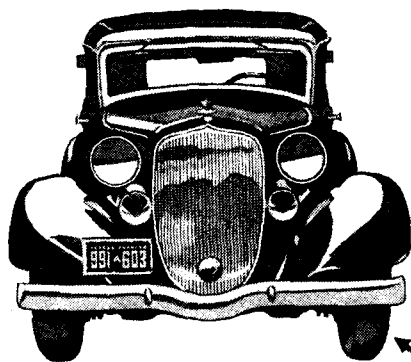
If, for example, your average driving speed on the road is 25 miles an hour, this test means that Eveready Prestone will protect your car for 25,000 miles of driving and upwards.



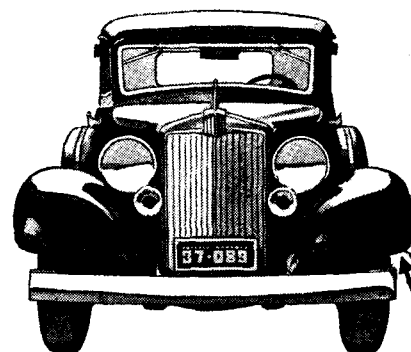
←
This test-tube contains an Eveready Prestone solution after a full winter of use—30,000 miles of driving. Notice how clear and free from rust it is.



←
This test-tube contains a competitive “permanent” anti-freeze solution, used only 5000 miles. Notice the accumulation of “anti-freeze rust.”



This Plymouth 6 (Model 1933) can be protected to 10° above zero with 1 gal. Eveready Prestone at \$2.95. To zero with 1½ gals. at \$3.72. To 10° below zero with 1½ gals. at \$3.72.



This Hupmobile (Model 321, '33) can be protected to 10° above zero with 1 gal. of Eveready Prestone at a cost of \$2.95.

The important thing in buying an anti-freeze is to figure cost to a definite protection point, not the price per gallon. See how reasonably you can get all-winter protection against freezing and rust with Eveready Prestone.

GALLONS OF EVEREADY PRESTONE NEEDED TO PROTECT TO THESE TEMPERATURES

CAR	MODEL	20° above	10° above	Zero	10° below	20° below	CAR	MODEL	20° above	10° above	Zero	10° below	20° below
Auburn	6-80, '29; 685, '30 8-100, '32; 8-101, 8-105, '33 12-160, '32 12-161, 12-165, '33	¾	1¼	1½	1¾	2	Lincoln	'27, '28, '29, '30 '31; V-8, '32; V-12-136, '33 V-12, '32; V-12-145, '33	1½	2	2½	3	3½
Buick	32-50, '32; 33-50, '33 40, '30; 32-60, '32 50, 60, '30; 33-60, '33 8-80, 8-90, '31; 33-80-90, '33 32-80, 32-90, '32	¾	1	1½	1¾	2	Nash	6-60, '31; 960, '32 880, '31; 980; 1130, '33 8-90, '31; 990, '32 Std. 8, '32; 1170, 1070, '33 Spec. 8, Twin Ign. '32 Amb. 8, Twin Ign. '32	¾	1	1½	1¾	2
Cadillac	355, '31; 370, '32; 370-C, '33 370, '31; 355, '32; 355-C, '33 452, '31; 452, '32; 452-C, '33	1	1½	2	2½	3	Oldsmobile	F32, 6, '32; F33, 6, '33 L32, 8, '32; L33, 8, '33	¾	1	1½	1¾	2
Chevrolet	'29, '30, Stand. '33 '31, '32, '33	¾	1	1½	1¾	2	Packard	640, '29; 740, '30; 840, '31 726, 733, '30 1001-2, 1003-4, '33 826, 833, '31; Std. '32 745, '30; 845, '31; Del. '32 1005-6, '33 Light 8-900, '32 Twin 6, '32	1	1½	2	2½	3
Chrysler	6, '31; 8, '31; 6, '32, '33 C.Q., C.L., '33 8, '32 Imperial, '31, '32 Imperial Custom, '32, '33	¾	1	1½	1¾	2	Pierce-Arrow	125, 126, '29; A, B, C, '30, '31 41, 42, 43, '31 54, '32; 836, '33 51, 52, 53, '32 1236, 1242, 1247, '33	1	1½	2	2½	3
De Soto	6, '31, '32 8, '31, '32; 6, '33	¾	1	1½	1¾	2	Plymouth	'31, '32 Fltg. Power Six; De Luxe '33	¾	1	1½	1¾	2
Dodge	6, '33 8, '33 8, '32	¾	1	1½	1¾	2	Pontiac	'29, '31; 6, '32; 8, '33 8, '32	¾	1	1½	1¾	2
Essex	'29, '30, '31, '32 6, '33	¾	1	1½	1¾	2	Reo	F.C. 6-21, 6-25, '32 F.C. 8, Royale 8, '31 Royale, F.C. "S," '32 F.C.S.-2, '33 Royale N 2, '33	¾	1	1½	1¾	2
Essex Terraplane	8, '33	¾	1	1½	1¾	2	Rockne	65, '32; 10, '33 75, '32	¾	1	1½	1¾	2
Ford	A, '28, '29, '30, '31, '32 V-8, '32, '33	¾	1	1½	1¾	2	Studebaker	Dict. '31; 82, '33 6, '32 Dict. 8, '32; 6, '33 Com. 8, '32; Com. 73, '33 Pres. 8, '32 92, '33	¾	1	1½	1¾	2
Graham	Spec. 6, '31; Spec. 8, '31 Custom 8, '31 57, 6, 8, '32; 58-65, '33	¾	1	1½	1¾	2	Willys	77, '33 99, '33	¾	1	1½	1¾	2
Hudson	8, '30; 8, '31, '32, '33 SS, '33	¾	1	1½	1¾	2							
Hupmobile	H, U, '30; H, '31, '32 L8, '31, '32; 321, '33	¾	1	1½	1¾	2							
LaSalle	226, '32; 326, '33 222, '32; 322, '33 340, '30; 345, '31 345, '32; 345-C, '33	¾	1	1½	1¾	2							

COST OF EVEREADY PRESTONE

½ gallon . . . \$1.50	1¼ gallons . . . \$3.72	2 gallons . . . \$5.90	2¾ gallons . . . \$8.12
¾ gallon . . . 2.22	1½ gallons . . . 4.45	2½ gallons . . . 6.67	3 gallons . . . 8.85
1 gallon . . . 2.95	1¾ gallons . . . 5.17	2½ gallons . . . 7.40	3¼ gallons . . . 9.62

FIND YOUR OWN CAR ON THIS CHART. If your car is not listed, see your dealer. He has a complete chart showing every car made. The amounts of Eveready Prestone required, as shown here, do not allow for the capacities of hot water heaters. If you have a hot water heater, or if you need to protect your car to any lower temperature, down to 60° below zero, consult your dealer.

Don't buy water when you can get it out of the spigot

Don't be fooled by "tricky" prices. Laboratory measurements show that many "permanent" anti-freezes are nearly half plain, ordinary water. Eveready Prestone is concentrated—all anti-freeze. Here's a little revealing arithmetic:

For a Ford V-8

Suppose an anti-freeze which is one-half water sells at \$1.50 a gallon, requiring 4 9/10 gallons to protect a Ford V-8 to 10° below zero \$7.35

Amount of Eveready Prestone needed to protect to 10° below zero is 2¼ gallons at \$2.95 a gallon . . . 6.67

Saving \$.68 plus safe protection from rust and corrosion.

Do not confuse Eveready Prestone with either alcohol or glycerine

There is no other anti-freeze "the same as Eveready Prestone" . . . or anything else like it. It is a distinctive patented product. It protects your car not only against freezing, but also against rust. Its use reduces the corrosive action of water on the metals of the cooling-system from 75% to 95%.

Eveready Prestone is approved by every car-manufacturer in America, as well as by all leading radiator makers.

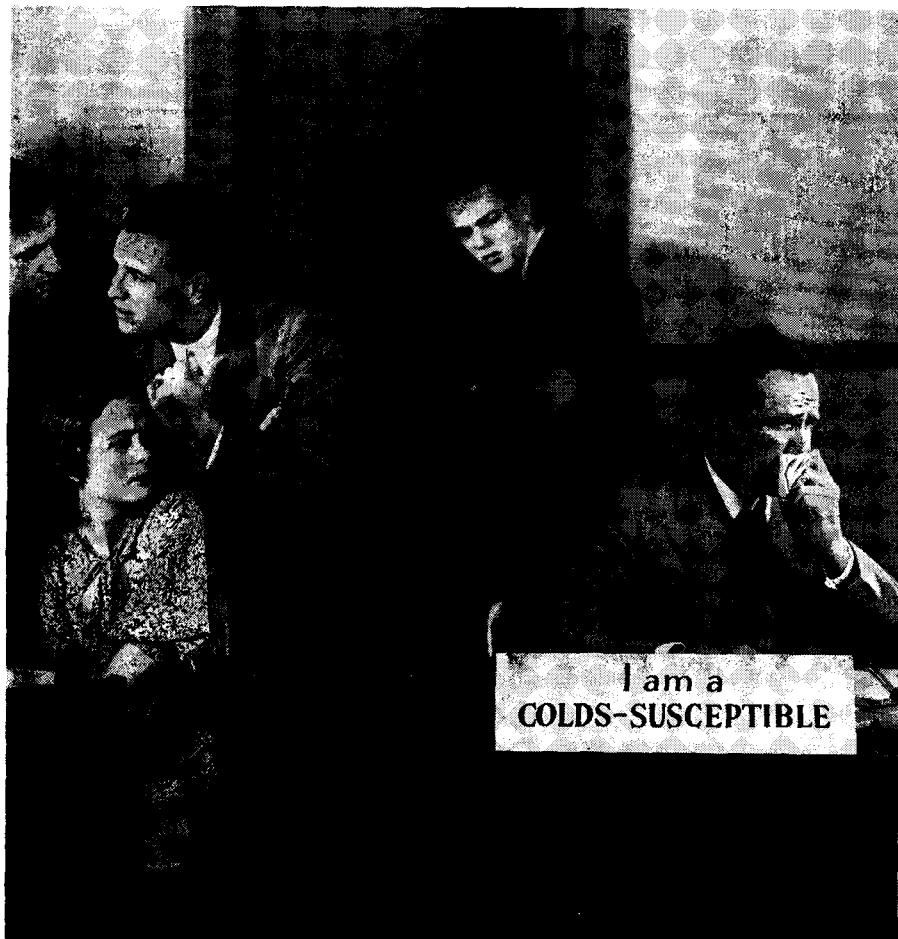


NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
General Offices: New York, N. Y.
Branches: Chicago New York San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

Read this guarantee

National Carbon Company, Inc., specifically guarantees that Eveready Prestone, if used according to directions, will protect the cooling-system of your car against freezing and clogging from rust formations for a full winter; also that it will not boil away, will not cause any damage to car finish, or to the metal or rubber parts of the cooling-system, and that it will not leak out of a cooling-system tight enough to hold water.

At the new low price, Eveready Prestone is the cheapest and safest anti-freeze you can buy for all-winter protection against freezing and rust. Have it put in now. It won't evaporate, or heat up your motor. With Eveready Prestone in the car, the anti-freeze question is off your mind for the entire winter.



If COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLES carried signs, they'd lead a lonesome life!

Everybody dodges a "Colds-Susceptible"—a person who catches cold too easily—a person who is "always carrying around a cold" and passing it on to others.

There are 30,000,000 "Colds-Susceptibles" in this country, authorities say. Are you one of them? If you are always catching cold—losing time from work—missing out on lots of fun—read this good news!

Vicks now brings you a new, clinically proved aid in *preventing* colds—it's

Vicks
NOSE & THROAT
DROPS

remarkably effective—Vicks Nose Drops.

At that first nasal stuffiness or sneeze—use Vicks Nose Drops. They soothe irritation. They stimulate the cold-fighting functions of the nose. They help Nature "throw off" the threatening infection. They stop many a cold before it develops.

You can use Vicks Nose Drops anywhere—both at home and at work. Keep a bottle handy all winter. And give yourself and your family this great new protection against colds.

Follow VICKS PLAN for better CONTROL OF COLDS

Have fewer colds in your home this winter. Get rid of colds more quickly. Vicks Plan will help you do it, as it is helping millions. In medically supervised clinics in which 5823 men, women and children took part, tests show that Vicks Plan materially re-

duced the *number* and *duration* of colds. (Of particular interest to mothers—the Plan cut school absences due to colds 75%). Full details of Vicks Plan, and its simple rules of health, in each package of Vicks Nose Drops and Vicks VapoRub.



To prevent many colds—to ease nasal distress—use Vicks Nose Drops.



To relieve a cold—to cut its duration and severity—use Vicks VapoRub.

Never Bet with a Sailor

Continued from page 30

"What we going out there for?" Pete grinned.
"I got to talk to your dad."
"Oh."
They did not use the motorcycle. Pete rented a drive-yourself flivver.
Out of town a few miles, Opal said: "Let's stop and look at the ocean from here."
Pete looked scared but he stopped.
"Listen, Pete."
"Yeah."
"What you want to talk to Daddy about?"
"Oh . . . uh . . . about things."
"About me?"
"Yeah, I guess that's it . . . mostly."
"You mean . . . oh, Pete. Gee!"
"Yeah."
"I bet you're afraid."
"Afraid of what?"
"Well . . . to kiss me, Pete."
He squared his shoulders and gulped.
"Never bet with a sailor," he said.

SURE enough, Pete kissed her. He kissed her quite often after he sort of got used to it. And when she kinda led up to it he admitted he loved her and wanted to marry her. So they became engaged.

The chicken ranch looked sort of different to Opal when they drove up—finally. Poinsettias were blooming and roses climbed into the yucca tree by the porch and the pepper tree had a silver beard. Opal decided it was all because she was going to marry Pete and go away and never see it again. Even the sight of Judas Priest, busily tearing up the nasturtium bed with his spurs, did not anger her. Good old Judas Priest, he was a sorta sweet rooster this morning.

"Uh . . . I guess I'll talk to your dad now. You, well . . . I guess you better stay here."
"Yeah."

Pete went into the bungalow. Aunt Christine yelled from the side porch: "Opaaaall, them chickens are tearing up my nasturtiums." Opal called back: "Oh, yeah?" Gee, she wasn't going to chase chickens today. Nor tomorrow either. Not ever again. Mrs. Machinist Mate Smith would prob'ly be some place far off in another month. Pete was gone a long time. She got worried and left the car and timidly approached the front door.

He came out, grinning.
"It's all set, sister!" he said. "I boughten it!"
Opal halted.

"You did what?"
"I boughten the ranch from your dad. It's ours. I mean it will be as soon as we . . . uh . . . get married. Say-y-y, what's the matter?"

"You—you're craaaazy, Pete. You got a job. A good job. In the Navy—" Pete snorted.

"Nix. That's no place for a married man. Traveling all the time. I'm ready to settle down." He sighed and squinted happily at Judas Priest. "This is the life. I always wanted a chicken ranch. I—say-y-y, what's wrong? Ain't you happy about it?"

Opal faltered. A chicken ranch with Pete? And never to travel?

"You don't know nothing about chickens, Pete," she said dully.

"Oh, I don't, hey? Listen. I been reading every book that was ever wrote about chickens. Besides, your dad is gonna learn me. He'll—"

"He don't know nothing either."

"Sure, he does. He just ain't had the breaks and he ain't practical enough. Besides it needs a good mechanic to keep them incubators running. I got it all figured out on paper—" He pulled out an envelope and drew her down beside him on the steps.

Listening, Opal sure didn't know what had got into her. It was different with Pete. It was different to hear Pete tell it. It was even kinda nice to know that Pete wouldn't be riding off on his motorcycle. But . . . Mexico . . . the Vale of Kashmir . . .

"Pete! I want to travel, though. I want to see somepin and have adventures and somepin happening—"

Pete looked up from his figures.

"Travel? Adventures? Aw . . . forget it, sister. It's better to read about 'em in the mags. Honest. Them foreign places smells awful when you get there. Honest."

"Yeah, I'll bet."

BUT maybe Pete was right. He was awful smart. And if he made half the money he said he was going to make they still could travel—

"A chicken ranch ain't . . . it ain't romantic, Pete."

Pete grabbed her and kissed her and laughed.

"Kid," he said, "that romantic stuff is inside a guy. Honest."

Well, maybe Pete was right. Opal felt kinda swell inside.

"Yeah," she said, in final protest.

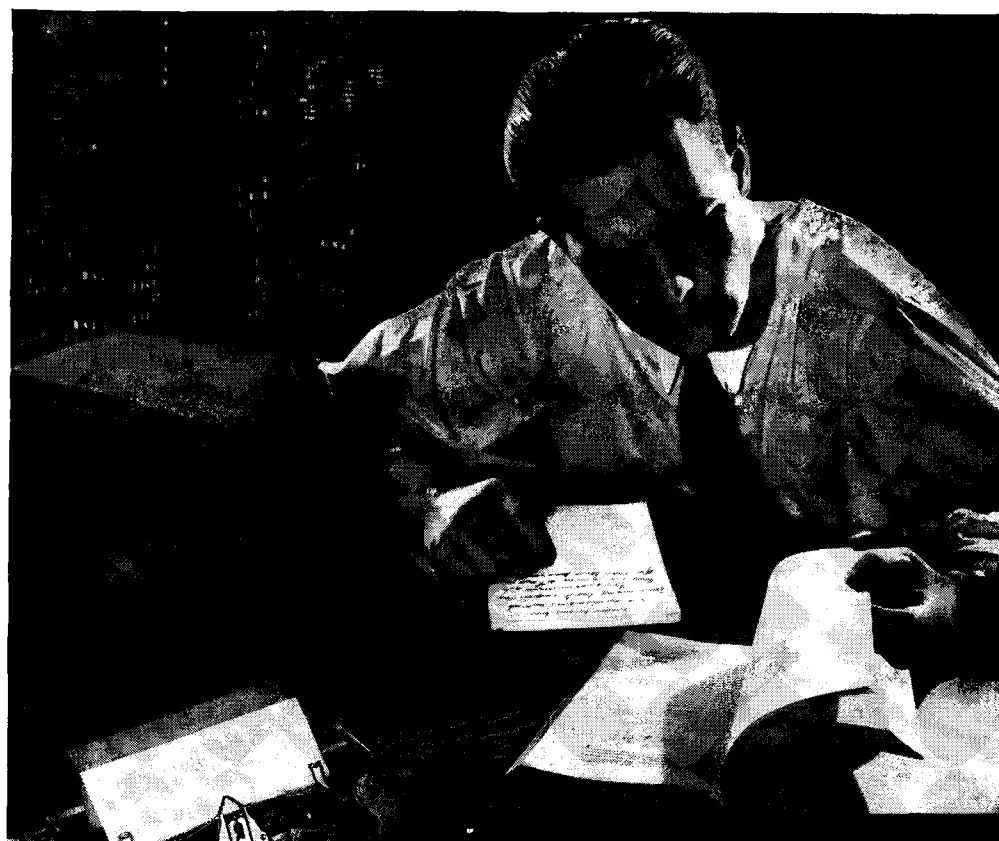
"Yeah, I'll bet."

"Never bet with a sailor," Pete said.



"For the luvva Mike, 've you got th' hiccups again?" Jay Irving

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THE PORTABLE TYPEWRITER



Corona Four now \$45 formerly \$60. Identically the same machine complete in all details. Not a cheap machine made to sell at a low price. Over a million Coronas in use—*noted* for years for **PROVED DURABILITY.** The biggest value ever offered for a practical typewriter. Black, maroon, green or blue. Case included.

\$60
WITH CASE

Smith-Corona latest model complete with all conveniences—quiet, modernly designed, solidly constructed, completely enclosed. The **ONLY** portable with the natural "piano key" action and the famous Smith Shift. The finest portable ever built, \$60 and \$65. Supplied in black, maroon or green. Combination week-end bag and carrying case included.

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THE spirit of America is once more asserting itself. Everyone is again looking forward to *success*. The feeling of despair has been dispelled and *success* is once again a reality. Fortunately we live in a country where *success* is denied to no one. Any ambition may be realized if one has the perseverance and the tools with which to work.

Today all activity is carried on in writing. Before any thought or idea becomes a reality it must first be written. So—the working tool for bringing *success* to each one of us is the Personal Writing Machine.

In school, college or in business *success* comes to him who can put his thoughts and ideas on paper in orderly fashion. *You are judged by what you write and how you write it.* Whether it be themes, notebooks, personal or business correspondence, sales work, business routine, literary or professional work—do not handicap your chances for *success* by being without a Smith-Corona, the portable typewriter.

To college men and women it means at least 10% better grades—to the junior executive in business it means at least 20% better salary. Can you afford to be without such a valuable aid?

Anyone can learn to Coronatype in an evening—with a little practice speed comes quickly. Never were prices so low. **BUY NOW**—pay by the month and benefit while you pay. Ask your local typewriter dealer for a free demonstration, in the meantime send for the helpful aids for student, home and business use listed below.

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Please send Corona booklet and the free material checked.

- ☐ "Story Writers Guide" ☐ "How to Write for Publication"
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Also quote trade-in allowance on my.....

typewriter, Serial No.....

Name.....

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L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC., SYRACUSE, N. Y.
Manufacturers of the famous L C Smith Ball Bearing Office Typewriter



"Next time, Jim, get a Globe!"

JIM had picked up a cheap, "bargain" battery. But it turned out to be neither cheap nor a bargain. He soon had to replace it because it lacked sufficient *Power Hours*.

* * *

The number of *Power Hours* in a battery are determined by the plates and the separation between the plates. These are the important parts of a battery.

GLOBE plates and separation are specially processed and selected. This assures FULL POWER and EXPECTED LIFE. That is why owners can depend on GLOBE Batteries for *More Power Hours*.

See the nearest GLOBE Dealer. He has a chart which specifies the right GLOBE Battery for any car, truck, tractor or bus. Enjoy the satisfaction derived by purchasing a battery based on these recommendations—you will obtain the BEST VALUE and GREATEST ECONOMY.

Printed guarantee furnished with each GLOBE Battery—*positive protection for you*. Prices to fit any pocketbook.

GLOBE-UNION MFG. CO., INC.
918 E. Keefe Ave.  Milwaukee, Wis.
Factories and branches in 18 cities. Thousands of dealers from coast to coast.



Look for this red and yellow sign which identifies GLOBE dealers

You can depend on a

GLOBE BATTERY

for More Power Hours

GLOBE BATTERIES meet with power to spare—all S.A.E. requirements.

Inspected 55 times at the factory—backed by 25 years experience.

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How to Build a Football Business

Continued from page 15

publicity and he determined to make it easy for its agents to write stories.

In order to write stories, he knew they'd need some peg to hang stories on, so Meehan became probably the only football coach in the history of the game who deliberately framed scrimmages to provide newspaper copy. His squad was partly in on it. The reporters weren't in on it at all.

But on days when reporters came around to watch his team practice, Meehan, who'd already warned his boys not to pay too much attention to anything they saw in the newspapers, would rally his squad and say, "Well, fellows, who'll we make the star today?"

He'd have some kid planted to say, "John So-and-so."

"All right," Chick would say, "now give him the breaks in there. When he comes in to tackle, you backs let him take you. And when he's down under passes, be sure you feed him an easy ball and you wing backs take a shot at him. Make it look good, but miss him. You know your stuff. John's the big shot this afternoon."

And in the ensuing scrimmage, John would run wild.

He'd be piling the interference over his shoulders like cordwood. He'd make crashing tackles from side line to side line. He'd block punts, slap forwards and intercept laterals. When his side had the ball, he'd block like a demon and reel off touchdowns with forwards.

When the scrimmage was over, and the scribes approached for a few words with the coach, they'd say, "Gee, that Johnny So-and-so played a great game in there today."

"Yeah," Chick would say, "he's the damndest kid I ever saw. He seems to have the happy faculty of doing everything right. He's been tearing up the place out here for three or four days. I think he's going to be plenty hot for us Saturday."

Next day, the papers would ring with the deeds of Johnny So-and-so in the N. Y. U. scrimmage, and predict a stellar rôle for him in the stern struggle to come.

Speaking a New Language

Again, Chick wasn't exactly a hypocrite. He wanted the publicity. He knew the boys wanted copy. They couldn't write unless they saw something to write about. He merely provided that.

And, in the providing, he shot as straight as he could.

He never picked phonies. The lads he selected for synthetic stardom at least had the possibilities of coming through in real games, and a lot of them did, most handsomely and most consistently.

Nothing but some scientific rocket aimed at the moon ever took off with a greater roar than the new N. Y. U. system when all was ready and the fuse was finally fired. It soared to metropolitan domination and national fame in the amazingly brief span of two seasons.

That first year under Meehan, the fall of 1925, it had bowled along through its typical schedule: Niagara, Connecticut Aggies, Union, College of the City of New York, Middlebury, Fordham, Columbia, Trinity and Rutgers. The Meehans knocked them all bow-legged until they struck Fordham, which downed them 26 to 6. They tied Columbia and lost narrowly to Rutgers by the margin of 6 to 7.

But that was the last year they were even to speak the same language with

their old playmates. The winds of ballyhoo unleashed by the New York sports writers over something in their town that could win with some consistency—this combined with Meehan's relentless missionary work among the neighborhood clubs, began to boil enthusiastic crowds into Ohio Field, and before the first season had ended the team had outgrown it.

Came the Crowds

Then followed a permanent switch to the huge Yankee Stadium and the complete realization of N. Y. U.'s dream.

By the time the 1926 season rolled up, thirteen more hand-picked young huskies had reported for duty. The schedule had been sharply stiffened to include such famed intersectional foes as Tulane from far New Orleans, Carnegie Tech, the powerful Tartans of Pittsburgh, and for a tail piece, the burly University of Nebraska was signed to a home and home agreement, the first game to be played in Lincoln.

The traditional foemen, Fordham and Rutgers, were retained, but Columbia said she didn't care to play any more.

New York went wild and the whole nation began to take notice as the Violent Violets belted out Niagara, Allegheny and West Virginia Wesleyan in order, then splattered Tulane 21 to 0, whaled Rutgers, tossed Fordham 27 to 3, outfought the Carnegie Technicians in a stirring struggle 6 to 0, banged Davis and Elkins, which was nobody's setup, and then journeyed to the icy steppes of far-off Nebraska to drop the last contest 7 to 15.

And New York went wilder and the nation took more notice as the Violets went on from there. Such teams as Colgate, Penn State, Georgetown, the University of Missouri, Tennessee and even Oregon State from the far northwest began coming to New York to try to stem the rising Violet tide.

So far as the local situation went, there wasn't even an argument now.

Columbia had merely fired and fallen back with that 1925 game. Fordham began to take such pastings as 32 to 0, 34 to 7 and the like. Rutgers, once a formidable rival, began to be buried under such landslides as 60 to 6 and 48 to 0.

National football news began to ring with such names as Connor, Brianti, Hill and Strong and Grant and Nemecek and Lassman and Schneider and O'Herin.

For those young men marched up on their scholarships in steady parade. There'd been five in the first batch. The next draft was thirteen. Then came eight, six, twelve and fourteen. The largest number of them in school at one time was thirty-seven, and the largest squad Meehan ever had on the field was thirty-six. Every man was good. He didn't need many. Each got his board, room, books, tuition and \$5 per week. To get the cash, he had to do ten hours of work per week helping out around the college, picking up papers on the campus, mowing grass, running errands or some such.

It was a happy family and it played super-brilliant football.

The system had worked, too, into a tremendous financial proposition. Instead of the puny \$1,250 Boston University had been guaranteed the year before Meehan came, opponents such as Tennessee and Colgate were collecting from \$30,000 to \$40,000 apiece as their shares of a game's receipts.

The Stadium in an eight-game season was collecting \$140,000 on its 25 per

(Continued on page 38)

PEACE-OF-MIND at \$1.45 per gallon



NOW every one can afford a permanent anti-freeze

● Don't spend the winter worrying about whether or not your anti-freeze has evaporated. Don't run the risk of a costly freeze-up. Fill up with G. P. A. and *know* you're safe. One filling of G. P. A. lasts all winter. No refillings required — the first cost is the last cost. It won't evaporate.

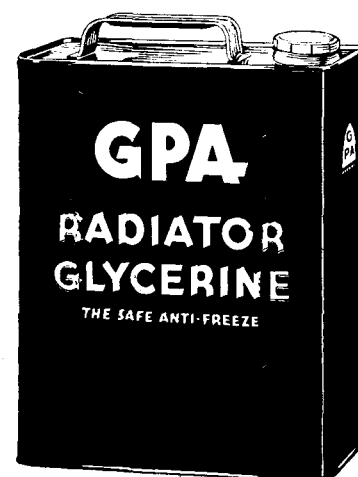
With G. P. A. you get real peace-of-mind. And at lowest prices

in history. Prices reduced last year; reduced again this year.

Look at the advantages listed below. Then you'll see why the new G. P. A. is endorsed by car manufacturers... why sales increased last year... why YOU should get G. P. A.—enough to protect to the lowest temperature. NOW! Glycerine Producers' Association, 386 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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- ★ Won't evaporate... fill now for the winter
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How to Build a Football Business

Continued from page 35

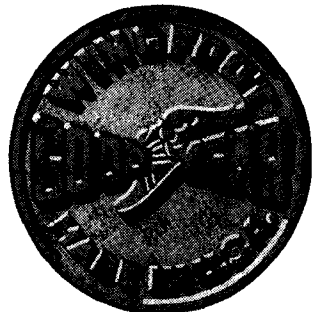


**HE CAN'T
KICK
MONEY AWAY
WITH THESE
SOLES!**

H E CAN kick and romp and scrimmage to his heart's content and you'll have no kick coming on shoe bills—if you put him in shoes with Goodyear Wingfoot Soles.

These tough good-looking soles can take it—and then some! No sole ever built can outwear them. And you know from experience that the longer the sole wears, the longer the whole shoe lasts.

Girls like these waterproof, comfortable, sure-footed soles just as much as boys. You'll like the extra weeks between shoe bills! They don't cost a penny extra. Ask for them by name on new shoes—or at repair shops.



GOODYEAR

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SOLES and HEELS

Quality products of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc., Akron, Ohio

cent rental. N. Y. U. was netting something like \$200,000 a year for herself. Everything was booming, even other college sports. There'd been only seven or eight out for track when this football thing started. The squad now numbered 350!

Then, like a bolt from the blue, struck, first of all, tragedy.

The young giant, Al Lassman, the star of the 1928 squad—peak team of the Meehan régime and the Meehan career—dropped in one fell moment from perfect health to the living death of lingering paralysis beneath the churning feet of the powerful Carnegie Tech backfield in a bitter struggle on Tech sward in Pittsburgh.

Then the blocking back on that team, the lad they called Cowboy Ed Hill, was shot through the heart in a friendly scuffle with a cop for his gun. Before the stunning effect of these tragedies had had a chance to wear off, a national reform wave set in. The Carnegie Foundation, having completed its review of college athletics, made public its evidence. It publicly denounced recruiting, proselytizing, commercialization, everemphasis, and called names and cited instances in fearless and, in some cases, unfair fashion.

Even the officially whitewashed colleges were frightened. The Carnegie Foundation to an educator is nothing to offend. It's the fund that pensions superannuated professors. The Foundation cited N. Y. U. as one of the horrible examples of football fanaticism. Five professors on the Athletic Board of Control began to shudder. The student organs began to ring with a note of "reform."

Called on the Carpet

Chick had nothing to reform.

They'd staked him out a building job and he'd built. He'd built more sensationally and more successfully and more quickly than even the original stakers-out had ever dreamed. If what he'd done was evil, the whole system of intercollegiate football was evil. For it is only a show; it is only a business, copper it as you will with platitudes and pretty tunes.

He hadn't been heartless. He hadn't even been cold-blooded. His players weren't just a band of burly athletic nomads of no concern to him away from the field. He had daddied them and nursed them and ridden herd on their class work. His devotion to the tragic Lassman was an epic in itself. He had lived with that stricken giant night and day for two years.

From the moment Lassman was hurt, Meehan saw to it that a sufficiency of the athletic funds was dedicated to his case to provide him with the finest hospital, medical and surgical care obtainable in America. Personally, and paying his own expenses, he took the stricken youth to Miami Beach through two winters where he nursed the boy as devotedly as his own father might have. And finally, after long months of patient nursing had seemed to build sufficient strength, it was the most celebrated brain surgeon in the country who performed the eerie operation which was supposed to mean death or improvement but which, for some reason, meant neither. A little improvement, perhaps, but not much.

It was then that Meehan with a grim set to his jaw told reporters that Lassman would be taken care of as long as he lived, no matter how long that was or what lay ahead. Chick meant it. He's a go-through guy.

And when poor Lassman rolled out of a rowboat in a boys' camp in Maine and, unable to swim because of his paralyzed side, drowned within sight of the shore, it was Meehan who savagely dug at the story until he succeeded in discrediting the report that Lassman had committed suicide, a report that the camp authorities allowed to reach the press, for reasons never quite clearly explained.

No. He was in the football building business, surely, but inside it all he was pretty human. He wasn't just a grid-iron fight manager tossing young human beings mercilessly beneath the tires of the autumnal juggernaut, with the wild cry, "They can't hurt us, kid!"

No, if Chick did anything wrong, he couldn't see what it was and neither, apparently, could his brother football coaches, for they elected him their national president, the highest honor the fraternity can bestow upon a member.

But, just the same, the dénouement was swift, and its downward curve brought to the entire drama the touch of a classic Greek tragedy.

The professorial committee at N. Y. U., jittering badly from the castigations of the Carnegie Foundation, called Mr. Meehan upon the Axminster and har-rumped the meeting to order. They wanted him, they said, to continue as coach but they wanted him to coach their way.

He calmly inquired just what their way was.

Well, it seemed there'd be no more prospective freshmen taken to training camp. In fact, there might not be any more training camp. There'd be far fewer scholarships, and possibly no scholarships at all. The hours of practice probably would be curtailed and there might be no more training table. And so on and on they went through the list.

"Certainly," said Meehan, "I'll coach under those conditions, if you'll get me teams such as Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth and some of the rest that don't specialize in football."

The committee was forced to admit that they couldn't guarantee any such schedules.

"All right," said the Chicken, "what you need's another coach."

This was after the season of 1931.

In the meantime, and in his spare time, Meehan had established himself in a successful contracting business, a natural and perhaps inevitable step. Apparently he had to keep building

something, and buildings of steel and stone would do now that his football construction was ended.

And thus closed the most spectacular architectural chapter in the history of American football—for almost a couple of months.

Then it was quietly announced, with no particular fanfare, that Mr. Meehan, as a hobby, a change of pace from business, had agreed to devote his spare time to the athletic fortunes of another college in Upper Manhattan—this time a small institution known as Manhattan College and operated by the Catholic order known as the Christian Brothers.

A Glare of Honesty

Instead of 30,000 undergraduates, it has but 1,200. Instead of a super-charged athletic program, it has declared for natural growth. Instead of the \$55,000 splits assured teams like Georgia, it guaranteed one of its opponents, Seton Hall, \$500 last year. Instead of crowds of 80,000, its biggest was something like 7,000 last year and there was a charity angle to the contest at that. But still it started out from practically no crowd at all.

Again a smart college band is in process of formation. Again the little brass cannon that used to boom N. Y. U. glory is barking when a flying Manhattan halfback crosses the line. Again a smartly dressed team of footballers is doing the "Meehan Military Shift." And again a big league ball park—this time Ebbets Field over in Brooklyn—is being scientifically papered, with a couple from Larchmont seated beside a pair from Jersey City and a deadhead from the Bronx swapping comments with his elbow neighbor from the fens of Flatbush. And still again, the Manhattan star last year was a Massachusetts kid named Bill Pendergast, and he's back this semester. Watch his smoke, for he's hot.

And if you think any of this is a paste at Mr. Meehan, you've missed the entire message. What it is is a paste at those hypocritical oafs who've tried to do the same thing while swearing to God and Carnegie that their clans were lily-white. Meehan's very openness about it gives his story a rugged, if daring, glare of honesty.

The very furtiveness of others damns their acts as something evil.

Builder of systems, of buildings—just maybe of manhood—Meehan has little to fear when the total's toted up.



Frank Owen

YOUR BUSINESS HAS CHANGED



Working hours have changed

Wages have changed

Management has forged new tools

HAVE YOUR PRINTED FORMS KEPT PACE?

Analysis of Individual Customer's Purchases
 Mr. Benj. Little
 Below is a statement of the total purchases of
 Name Hamlin & Judge Date Oct. 15 1933

MATERIAL REQUISIT
 STOREKEEPER:
 DELIVER THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE
 FOR ORDER NO. _____

MEMO TO _____ **DATE** 19 _____
FROM _____
☐ NEED NOT BE RETURNED
☐ PLEASE RETURN
 (TO RETURN CROSS OUT YOUR NAME
 AND THE WORD "FROM")

Man's Daily Report for Oct 15 1933
 Branch Jack Key
Philadelphia
PC Andrews 2530
BB Buttner 2531
Smith & Sons
The Chelton
James R. H.
Chapman
Dr. A. H.
Victory
Mary

DAILY SUMMARY

	TODAY	TOTAL FOR MONTH TO DATE	TOTAL FOR YEAR TO DATE	LAST YEAR TOTAL FOR YEAR TO DATE
CASH ON HAND				
ACCOUNTS RECEIVABLE				
ACCOUNTS PAYABLE				
SALES, DOLLAR VOLUME				

INVOICE
 TELEPHONE PLAZA 8726
The Co.

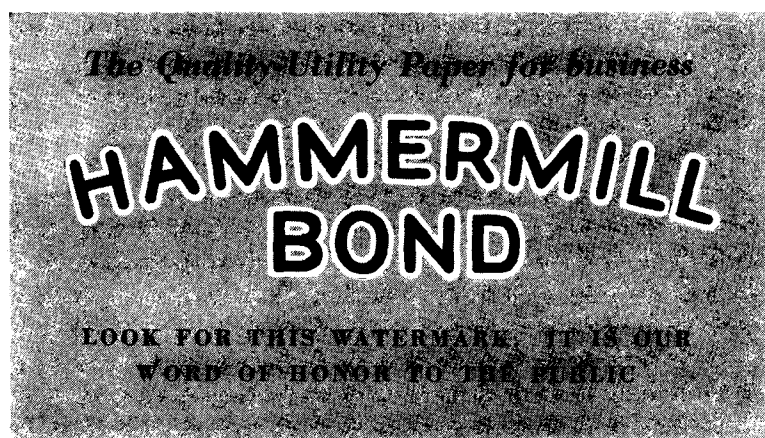
UNDER our National Recovery Administration, you've seen many changes. If yours is like most businesses, hours of work have changed, wages have probably changed, sales strategy is entirely different from what it was last year. You've gotten to know competitors, talked with them, worked out codes with them.

Management is meeting these changed conditions with new sets of tools. Among these tools are printed forms—that make it possible to get things done promptly, profitably.

In your own business—if printed forms are exactly the same as they were six months or a year ago— isn't it time you got them all together, analyzed them, discarded some, added others—and brought this important part of management into step with other advances?

Your printer will help. He will tell you why it's good business to standardize on Hammermill Bond, known the world over as the standard quality-utility paper for business.

Hammermill Bond has the feel and crackle of quality. It takes clean erasures without leaving telltale scuffs. Its special hard surface takes perfect printing, clear, sharp typing, and smooth pen or pencil writing. Hammermill Bond, with envelopes to match, is available in 13 colors, and a clear, whiter white. And when we say available, we mean that complete stocks are maintained in 97 cities.



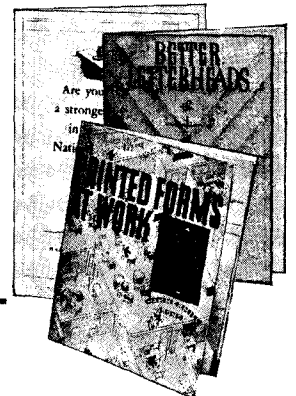
TRIPLE OFFER TO EXECUTIVES

Hammermill is glad to help with actual samples of modernized letterheads and printed forms. Because of our thousands of contacts with business concerns, we make this triple offer to executives: (1) the Portfolio "Printed Forms at Work," (2) the Portfolio "Better Letterheads," and (3) "Are You Forging a Stronger Business in This Day of National Recovery?"—an important book that deals with present-day problems of management. If you are an executive and are really interested, simply attach coupon to your company letterhead.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PENNA. I am attaching coupon to my company letterhead and would like to receive your triple offer of helpful ideas and actual printed forms. (Sent free anywhere in United States. Outside U.S. 50c.)

Name _____

Position _____





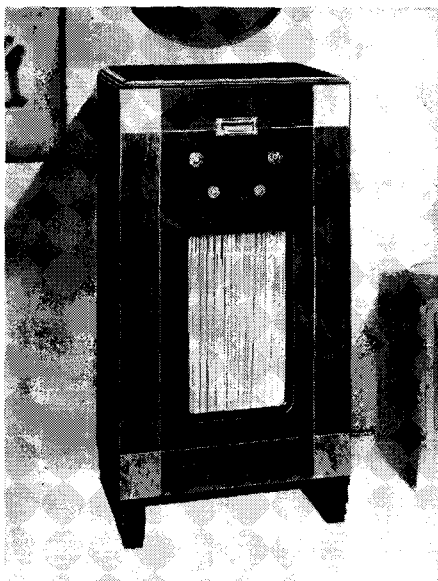
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HAVE you ever *really* heard your radio favorite on your set? Or does your radio deceive you with a dwarfed, frustrated, soured version of the real thing?

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Words can't tell you what Vibro-Power is. Nor how it brings radio to life. Nor how it transmutes radio from a vehicle of mere sound transmission into an instrument that enables you to feel the vibrant personality of the performer.

Maybe your old radio still sounds pretty good to you. Do yourself—and us—this favor! Ask your dealer to let you hear Vibro-Power Radio—discover what you've been missing without it!

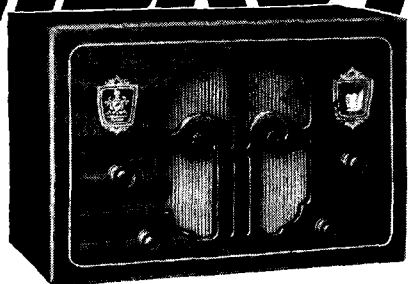


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AMERICAN-BOSCH VIBRO-POWER RADIO



LEFT: Model 350 (for A.C. current) or Model 355 (for A.C.—D.C. current) 5 tube (8 tube performance) Dual Wave Vibro-Power Radio \$37.50

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HEAR AMERICAN-BOSCH VIBRO-POWER CAR-RADIO . . . \$42.95 AND \$49.95

The Man without Nerves

Continued from page 21

pounds' worth of War Savings Certificates! What's the meaning of it? You know well enough I did nothing of the sort."

"Mr. Martin," the other begged, "don't you think it would be wise if you were to remember that you are speaking to the representative of one of the wealthiest banks in the world? No one wants your bonds or your little dribbles of money."

"Then where are they?" Mr. Martin asked bluntly.

Mr. Huitt rose to his feet. Standing up he seemed nothing more than a slim lad by the side of his visitor. He pointed to a piece of mahogany furniture at the farther end of the room.

"I will tell you everything you want to know in due course," he said, "and you will find it quite satisfactory. I will not talk to you, however, while you are in this condition. Lift up the lid of that portable lavatory there, pour out some water, bathe your head and brush your hair. You had better tie your tie over again while you are about it. As soon as you are presentable I will talk to you."

THE words were like icicles. The advice might have been good but the words contained no suggestion of any form of sympathy. They had their effect upon Martin, however. Muttering to himself he crossed the room, drew up the lid of the lavatory with a bang and poured out some water. Mr. Huitt slipped over the floor with noiseless feet and did what seemed to be, under the circumstances, a somewhat foolish thing. He locked the door and returned to his place. He was seated there when his visitor, looking slightly more respectable, threw a towel away into the corner and staggered back.

"Draw your chair up to the table," Mr. Huitt invited. "First, let me tell you this: Your War Savings Certificates are, of course, being in the charge of Messrs. Barton & Company, perfectly safe."

"Then why aren't they on this list?" "Because," Mr. Huitt explained gently, "bearer securities are kept in a different vault and are looked after by another set of clerks."

Mr. Martin was silent for a moment. The bank manager's eyes seemed fixed upon a certain part of his waistcoat. He became so conscious of the gaze that he flicked the place with his fingers.

"What's wrong with me anyway?" Martin demanded.

"You spilled a little water over your chest. Nothing of any consequence," Mr. Huitt observed. "Now wait, please."

He opened the third and most sacred of the drawers in his writing table—a drawer which had been fitted with a specially designed lock and to which no one else in the world had access. As he stooped he twisted a handkerchief lightly round his hand. When he straightened himself there was no time for his visitor to do more than open his mouth. There was no time for a single cry, no time for the faintest movement. The sense of sight was the only one which seemed still active in the doomed man. He saw something very dull and ugly pointed straight at his waistcoat! Mr. Huitt's small figure seemed to be growing larger and larger. There was a glare behind those neat, gold-rimmed spectacles, then there was a little stab of flame and a strange pain in Mr. Martin's heart. He uttered a little gurgling cry, scarcely audible, but he felt the life passing out of his body before his lips could close again. One

sobbing, queer little murmur it was, heard alone by the man who was leaning over him. He collapsed in the chair and sprawled over its side—a limp, inert mass. . . .

Mr. Huitt looked at him critically and decided that all was well. He had seen dead men before, but no one more completely dead than Mr. Roland Martin was at that moment. His hand relaxed. He leaned over the table and pushed the weapon into Mr. Martin's pudgy, ungloved hand. With his own fingers still protected by the handkerchief he pressed the fingers of the dead man around the butt, and allowed it to drop softly onto the carpeted floor. Then he dived once more into that third drawer and produced a letter addressed to himself in Mr. Roland Martin's sprawling handwriting. He laid it on the table in front of him without opening it, restored the handkerchief to his pocket and locked up the drawer. He gave one more swift look round the room. His brain worked calmly, his pulse was perfectly steady. There seemed to be nothing which he had forgotten. He leaned over and pressed his finger firmly upon the button. The seconds passed. There was a knock at the door and the handle turned. Mr. Huitt rose to his feet.

"Wait a minute, Churchill," he called out, and his voice was noticeably unsteady. "Is the door locked?"

"Yes, sir," came a voice from the outside.

"Wait. I'm coming," Mr. Huitt said.

He crossed the room, unlocked the door and grasped Churchill by the shoulder. This was a different Mr. Huitt. He was shaking, and the fingers of the other hand clutched for a moment at the air.

"I am—just a trifle faint, Churchill," he murmured faintly. "I am not hurt, but—Martin—"

"Good heavens! What's happened to him, sir? Has he had a fit?" Churchill asked in a tone of alarm.

"Shot himself seated at my table," Mr. Huitt gasped. "Send for a doctor and the police at once. Quickly!"

MR. HUITT ceased to speak. For some three minutes he kept his eyes closed. When he opened them again it was with a very artistic little tremor. He sat in his chair and took the glass of water which was being handed to him. There were already a policeman, the sub-manager and others in the room.

"Feeling a little better, sir?" his chief of staff asked him.

"I'm quite all right," Mr. Huitt repeated. "What about Martin?"

"I'm afraid he's done for, sir. The doctor's here already—was in the bank."

The doctor, a man of severe professional appearance, detached himself from the little group around the table.

"The gentleman is quite dead," he announced, turning to the manager. "We won't touch anything until the inspector comes."

"Fortunately it is closing time," Mr. Huitt observed, listening to the hour of three striking from the adjacent church clock. "Let someone stand out on the steps, Churchill, and bring in the inspector."

The doctor came over to Mr. Huitt's side.

"Rather a shock for you, sir," he said kindly. "Are you feeling better?"

"Absolutely all right, thank you," Mr. Huitt replied. "No need to bother about me. Just for a second or two I felt queer."

The doctor felt his pulse but dropped

(Continued on page 43)

MORE THAN A
CENTURY OF
KEEPING FAITH



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ANHEUSER-BUSCH, ST. LOUIS

The Man without Nerves

Continued from page 40

his hand again in a few seconds. He looked at the little bespectacled man with respect.

"I congratulate you upon your nerve, sir," he said. "Horrible experience, though. Ah, here comes the inspector."

There was a little preliminary questioning. The inspector and doctor whispered together, then the former came over to Mr. Huitt, his book in his hand.

"YOU were the only witness, I gather, sir. May I ask your name?"

"James Huitt."

"And your position?"

"I am manager of this bank."

"Do you feel equal to telling me what happened?"

"Certainly," Mr. Huitt replied. "Mr. Martin, who is an old client of the bank, was brought in by one of my clerks, who warned me previously that he was in a state of intoxication. I could see that he had been drinking, but I tried to soothe him as well as I could because he is going through a very painful time just now on account of severe financial losses which he was very anxious to keep secret. Mr. Martin began questioning me about a large balance which he certainly possessed up to a short while ago, and I was forced to remind him that he had drawn the money out and taken it away with him only the day before yesterday. He muttered something about that being only a dream, and he was obviously in no state to discuss his affairs."

"I persuaded him to wash his hands and brush his hair, and I thought he was going to sit down and talk reasonably. Instead of that he threw a note addressed to me upon the table, suddenly drew a small pistol from his pocket, pressed it to his side and shot himself before I could move."

"Have you examined the letter addressed to you, sir?"

"Not yet. It is still on my table."

"Have you any objection to opening it?" the inspector asked.

"None at all."

The letter was brought over. Mr. Huitt sat up in his chair, tore open the envelope and read:

"Dear Mr. Huitt,

"I am in a terrible state. I am losing my memory. One day I seem to know just how much I have and just what securities you are holding. Another day I have an awful feeling that I have sold all my bonds and drawn out all my balance. I dreamed last night that I was a pauper! I cannot bear it any longer. If I am sober enough I shall bring you this letter."

"If anything is left from my estate it is to go to my wife, whose address is c/o Barton's Bank, Paris."

The signature was nothing but a scrawl. The inspector folded up the letter.

"You won't mind my having this, sir?" he asked.

"Not in the least," Mr. Huitt conceded. "You will let me have it back after the inquest. The directors may wish to see it."

"There are one or two further investigations I must make as a matter of form, sir," the inspector said. "Afterwards the body will be removed to the mortuary."

"You are in command here," Mr. Huitt assured him. "Can I do any good by staying?"

"No good at all," the inspector said firmly. "I should like everyone away, in fact."

James Huitt rose to his feet.

"You might get my hat and gloves, Mr. Churchill," he begged. "You have heard what the inspector said—send everyone out of the room."

On his way to the door Mr. Huitt suddenly frowned. Among those still gathered round the body of the dead man was his neighbor from the Oasis—Mr. Tyssen!

PAULINE, after all, resembled her brother in many ways. She was inclined to be obstinate, she liked having her own way and she had charm enough to get it, as a rule.

She approached the reluctant young man with the happy air of one born to easy victories.

"Mr. Tyssen," she exclaimed, "what

(Continued on page 44)



Henry Anton

"I like to shave slowly
—and I like the way Palmolive lather stays wet and creamy for ten minutes."

"Wow! My skin is tender
—and I sure do appreciate the olive oil content in Palmolive. It's as soothing as a lotion!"

"I shave in a hurry
—and Palmolive sure is fast. It wets my beard in one minute flat."

"I'm saving money these days
—and Palmolive helps me. I'm telling you a half inch of Palmolive gives more lather than a whole inch of some creams."

"My beard grows slantwise
—but Palmolive's stiff lather holds those hairs straight up so they cut close and clean."

5 shaving problems 5 happy faces

MEN'S shaving problems differ in 5 fundamental ways. That's why we spent years in perfecting Palmolive—to meet all five of these fundamental shaving requirements.

5 new results

Lather up, men, and discover these five distinct advantages in a Palmolive shave. Note first the soft, soothing, friendly feel of Palmolive lather on the skin. That's due to the olive and palm oil content . . . advantage number one. Palmolive is kind to tender faces.

Then pick up your razor—don't wait! You're shaving with a "speed" cream, man! Palmolive acts faster . . . makes the toughest beards waxy soft in one minute. That's advantage number two.

No need to hurry, unless you wish. No fear that Palmolive lather will dry out on the face. It stays wet and creamy for at least ten minutes—advantage number three.

Then lean up to the mirror, and make the close-up test. Note how clean and close each whisker is cut. Never missed a single hair! Because Palmolive lather

is heavy, stiff, and holds each hair erect. Advantage number four.

Saves money

And after you've finished this friendly Palmolive shave, consider how little you've paid for it. For one tube of Palmolive Shave Cream makes 250 tubes of lather. Advantage number five. A half inch gives a full shave.

Better news yet—for a limited time only the regular 35c tube of Palmolive costs only 25c. Snap up this bargain while it lasts. Get a tube of Palmolive today.



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MUSCLES KNOTTED WITH PAIN?

... *here's quick relief*



IT'S just like untying a knot when you soothe away the ache from a muscle kinked with pain—with Absorbine Jr.

When you rub on this wonderful liniment the misery vanishes like snow before a warm Spring sun. Massaged into all the sore spots, it spreads a wonderful soothing balm. A grand warm feeling—a pleasant glow penetrates to the deepest seat of soreness. As the warmth steals in—the pain steals OUT!

Muscle pains simply can't

linger long when Absorbine Jr. gets to work.

That's why for 40 years Absorbine Jr. has been such a standby of coaches, athletes and trainers. If you haven't a bottle on your bathroom shelf—you should have. There's nothing that can take its place for bruises, strains, sprains, or any muscle ailment. Price, \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions, sleeplessness



Used by
Thousands for
"Athlete's Foot"

(Continued from page 43)
is this terrible news? They tell me you don't want to play this afternoon."

"It isn't that I don't want to, Miss Sarson," he answered eagerly. "The fact is my leg—"

"I was so sorry to hear about that," she interrupted. "You sprained it, didn't you? Dr. Anderson told me all about it, but he seemed to think that if you were careful you would be all right for today. You could play in the foursome, at any rate."

"I am afraid that would not help us," he pointed out. "It is the singles the club is so anxious about. Unless I was at my best I should not have much of a chance. Stanley Erskine, the amateur champion, is playing top, you know."

"Come and sit down under the cedar tree," she invited abruptly. "Father and Anthony are both up at the club."

"I was going up there to explain," he confided. "I've taken a ticket for the luncheon, but I ought not to play, Miss Sarson. I ought not really."

SHE led the way into the garden and pulled out a comfortable chair for him under the cedar tree.

"Do play, Mr. Tyssen," she begged. "I'm frightfully anxious for Paradise to win. If it hurts your leg I will turn nurse and look after you myself!"

He looked drearily at the ground.

"It isn't altogether my leg, Miss Pauline," he confided.

"Then what on earth can it be?"

An intense desire came upon him to tell her the real reason but he fought against it.

"What time do the foursomes finish?" he asked.

"At a quarter to eight," she answered. "You won't be out as long as that, though. You will go out first in both matches."

He was obviously shaken. His leg had healed marvelously and his stick was no longer needed.

"What time does the London train get in?" he inquired.

She looked at him in surprise.

"The train Dad generally comes by? Ten minutes to six."

He hesitated.

"Miss Pauline," he confided. "I don't want to seem stupid and ungracious. I don't want to tell you any falsehoods about my golf either. I can play a bit. I have done so ever since I was a boy. I didn't want to play down here, though."

"Why not?" she asked. "Why not—when I want you to so much?"

"I can't explain," he replied. "Anyway, I'll take a risk. I'll go and put my things on."

"You're a dear," she exclaimed. "Oh, Mr. Tyssen, I can't tell you how grateful I am. If your leg is worse, don't forget, I am your nurse!"

"For—how long?" he asked.

He had risen to his feet. He looked very nervous but no longer awkward. She laughed encouragement at him, but she was already on her way to the house.

"I shan't be five minutes over my lunch," she called out. "Wait for me and we'll walk up together."

(Continued on page 47)



The investment that brings

PLEASURE AND PROFIT TO EVERY HOME

—THE HARVARD CLASSICS

Now where can I find out about that?



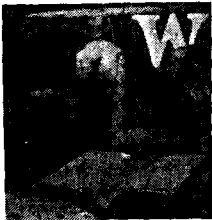
GLANCE at the fiftieth volume of The Harvard Classics answers that question. Here are indexed the best thoughts of some 300 of the greatest men of all the ages on 76,000 subjects. Here you get instantly the answer

to the time-wasting questions of a busy man's life, and gain immediate access to information on a wide range of subjects.

Over a year of expert work was spent on the Index Volume of the Five-Foot Shelf. It is the only volume of its kind in existence, and it may justly be said to perform the duties of a private secretary.

The Index Volume is a marvel of excellence, and by it one may easily trace the best thoughts of the wisest men on all topics of vital human interest running through the ages.

Their first investment—15 minutes a day



HAT should a family's first investment be? Bonds? A home? Insurance? There is one thing even more vital than these. Their future success and happiness depend principally upon his and her mental growth. Will people

feel that she is worth knowing? Will men in business be impressed with his range of information, his capacity to think clearly and talk well? Their future depends on the solution of these questions.

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There is magic in fifteen minutes a day which will help anyone to be more interesting, more welcome, more worth while.

Some day he will ask you —



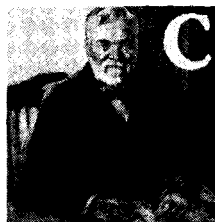
WHEN that important question is put to you, you will be glad you learned the secret of fifteen minutes a day. More and more, business leaders are asking this question of the men who come to them: "What have you read?"

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"In every department of practical life, men in commerce, men in transportation and in manufactures have told me that what they really wanted from our colleges were men who have *this selective power of using books efficiently.*"

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CARNEGIE knew the value of millions; but there was one thing which he valued even more. As a young man he worked for Colonel Anderson, a man of wide culture and fine tastes. Colonel Anderson took an interest in him, welcomed

him to his library, guided him in his reading and choice of books.

"To him," said Carnegie, "I owe a taste for literature which I would not exchange for all the

millions ever amassed by man. Life would be quite intolerable without it."

What Colonel Anderson did for Carnegie, Dr. Eliot has done for busy men and women everywhere.

Why some people are always welcome



MANNERS alone are not the key to social success. Good manners are always an asset; but good manners alone will open no doors and lead to no delightful friendships. A well-behaved bore has no chance to keep step in the swift march of American social and business life. The time has

passed when the untutored man can reach the heights of success. This is the day of the well-read man.

The really popular man is the man who has learned to interest other people. He may not have read widely but well; he may have traveled little but he knows about other countries than his own. He knows something of history and biography, of the works of great scientists and philosophers, poets and dramatists.

"Those 15 minutes made me more money than eight hours' work!"



MADE more money last year than I made in five years before," says a prominent business man. "Yet I did not work harder. Actually, I worked fewer hours and had more time for golf, travel, and enjoying my friends.

"There is a mistaken idea in many men's minds that hard work is all that is required for success. Day laborers do hard work and remain day laborers always. Clerks do hard work. Ninety-nine out of a hundred stay clerks; the hundredth becomes an executive."



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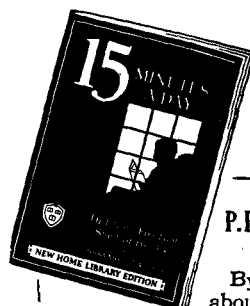
Here's a book that every lover of literature will want for his library table. No ordinary booklet, but a literary gem. It contains a collection of invaluable facts, including the plan of reading outlined by Dr. Eliot, America's greatest educator.

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"Fifteen Minutes a Day" has brought new happiness, a turning point in life to thousands who have sent in for it. It comes without obligation when you fill out and mail this coupon.

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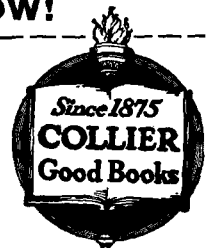
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MOBILIZATION FOR HUMAN NEEDS



If people are hungry this winter, they will have food. If they are cold, they will have clothing and shelter. Federal and state funds are being appropriated to supplement your local efforts toward relieving actual hunger and physical distress.

Eating is not living; it is existing. If we are to justify our claim to civilization, we must think beyond primary needs of food and shelter. We must face our responsibility for human service, broader in conception, deeper in sympathy and understanding.

Care of the aged, service to demoralized families, hospitalization of the needy sick, home nursing, settlements, guidance of youth, care of the children without a chance—these and hundreds of other services are in the hands of your local welfare organizations. Some of these programs were overshadowed during the past year by the desperate fight to supply food and warmth to every one in need. But they must not be forgotten. Huge public appropriations only to maintain life necessitate your and my partnership in making that life worth while.

This year there are social needs created by the misery of the lean years we have gone through. These critical needs must be met by the local welfare agencies which you have maintained in the past and which must look to you for support again at this time.

I join Newton D. Baker, Chairman of the National Citizens' Committee, and Mrs. Roosevelt, Chairman of the National Women's Committee, in asking you to support your Community Chest or your local welfare appeals to the limit of your ability. It is a cause well designated by the title given it, "Mobilization for Human Needs."



• Space and facilities for this advertisement have been furnished to the National Citizens' Committee without cost.

The Man without Nerves

Continued from page 44

On the afternoon of the great golf contest, at about the time that Pauline and Tyssen were having their friendly argument in the "Haven" garden, in the darkened atmosphere of the court room near London Bridge Mr. James Huitt played a dominant part in that dreariest of all functions—a London inquest. Evidence had been given as to the excitable condition of Mr. Roland Martin on the occasion of his visit to the bank. Regretful evidence had been tendered by the dead man's medical attendant as to his patient's tendencies towards alcoholism. Mr. Huitt, when he entered the box, was invited to tell his own story in his own way.

"Mr. Martin," he explained, "was once one of our most valued clients, but during the last few months deteriorated in many ways. He presented himself at the bank on Monday afternoon very much the worse for drink. He was under the impression that we still held a considerable balance of his, although my cashier had been most patient with him and shown him his receipts for all that he had withdrawn. I persuaded him to use my lavatory, wash his hands and face and brush his hair. On his way there I noticed him pause at the door, which on that occasion he, without a doubt, locked. He afterwards came and sat in front of my desk and we began to talk. He asked to examine his pass-book once more and while I had turned away to reach for it he produced a weapon and shot himself."

"No farewell speech or anything of that sort?" the coroner inquired.

"Nothing."

"With regard to these large withdrawals of share certificates and money," the coroner asked, "were these made in the usual way?"

"Not entirely," Mr. Huitt replied. "That is to say, he did not draw the money across the counter. He had it brought into my private room, but that is not unusual in the case of a large transaction. He drew down to within fourteen hundred pounds on the date I have given you."

"He did not take you into his confidence regarding this large withdrawal?" the coroner continued.

"He did not. He knew that I knew some of his recent speculations and disapproved of them."

WITH a little more purely formal evidence Mr. Huitt's examination came to an end. The coroner turned towards the jury. He found the foreman already on his feet.

"Mr. Coroner," the latter announced, "I have received an anonymous letter requesting me in the cause of justice to ask two questions."

The coroner frowned.

"This court," he said, "has a great prejudice against anonymous letters." "Perhaps you will read it, sir," the juryman invited.

The letter was passed up. The coroner read it and read it again.

"The two questions," he remarked, "seem to me to be either pointless or else to carry a certain sinister significance. You may ask them if you wish."

"The first that I am requested to ask is whether any fingerprints were found on the revolver with which Mr. Martin was shot."

The inspector, who was seated in the body of the court, rose at once to his feet.

"I can answer that question, sir," he said to the coroner.

"You had better answer it in the usual way," was the reply.

The inspector returned to the box and was sworn.

"Can you inform the court," the coroner asked, "whether the weapon in question was submitted to any test as regards fingerprints?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Did the fingerprints correspond with any in your possession?"

"Not at the time, sir. Afterwards we took an impression of the right hand fingerprints of the deceased. We found that they corresponded."

"I see," the coroner remarked. "There were no other fingerprints upon the weapon?"

"None of any sort, sir."

The coroner waved the witness away.

"The question seems to me," he observed, looking over his eyeglasses round the court, "slightly ridiculous, but in any case it is fully answered."

"The second question concerns the handwriting of the deceased," the foreman of the jury continued, "to inquire whether any tests have been made of the handwriting to be sure that it corresponds with that of the dead man."

THE inspector rose once more in his place.

"Mr. Coroner," he said, "the police had no intention of referring to the fingerprints or the test of handwriting. The case seemed perfectly clear without them. We have never any desire to put suggestions into the minds of anyone in regard to innocent people. However, we are obliged to protect ourselves. We did seek the advice of a handwriting expert and he is now in court."

"Name, please," the coroner asked.

"Mr. Adolphus Morrison."

Mr. Adolphus Morrison was called to the witness box and sworn.

"Mr. Morrison," the coroner said, "you have studied this last letter addressed to Mr. James Huitt, the bank manager, purporting to be written by the deceased?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have had an opportunity of comparing it with other letters written by the deceased?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is your opinion as regards the authenticity of the letter in question?"

"I have not the slightest doubt, Mr. Coroner, that the letter addressed to Mr. Huitt was written by the deceased. The handwriting in every respect is precisely similar."

The coroner nodded an acknowledgment and turned towards the foreman of the jury.

"Your two questions have been answered," he said. "To me they appear to be entirely unnecessary, but it will perhaps be very satisfactory to you and to members of the public generally to know that the police, even when the case before them is so obvious as the present one, still explore every possibility. Are you agreed upon your verdict?"

"We are, sir. We find that the deceased, Mr. Roland Martin, committed suicide while suffering from temporary insanity."

"The verdict will be recorded," the coroner observed.

There was a little whispering in odd corners concerning those two questions from the anonymous correspondent, but the interest excited by them died a natural death, and they didn't even find their way into the press, except in the case of one prominent newspaper which quoted them as instances of the thoroughness with which the police conducted routine investigations.

(To be continued next week)



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Pepsodent Antiseptic is more effective in fighting Halitosis . . . it is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics . . . goes 3 times as far . . . makes \$1 do the work of \$3

ONE can't be too sure about some things . . . for example, that breath is pure and sweet and fresh. Smart clothes or a charming personality don't count for much when breath offends.

Now unpleasant breath (Halitosis) is really inexcusable. For modern research puts at your command a way to be far surer of a pure, sweet breath than ever before.

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Pepsodent Antiseptic is more effective because it is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Add water and it goes 3 times as far—thus makes \$1 do the work of \$3. For economy and for peace of mind remember: there are really only two leading kinds of mouth antiseptics on the market. In one group is the mouth antiseptic that must be used full strength to be effective.

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terly safe even if used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and still kill germs in less than 10 seconds.

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COLDS!

Clinical research reveals that Pepsodent Antiseptic is particularly effective in reducing the number and severity of common colds.

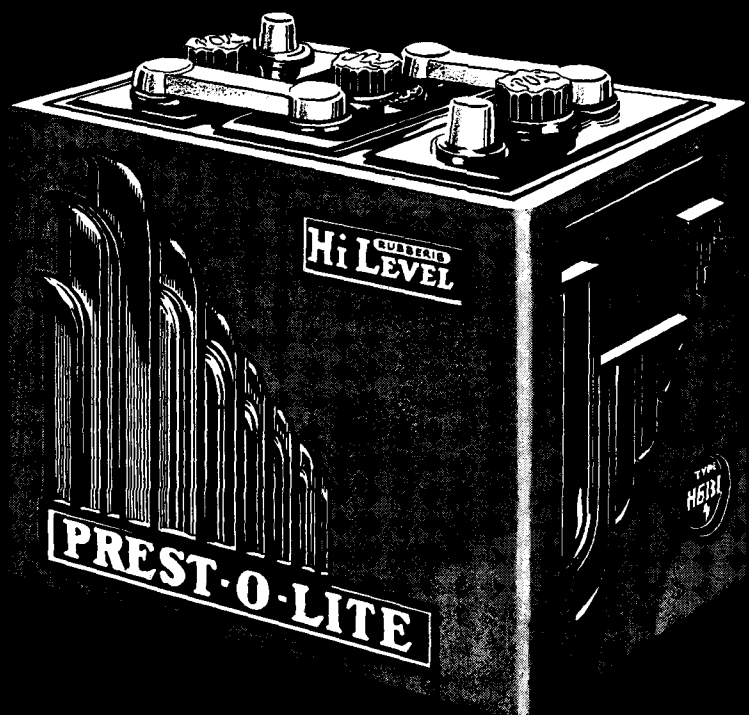
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PREST-O-LITE BATTERY COMPANY, INC.
INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

Second-money man

Continued from page 24

friendship with her. Friendship, he thought glumly, was a sad sort of joke when you loved a girl. They had been three wild youngsters on the range, he and Iris and Ray. And then one day the shadow of Ray was between himself and Iris. Ray was always a hand to get the good things of life, and there was nothing to do but step aside. You didn't squawk over bad breaks, you took them and said nothing.

He put on his shoes, fumbling over the laces with his heavy fingers. He drank the water pitcher dry and went down to the jammed dining-room and ate his meal at a table for two, faced by a middle-aged woman tourist who seemed inwardly agitated by his presence; a blunt, big-boned man with jet hair shadowing a face inclined to silence and loneliness. An old townsman came by. He said, "You made a swell ride on that General Grant nag," and went away, leaving Steve a little flushed. He couldn't carry it off like Ray.

OLD Turk Cantring's house, on the town's highest hill, looked like a stone fort; but it was cool inside, even with the crowd there. An authentic bar ran across one side of the vast living-room, ignored by the authorities who wished rodeo week to be in the ancient tradition. Ray Rand drifted off. Somebody handed a glass to Steve, who, after a moment, surreptitiously laid it back on the bar. A voice behind him, serene and amused, caught him in his tracks. "Done in the familiar Melody manner."

He turned exactly on his heels and looked upon an auburn head. Beneath that was a face at once oval and firm and candid—and actually beautiful. The smile seemed to be wholly and wonderfully for him.

"Hello, Iris."

"Why didn't you write?"

"Nothing much to report."

She said, gently: "Maybe I'd think anything from you was news."

"I told Ray to give you my regards when he wrote."

She laid her hand on his solid chest, unsmiling. "It's about time to clear up—"

Ray Rand knifed his way through the people and swung Iris off the floor with his long arms. The blood was running reckless in him, the surrounding sound and warmth had lit the fuse of his mercurial temper. He kissed Iris, laughing at the quick crimson on her cheeks. "Honey," he said, "I been lonesome." Steve Melody felt the glow run out of the night; he felt tired and a little shabby, and he thought, grimly, "Why has the fool got to do that before an audience?"

A slim thing molded in a black dress came up. "I'm collecting curiosities."

"Collect me," Ray Rand drawled.

Iris said: "This is Ray Rand. An old family friend. Helen Vane to you, Ray."

"Hello, honey."

"And Steve Melody."

This Helen Vane's shoulders turned, slowly graceful, and her glance struck Steve. There wasn't much of her, but to him the impression was of live coals burning beneath a smooth, hard surface; of a thoroughly modern creature with red lips across an alert face, and darkly wise eyes classifying him.

"This is that Steve?"

"That one," said Iris.

"What Steve?" interrupted Ray Rand, sharpening interest flicking both girls. An older, iron-haired man came up with fresh glasses. The women refused. Steve refused, courteously. Ray Rand took his glass and held it toward

the light. "Good times come again," he said.

Steve reached up, got the glass. "Stick to your trade, sucker. You ride horses."

"Good old watchdog," grinned Ray. One faint trace of irritation licked across the brightness of his eyes.

The gray-haired man said: "Beautiful ride, Rand."

"Thanks, old fellow."

Helen Vane's eyes remained inscrutably on Rand. The older man continued: "Nobody's got it on you—unless it would be Clay Thorp, the greatest of all in his time."

"Yeah," drawled Ray, clipping the words. "He was all right."

Helen Vane's words were faintly malicious: "You like your compliments undiluted."

Iris stirred, changed the subject: "Half the town's here tonight."

"Open the doors," said Ray, "and let the other half in."

"You'd like that, too," mused Helen.

Ray's expressive face clouded; his glance locked in hers. Then he was self-sure again. "We'll get along," he drawled.

Iris Cantring moved around, took Steve's arm. "Supposing we ride?"

"Swell," applauded Ray. He pushed back his big hat and reached over and drew Iris away. It was something casually done, like the exercise of a prior right. He whooped for a pathway to the door and pulled the girl on, leaving Steve Melody wooden-cheeked in his tracks. Helen Vane said, carelessly: "Will I do as a substitute?"

THEY followed out. Somewhere an orchestra began playing and the floor was a weird scene of jammed couples struggling in their tracks. A giant man with a smile that was a brilliant line against darkly burned skin barred Steve's way briefly at the door. "Take it or leave it, I'm bettin' on you this year." He went on. Ray and Iris were already in the car, Ray racing the motor till sound swelled torrentially down the street. Steve handed Helen into the back and crawled through. He said irritably to Ray: "In case you don't know, sound is no good without motion," and was flung violently beside the girl as the car shot on.

"Who was that really massive figure back there?" Helen asked.

"Clay Thorp."

She murmured: "Praise from Sir Hubert."

"You can't stop a big fellow from being kind."

"Possibly with reason."

Steve watched Iris Cantring's slim shoulder sway with the motion of the car. They entered the boiling traffic on Main Street. Ray Rand held his fist on the horn and they went blaring recklessly in and out of the jam. It was a fool stunt, Steve thought. "Don't get me wrong," he told the girl. "I'm a second-money man."

"What's that, for heaven's sake?"

"Somewhere above the bum ones, somewhere below the top."

"What a cruel self-analysis."

They were on the dark, level road, the engine roaring full on and the white side posts flickering by. The square, bold rim of the high country lay black against a steel-colored sky and there was a crystal starlight laying ghostly stripes against the earth. It was at once chilly. Steve remembered the bare, soft shoulders of the girl beside him and squirmed out of his coat. He said, brusquely, "You're a little bit

dumb," and draped the coat around her. His hand fell across her shoulders. He saw her straighten and lift her fragrant head near him inquiringly. Sultry irritation pulled his hand back. "No, it wasn't a pass. You been reading a book."

Her voice was a slurred, silken thread: "That's no compliment."

Ray Rand's deep laugh slapped backward and one of his arms lay across the front seat's top, behind Iris, who sat effortlessly still. Steve fumbled at his cigarettes and scratched three matches to make a light. The car caromed along a rutted ditch, screamed around a bend. Steve shouted against the wind: "All right, Oldfield, turn back. There's a rodeo tomorrow."

They went about, town lights throwing yellow flares against the velvet black. Ray Rand began singing to himself. Helen's shoulder lay comfortably against Steve; her talk was almost severe: "Loyalty's all right. But don't be blind."

"Which way does that cut?"

Her laugh was soft and full. She said, aloud: "You're right, Iris." Ray Rand's tone was deeply ironic over his shoulder. "The man's made of metal, honey. Don't bother with him." But Iris Cantring had turned and Steve saw her smiling at him through the dark. They crossed the railroad tracks, rolled squalling through town again, to the hotel. The men got out. Steve went around and stood with one foot on the running board, near Iris, whose hand came out and held him there. A long shadow ran across her face and she spoke, only for his ears:

"I want to see you tomorrow. I want to see you alone, do you understand?"

Steve took off his hat, glance passing back to the others. Helen Vane was coolly matching Ray Rand's suddenly intent inspection. She was playing with him, Steve thought irritably, and very sure of herself. But he knew better. That was one game Ray Rand never lost.

Iris Cantring's abruptly dug-in grip startled him. She said, suppressed and tense: "You blamed fool, why don't you think more of yourself? Why don't you fight your own battles instead of somebody else's? You're not a second-money man, you idiot! If you only saw yourself right you wouldn't be second to anybody—in anything! Anything, do you hear?"

UTTERLY astonished, he saw the blaze of temper color her cheeks, turn alive the vigor of her serene features. She looked as though she wanted to swear at him; she looked exactly as he had seen her sometimes look in her tomboy days, outraged and ready to cry. She said, "You never did take care of yourself, Steve Melody," and put the car in gear and shot away, leaving him coatless and bemused in the street.

He clapped on his hat, muttered, "What the hell?" And he walked through the lobby in his shirt, a pair of red sleeveholders screeching at the world. In his room he opened windows and transom. Noise poured through, a festival-inclined people roamed along the hotel corridors. He felt dry and drawn—the aftermath of a sweaty day—and he drank six glasses of tepid water from the tap. He took off his shirt and hung it around the back of a chair; he stuffed his socks in his shoes, put the shoes under the bed. Stripped to undershirt and pants he padded down the hall to the adjoining room. Ray lay full length on the bed. There were two empty ginger-ale bottles on the table and three empty glasses. The place reeked.

"Give yourself a break, sucker."

Ray sat up. "I got 'er made, kid."

"Get in bed, you dumb bunny."

"There's a couple guys here from Hollywood. This has been on fire for a month. It's all settled. As soon as I knock over the trophy day after tomorrow we sign. A year in pictures."

"Pictures?"

"Horse opera, kid. I got what they want."

Steve borrowed a cigarette from the table. He scowled at the empty glasses, dragged down a deep draught of smoke. "What've you got they want, sonny boy?"

"I knock 'em, don't I? Is that an accident? I play this game for all the angles. I put on a show. I go over. I always was headed for pictures. I'm in, see?"

"You punish the bubble water any more and you ain't in no place, sucker." Steve snapped out the lights. "For a big guy you sure show weak moments. Get the hell in bed before I work on you."

"Not sore, kid?"

"Nope."

THIS was the second day, with a hard sunlight drenching the arena and dust smell strong in the nostrils and twenty thousand people howling for anything short of murder. The loud-speakers had flung his name to every corner of the arena: "Steve Melody on Jupe Pluvius." Steve went into the saddle and kicked his feet solidly through the stirrups. He rubbed the dampness out of his palms, gave a last yank to his hat and took hold of the hackamore. A little hush crossed the field. Steve murmured, "Another day, another dollar." The field hand said, "You can have the dollar, kid," and let go of snub rope and blind.

Jupe Pluvius went up, the feeling like that of being hurled at the sky. The horse's big muscles swelled between Steve's legs and his head swooped gauntly down. The earth rose violently to meet them, a series of shocks passed through bone and leather, and ground Steve's vertebrae into the separating cartilage. Steve thought, remote and lonely on this hurricane seat, "The horse is all right, and I'm all right," and then his thinking was submerged in a fluid calm that controlled nerve and muscle.

Jupe Pluvius strained onward out of the pillowed dust of his own making, into the fire-bright sunlight; Jupe Pluvius shook a maddened head and reared, front feet striking the air; and came down with an enraged effort. Steve's bat-wing chaps cracked bitterly, his chest telegraphed pain from belly to shoulder blades; and afterwards the horse exploded in a stiff, four-footed leaping that sledged the man at each landing. Dimly was a roaring. On the heels of a faint report from afar two field hands cut through the battle smoke and seized the horse's head. It was all over. Steve went over the left pick-up man's horse and hit the ground awkwardly.

A roaring struck him in the face; up in the stands white and crimson clothing churned vividly. Steve moved on at a spraddling walk, retrieved his hat; there was a great deal of humbleness in him, and a faint bitterness. "The second-money man must have put on a show," he thought and turned through the corral gate. He sat on a bale of hay, heavy arms idle on his thighs.

A big man tramped out of the arena and stopped and looked down, a grin broadening across a swart bronze. "Kid," Clay Thorp drawled, "it was a ride!" and went back. Then, looking up, Steve saw Iris and Helen Vane.

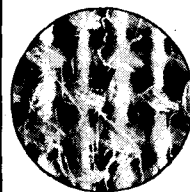
"The Thinker, with more clothes on," murmured Helen, and moved quietly aside. Iris came on until her trim, square shoulders faced Steve. A faint

(Continued on page 50)

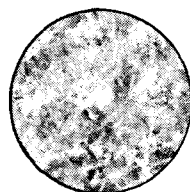
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(Continued from page 49)

flow of color touched her oval cheeks, and something disturbed the honesty of her straight glance.

"Ray's up on Picketwire," Steve said.

"You'll miss a good ride."

"I saw a good ride."

"I had a little luck."

"This," she murmured, "is going to be difficult."

He stood steady, puzzled. A thick wave of applause leaped the arena wall and broke about them. "Let old Doctor Melody fix you up," he said.

"Steve—what's the idea in general?"

"Come again, Iris."

"Don't be dumb. You're not."

"Listen, Iris, we've grown up. This brother and sister stuff won't go."

"So you sent your best wishes by Ray. There was a time . . . Answer me this: Whoever told you that Ray and I—?"

Ray Rand walked up, an eager, alert glance beneath the reckless rake of his hat. It was, Steve thought, like a strong wind running across sultriness. But there was something strange here. Ray walked toward Iris and then the girl's parasol made a seemingly idle semicircle along the dust in front of her. It stopped Ray. He said, dryly: "Shyness becomes you, honey."

"Something new under the sun to you, Mr. Rand?" purred Helen Vane.

"What's the shootin' for?" drawled Ray. But Steve saw his eyes go coolly speculative against the girl. Steve swung away, hot fury in him. He passed down a stable's alley and out the far end; he crossed a corral, saw Ray and the girls idling toward an exit. He let himself through a turnstile and tramped back to the hotel. It was a crazy world. You had color or you didn't. If you had it, everything was yours for the asking. If you didn't have it, you were just another mug walking home from a day's work with the crowd digging you in the ribs. What was the matter with the yellow-haired fool that, having one fine girl, he had to go lushing all around the map?

COMING along the hall at eight o'clock, he stopped abruptly by Ray Rand's door. Full light glowed over the transom and a crisp voice said one quick phrase and turned silent. Steve wheeled. He said "Sucker" glumly, and marched unannounced into the room. Helen Vane stood poised against a wall, a striking picture, and watched Ray pour a drink. Rand's head tilted and he spilled liquor over the table. Plain annoyance licked across his cheeks.

"Kid," he said, "what's a door for?"

"For misplaced little girls to walk out of," said Steve.

Helen rose. "The man means it, bless him."

"Wait," called Ray Rand. "I don't get this straight. Where do you live?"

"An address for your card index?" mocked the girl.

"And," said Steve, "the curfew is ringin'."

"Peaceably, officer."

Steve followed her to the hall. He shut the door, leaned wearily against it. Helen Vane's voice was husky, faintly amused: "I never have been bounced before, but I recognize the hand of an expert."

"Might be something in that."

"And so you learned about women from him?"

He said, impassively: "No soap."

"But you hate a cheater."

There was something baffling about her. She stood before him, frank and vivid-lipped, like so many others who had drifted toward the brilliant light of Ray Rand's personality; yet her eyes were different—unsoiled in their gray depths. She said: "For no reason at

all I wish you didn't think that of me. I told you once I collected specimens. Now go back and guard your great man."

He retreated into the room. Ray said, aggrievedly: "I wish to God you'd keep out of my affairs."

"For a big guy you're soft as mush."

"Kid, I'll get along."

"Soft as mush! Listen, sucker, I've bailed gals out of your rooms all the way from Caliente to Calgary. What the heck ails you—pickin' a cheap skirt right in front of Iris?"

"Melody—the big moral influence."

"Yeah? Anyhow, I'm no gyp."

"I'm a gyp?" Ray Rand's mouth thinned. "I take too much from you, kid." But he quit scowling. He moved his hands placatingly. "Quit it. I wouldn't hurt Iris for a million. It's on the up and up. This Helen just crashed it. Could I help it?"

"Yes?"

RAND sat on the bed, rubbing his head. "Something serious here. About me and tomorrow. I need the championship tomorrow to clinch the bargain. No trophy, no flicker-flicker contract. I ride Deception. Not much of a fighter, but I'll make a show."

"Sure."

Rand threw his question bluntly across the room: "You realize it's you and me and Ott Lewes in the finals?"

Steve studied that. Surprise touched his cheeks.

"I'd never given it a tumble. A fact, ain't it? Old second-money man went and sneaked among white folks."

"Lewes is out. Not enough points even if he makes a good ride. But you're hot, and we're actually square on points. I've figured it. You drew the best bucker."

"Afraid of me?" said Steve, grinning his disbelief.

"You're hot. You're ridin' away over your head this week."

"Thanks, sucker, for the left-handed approval."

Ray Rand rose and turned over to the windows, seeming to look out. He spoke over his shoulder: "Kid, don't make too good a ride tomorrow."

Steve put his hand on the table. He got a cigarette, tapped it, he held it between his fingers and slowly rolled it shapeless, a bleak blue in his eyes. Ray wheeled and spoke rapidly: "Who gives the crowd a kick? Who packs the stands? Who's box office in this game? Me—Ray Rand. If I wasn't riding, half those seats would be empty. All right. Here you come, clear outside your ability, to make it tough for me just when I'm lookin' at money. I ought to get the break, kid. It belongs to me."

Steve pushed the table half an inch forward. He shoved the water bottle to the center of it, set the cigarette pack neatly on its bottom. He went out without looking back, hearing Ray call swiftly, "I've done a lot for you." In his room he undressed, scuffed around the carpet with his bare feet, rugged head canted downward.

"This is the guy," he said, spuriously gentle, "I thought was a great man. This is the guy I been wet-nursed four years. What a hell of a tumble I'm takin'! And that's the mug Iris wants."

THE loud-speakers announced him: "Steve Melody on Skulduggery." He got the field hand's signal and stepped forward and went into the saddle at one surge. Ott Lewes had ridden and lost; Ray Rand was yet to ride; and here he was, Steve Melody, second-money man, seated high and stark before twenty thousand people on a midnight-black beast racked with rage in each sprung muscle.

"You got a horse, kid," said the field hand.

He felt stripped, inexpressibly lonely. It was one thing to be part of the pack, making a good living in an unnoticed way; it was another thing to sit in the middle of a bright field, the target of the world. Out of the ruck he had come after four years of drudging to command all this attention, to have the interest of the crowd burning into him for the space of one brief minute. The feeling was something new, something that ruffled along the back of his neck like cold wind, that sliced into him and swelled his lungs and turned his stomach cold. He seated his boots in the stirrups, felt the horse flatten and harden. From the corners of his eyes he saw the field hands fade. There was one long moment of suspense. Afterwards Skulduggery broke in the middle and sunfished into the dry, golden light.

It came to him then, flashing through an unmoved corner of his mind. This was what the top riders felt—this nerveless certainty. This was what made them grin at the world. This was what he always saw in their eyes—an iron pride. Skulduggery crashed down, shuddering from his own punishment. Flame streaked across Steve's eyeballs. Something seemed to burst. But it was like riding the wind and having no fear. He met and matched the violent pitching, muscles loose, brain alert, that wonderful sense of mastery fresh and strong in him.

Far back in the saddle he caught the arriving detonations as they beat up through Skulduggery and wrung the long muscles of his back bitterly; the ligaments of his vitals felt it, a black cloud rushed through his head. And there was then an indescribable feeling of the earth turning crazy, followed by a cessation of motion. Through the acrid pall he saw the pick-up men holding the horse's head.

He went off and landed flatfooted, the impact knocking his teeth together. He stood still, vertigo yet tossing him. Clay Thorp's black visage, creased by that dazzling smile, looked out of blankness. "I saw you comin' two years ago. You're here."

Steve muttered, "Thanks, old boy," and went for his hat. He turned sharp, went spraddling toward the corral gate. A great, round "Oh" breathed from the crowd and he swung his head in time to see Ray Rand, up on Deception, go askew and fall like a vagrant shadow. Ray struck the ground hard, rolled on and on; he came clawing to his feet, made a complete turn. One long arm punched enraged blows at the stands, a crazy, unreasoning, unforgivable thing; and then he whipped about and charged at the corral gate.

"Kid," said Steve, gently, "it's tough luck."

RAY RAND scarcely stopped. Yellow temper sheeted from his eyes. "You damned ingrate!" he yelled. "I ought to kill you!" Afterwards he vanished into the dark alley of a stable.

Steve ambled as far as a little splash of sunlight against the arena wall; and he halted there, soaking up the heat, strangely stirred and strangely saddened. It was funny, but all affection was gone and what remained now was cruel knowledge. The greatness of Ray Rand had died; a part of himself had died with it. No other man would ever again mean the same to him.

A voice said: "Somewhere the spotlight of fame is shining for you, Steve."

Helen Vane had come up. There was, he thought, irony in the words, but her eyes were softer and brighter than he remembered. "I don't know why most bad men are wise about women and most good men so blind. Whoever told you Iris loved him?"

"I knew it long ago."

"Did Iris ever tell you?"

"No," he said. "No-o."

"Don't you know his kind of a man wants an option on all the good things of the world? Just an option to take up or throw aside. Anything to keep others away. Why do you suppose I was in his room? Hoping you'd see what he was, of course. I told you I collected specimens. Well, he was a poor one. I knew that in the beginning. So did Iris. Hasn't she been trying to tell you? Oh, Steve, you idiot!"

The loud-speakers were calling him. He leaned forward. "Why, Helen?"

"Just a girl scout," she said softly, bitterly. "Iris is my friend."

"I was dead wrong about you."

"That's a break," she said, and turned her back to him swiftly. Steve went into the stable and got his horse; and rode through the corral gate to get the silver trophy in front of twenty thousand people.

HE CAME into the hotel at six, surreptitiously, through a side door. Skulking up the stairs, he passed a woman, an utter stranger, who smiled on him and suddenly put a paper in his hands and went on, laughing. Halted there, his eyes met this, in black type: "Out of the unknown today an iron man by the name of Steve Melody emerged to furnish the most thrilling climax known to round-up history. Unsung and unheralded, Melody stepped up on the outlaw buckler, Skulduggery. Fifteen seconds later a new champion was born. The intervening time was a scene unforgettable. This rawboned, granite-souled man, with the shock of black hair falling down across a dogged face that would delight a sculptor, had drama and color in his very finger tips—"

He said "Stuff!" and threw the paper behind him. He walked into the hall. He stopped, a faint, glinting grin on his cheeks; and then he entered Rand's room.

"About this ingrate business, sucker—"

Ray Rand laid a whisky glass carefully on the table and took two rapid steps forward. "You came after it, huh?" he yelled. And he laced out with one wild swing. Steve Melody's grin sharpened. His broad, fending palm absorbed the blow harmlessly and his own right fist crashed into the drawn face before him, utterly destroying the expression on it. And that was all.

Rand went backward, seizing the edge of the table as he collapsed. The table went over on top of him and the water bottle fell and cracked in a dozen pieces.

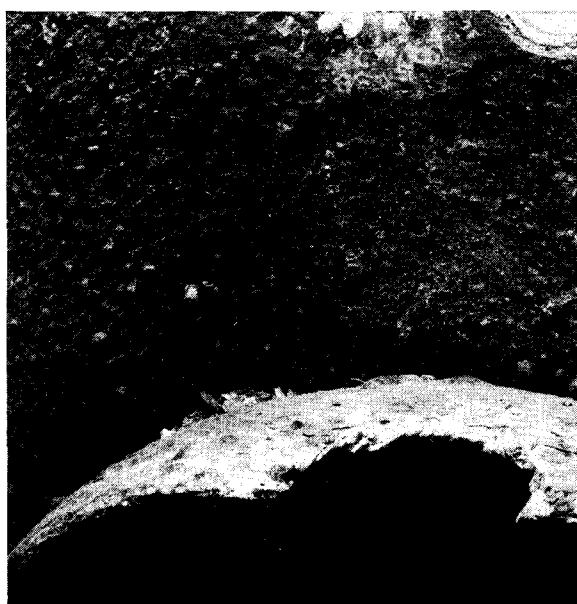
"Kid," said Steve, "your publicity fooled me. I thought you were as great as they said you were. Now they're sayin' it about me—and I know it's all a lie."

He went out, big lungs drawing a little faster, the odd smile remaining. He shifted his tie and pushed open his own door—and teetered on his toes. Iris Cantring rose from the depths of a chair, like an image of comfort to a weary traveler in the desert. She had on a ruffled dress that made her square shoulders seem squarer; and she was looking at him as he never expected any woman could. She said, calmly enough: "I hear you object to strange women in men's rooms—"

"I suppose," he reflected, "I've got to play up to what I'm supposed to be. Apparently you can make your own rules when the world's your oyster. Well, I know another car and another road . . ."

"Steve, what does a girl have to do? I have thrown everything at you but the state militia. You'll never better your chances standing clear across the room."

He said, moving forward, "The good things of life come slowly."



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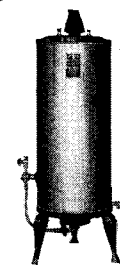
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Azadi's Jest

Continued from page 11

Sokol sipped his beer, but his pipe went out. The guard leaning on a spear in the doorway looked at them curiously.

After a while Azadi mustered courage to rise and to fill the Cossack's goblet with beer from the jug. The Cossack's long arm reached out and he drank. There was a dark scar where his forehead had been burned.

Azadi ventured to dampen her clean girdle cloth from the silver rose-water jar that she always carried. Then, before he could prevent, she laid the cloth against his forehead. But she wanted to hear his voice again. "Eh, say," she asked softly, "what name hath my lord?"

"Sokol it is."

"What means that—Sokol?"

"A falcon. You see, little slave, I soar high—I fly far."

Yes, she thought, he was like that. An eagle, a chained eagle. The pride in his dark eyes could not be killed by pain. She wanted his voice to go on.

"Who was my lord's mother, and his father?"

The Cossack grinned, pulling at the tufted end of his mustache. "My mother's the Volga, my father's the steppe. Ay, child, the steppe where Satan pastures his steeds. When they rush past in the night, sparks fly from their hoofs that beat thunder out of the earth. Then there is a storm—eh, such a storm!"

He stroked her head, and put his arm around her, drawing her against his shoulder. Azadi sighed with content. When he kissed her ear and then her throat, she closed her eyes. "What manner of girl art thou?" he wondered.

"I know not," she said simply. And then, eagerly, "Thy slave—I am thy slave. If harm comes to thee, I shall suffer." She knew that now, beyond doubt. "Listen, Lord Sokol! Now I must go. But if—if they offer thee a new torment, take it. Do not fear."

Surprised, he stared after her, as she adjusted her veil and slipped away with a backward glance that caressed him.

THAT night the Sultan sat late with some officers in the kiosk outside the Gate of the Birds. There were lanterns hung in the kiosk, although the outer garden was dark. Mute servitors came and went with trays.

But no one saw the dark figure of the girl that crept closer to the marble fretwork of the kiosk, listening there until it rose to run forward and fling itself down, trembling hands clasping the Sultan's bare feet.

Startled, Ibrahim looked first to make certain that she had no weapon; then he raised her head to see if he knew her.

Azadi, half dazed by her own presumption, seized the instant to cry out—before they could send her off to a lashing. "Hear, O Lord of Islam, a message! This slave hath been with the *Kozaki giavour*."

In surprise Ibrahim considered her. "Eh, then say," he urged. "What message is this?"

Carefully Azadi had thought it out, praying that she would have courage enough to say it all to the Sultan.

"O Commander of the Faith—" she forgot the long list of his titles and hurried on desperately, "I have found out that the Cossack is a magician. Tomorrow he will not feel pain. Ay, he will laugh at the flayers and mock thy beard. Yet he is afraid—"

"Thou art Tartar born?"

"Aye, so."

The Sultan knew that Tartars understood many secrets of magic; their con-

jurers had often caused him trouble. "He is afraid of dogs," Azadi hastened on. "The Favored of Allah may defeat his magic with dogs. Let the accursed unbeliever be taken out and put in front of the hunting pack—"

"Who sent thee to say this?"

"Allah be witness, no one." Azadi's sincerity was beyond doubt. "I have just come from his cell, to give this warning to the Exalted of Allah. The Cossack will run—any man must run—from the hounds; then may the Dispenser of Mercy hunt him down like a wild boar—"

"Be silent, thou."

Azadi lay passive while the Sultan pondered. If there was one thing Ibrahim craved above all others, it was hunting. Especially when he was out of humor. That day the Cossack had defied him, and Ibrahim felt that it would be pleasant to watch the man fleeing before the dogs—the Cossack could not mock him then.

He clapped his hands and gave an order to the mute who appeared. "Wake the Master of the Horse. Have him here. And do thou"—he turned to an officer—"order the Agha of the janizaries to lead out his men to the forest. Clear the wood beyond the hunting lodge, and post the ring of riders, as with a boar. And thou"—he glanced down curiously at Azadi, fearful that she would beg a reward—"thou hast leave to go."

Without a word the girl backed to the entrance, lifted hand to forehead, lips and breast, and turned away into the darkness.

She had taken only a few paces when a hand gripped her shoulder, and an angry voice hissed: "She devil—shameless one! No command was given thee to go to the Cossack! What hast thou done?"

Azadi recognized the voice of the Kislal Agha, and shivered with the dread that she would be locked up for her presumption. She must not be locked up because it was necessary, now, for her to escape from the palace.

"A trick!" She forced a giggle, and added triumphantly, "It was all a jest of mine. Let me go free, and I will say nothing of it. I want to go away from all of you, to my own people."

"Thou wilt go now, this night, and keep a rein on thy tongue?"

"If thou wilt give me gold enough to buy a horse," assented the girl.

"Then, by Allah, it shall be so."

He went himself with Azadi to her room and watched her do up a bundle into which she thrust some of the treasures of her chest. Over her garments she drew a plain dark veil-dress. She bent down to stroke the sleeping cat, and followed the Kislal Agha silently into the darkness.

BY THEN it was early morning and the palace slept—except for the few sentries, who did not cast a second glance at the Kislal Agha, followed by a woman in serving dress carrying a bundle. At the last courtyard, the Kislal Agha turned aside to a postern door, unlocking it with a key from his girdle. When he peered out he saw no human being except a beggar curled up against the wall.

Azadi stepped into the street warily. Thrusting his hand into his wallet, the officer drew out a fistful of coins. Azadi gripped them tight. Then, picking up her bundle, she ran into the street toward a mosque, outlined against the stars by its lofty minarets.

But the Kislal Agha touched the

beggar on the shoulder. "Thou, Hassan—follow her, and send word to me at the noon prayer."

The tattered form that had appeared to be a blind beggar rose and vanished after Azadi, into the night.

At the noon hour Azadi was riding beyond the walls of Constantinople toward a wood.

When bands of the Sultan's riders appeared in the distance, driving the peasants away from the wood, she urged her horse down into a gully and followed the course of a stream toward the nearest trees, praying that she would not be seen. She had not thought that the Sultan's cavalry would clear the fields near the hunting lodge hours before Ibrahim's coming. Still, it gave her hope that the Sultan was really going to hunt, as he had said the night before.

WHEN she entered the wood at last she sighed thankfully and began to make her way toward the lodge that had been pointed out to her from the city wall. She searched until she found a knoll overlooking the path that led out into the meadows, toward the hunting lodge, a long musket shot away. She knew it must be the lodge because already mounted soldiers and grooms were busied there. Hidden by brush, she could sit on the knoll and watch, while the horse pulled leaves from the bushes and chewed them.

Azadi studied the horse dubiously, wondering if he were really as strong and swift as the dealer from whom she bought him hastily at sunrise had sworn on the Koran that he was, beyond any doubt. He was big enough, but his bones showed strangely through his skin, and he seemed to stand always on three legs except when he lowered his head and wheezed.

Getting a clean cloth from her bundle, Azadi knelt upon it, arranging some of her trinket charms on its edge, and facing toward the southeast.

"Yah Allah," she prayed, "O God, grant that this horse be swift as the wind. And grant that he will come this way, along the path."

Then, when the afternoon was near its end, she heard the yelping hounds. Men crowded around the distant lodge. They formed in a long line, facing the meadow and the wood.

In front of them appeared the hunting dogs held on leashes—a score of them. Then the Sultan rode up on a white horse, his lofty turban with the three nodding plumes rising above the nobles who followed him. Everything was in readiness, as often before when a giant boar had been loosed, to race toward the wood.

But now a man was led out before the horsemen, the Cossack ataman, bare-headed, in his shirt sleeves. Across the meadow came the sharp beat of kettledrums. For an instant Sokol looked around. He began to run toward the wood, following the path, slowly at first.

Halfway to the nearest trees he quickened his pace. And Azadi started down the knoll toward the path, dragging the horse after her. Hastening through the brush, she tugged at the rein. She sprang down into the path, and cried out in dismay.

Between the trees on the other side of the trail appeared three men. One was the Kislal Agha on a great black horse, a drawn scimitar in his hand; another was the dealer from whom she had bought the horse, and the third the beggar of the palace gate.

"Little fool," said the Kislal Agha

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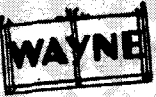
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"WHERE TO

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pleasantly. "So this was thy trick—to plot against thy Sultan?" He reined the charger at her swiftly. "Now, instead of gold, thou shalt taste steel—"

Azadi shrank back. Behind her the bony horse wheezed. The curved blade of the scimitar glittered in the sunlight. But the Kislal Agha turned his head, surprised. From far off came the baying of hounds on a scent. And down the path bounded a tall figure, clearing rocks, sweeping through the brush. The Cossack was panting and running as a man only runs from the pursuit of beasts.

"Allah!" muttered the Kislal Agha, reining aside watchfully to give the fleeing man room.

Pain swept through Azadi. Here she was, with a horse, and the Cossack was free, as she had planned. But now he could not escape—

"Uuh-aau!" Sokol howled like a wolf as he reached them. Abreast the Kislal Agha, he checked in his tracks, flinging up his arms, the loose sleeves fluttering.

And the great black horse reared, snorting. As he did so, Sokol ran at the Kislal Agha, who swung up his scimitar and slashed down. But the Cossack leaped under the blade, the hilt striking his shoulder. His arms closed around the waist of the Kislal Agha, dragging him back from the saddle as the black horse came down on all four feet. The two men rolled on the ground, the sword falling from the hand of the Kislal Agha. And the Cossack pounced on it.

The Kislal Agha scrambled to his feet, snatching a curved knife from his girdle. Savagely he struck with the knife. As he did so, he screamed.

Whistling in the air, the scimitar in the Cossack's hand slashed into the Kislal Agha's head. There was a sound like that of an axe hitting rotten wood, and the Agha went down.

The two other Moslems had been running at the Cossack. When he turned, with a sweep of the bloodied sword, they sprang away and vanished into the brush. But the Cossack was after the black horse of the Kislal Agha. In five seconds he had thrust the sword through his belt, had caught the saddle horn of the rearing charger, and was in the saddle.

Azadi cried out joyously. She clapped her hands, and tore the veil from her face, her gray eyes shining. "It happened—oh, it happened. I did it. Now go—go like the wind!"

The Cossack stared at her. "Go quickly!" she cried again. The hounds bayed near at hand.

SOKOL tightened the rein, and the great black horse circled. He swung down from the saddle and caught up Azadi in his long arm. Gripping her across his knees, he turned the frantic horse and drove in the sharp stirrup edges. Horse and man and maid swept away, down the trail as the leading hounds raced up, to halt with a tumult of yelping where the scent ended at the dead body of a man.

At the heels of the hounds came the Sultan, and behind him a cavalcade of his officers straining for a sight of the fugitive who was to be torn by the dogs. Instead they came upon Ibrahim halted by the body of the Kislal Agha. They did not see the horse dealer or the spy because those two worthies were creeping away, with the fear of torture strong upon them.

The hounds ran in circles, crashing through the brush and returning always to the slain Commander of the Women. No one dared speak until the Sultan spoke, and Ibrahim clutched his beard, staring from the bloodied earth to the raw-boned wreck of a horse with the broken saddle that grazed calmly upon the bushes before him.

"Was the Kislal Agha mad," he said uncertainly, "to ride hither on such a thing as that?"

He shivered, because the Cossack had vanished into air above the body of the palace official, who should not have been in this wood, and who would never have come, in any case, upon a lame cart horse. "Aye," he muttered, "that Cossack was a magician. He cast his power upon the dogs and escaped. By the beard of the Prophet, there is a woman of my serai who will be cut from her skin this night!"

But the Sipahi Agha, who had dismounted and cast about the ground, salaamed at the Sultan's stirrup. "Lord," he said, "the sword of the Kislal Agha is missing. And yonder lie the fresh tracks of a speeding horse. Surely the infidel devil slew thy servant and fled on his horse. Give permission that I follow with a regiment. May my head fall if I do not bring him back."

"Go, then." The Sultan ground his teeth and headed back at a gallop toward his harem.

But he did not set eyes again upon the girl Azadi, nor was anyone found who knew what had become of her. She had vanished like the Cossack. And when, three days later, the Sultan heard that the Sipahi Agha lay dead with most of his regiment, he only nodded moodily. It was clear, beyond doubt, that magic had done this.

"It was written," he said, "and no man may alter what is written."

WHEN the red ball of the sun went down behind the dark treetops, Sokol dismounted from his wearied horse. He still held Azadi in his arms, and now he turned her face up to the sky. He kissed her on the lips and he laughed.

"Ohai, the Cossack rides in the night, and who can follow him?"

Azadi pressed her dark head against his shoulder, dreading the moment when she would be set down and left alone here in the silent forest.

"But whither," she cried—"where will you go?"

"To the black water. Aye, to the sea." Again he laughed. "Harken, little Azadi, to what thy Sultan sought to hear. At the end of this forest is the sea, and on the sea a city of the Sultan. I know it well, because they took me captive there, when I came to find the way for my kounaks—my men. They follow me, my men—four regiments of the sons of devils, Azadi, in their long boats. Tomorrow, or the day after, they will be there to raid the Sultan's city. And when they see me with such a horse and sword, they will say, 'That is our ataman—he has been playing with the Turks.'"

Suddenly the girl threw slender arms about his shoulders, pressing herself against him. It seemed to her that she would die if he set her down and rode away to this city on the sea.

"The spell!" she cried, in pain. "This spell thou hast laid upon me I cannot break. I—I wanted to bring a horse, so that you could ride away from the dogs. But you—never looked at my steed."

"That peddler's nag!" She nodded, tears dampening her flushed cheeks.

"Nay, little Azadi," Sokol said slowly, "I have no skill at conjuring. The power of magic is in thee. For now that I have looked once into thine eyes I cannot let thee go from my arms."

A deep breath of amazement escaped the girl. A quiver of delight ran through her body, and she smiled up at him.

"Then look!" she cried softly. "Quickly, before the light is gone. Wilt thou take me to the sea? Now, look again. To thy land, with thee? Nay—I said only to look, beloved of my heart."

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Wall Street Medicine

Continued from page 13



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certain of these activities punishable as criminal offenses.

But behind all this the big question is—what is Wall Street doing to us or for us? Is the Stock Exchange really serving any useful purpose in our economic lives? Do we need a stock exchange at all? How can we find out what is good and what is bad in this stock exchange business and get rid of what is bad without losing what is good? The Senate Committee is going to attempt to answer these questions. There will be a series of measures introduced to deal with the exchange. What will these measures be?

Taking Stock of Itself

Of course, already some very important results have come out of the investigation.

One of these was the Glass-Steagall bill. That bill was introduced at the last session in the Senate by Senator Glass and by Representative Steagall in the House. But it had been completely sidetracked. It was not until the committee got around to the National City Bank and the revelations about the performances of its affiliate that Senator Glass was able, with the sentiment for banking reform thus aroused, to revive his bill. That bill gave all banks with security affiliates a year in which to demobilize their affiliates and go out of the security business.

Another result was that of the provision in that bill to force large investment bankers out of the commercial banking business. The curious thing about that measure was this—its chief victims were the House of Morgan and Kuhn, Loeb & Co., but during the investigation Senator Glass was accused of trying to protect the big bankers, although it was his bill and his plan which forced these large banking houses out of the commercial banking business.

Another result was the passage of the provision for guaranteed bank deposits. Then the investigation resulted in the passage of the new Securities Act. There's a lot of controversy about that now. Bankers say it is holding up the issuance of new securities to speed recovery. Some think they are talking through their hats. But whoever is right, this is also certainly a result.

Then the Stock Exchange itself has been busy looking itself over. It has instituted several reforms already:

1. It has forbidden brokers to act as agents of any other lenders than banks on the floor of the Exchange in making brokers' loans. This is a good thing, though it is only a partial reform.
2. It has made a new rule to force specialists to keep out of syndicate operations—though it remains to be seen how effective this rule will be.
3. It has promised to make a rigid scrutiny of syndicate and pool operations to prohibit injurious market manipulation.
4. It has made some increase in the margins required for trading—though it has only gone part of the way.

But these are at least results. There remain the most important results: the comprehensive legislation which will be proposed to deal in a large way with the whole problem of speculation. Here is a forecast of the proposals for legislation which may be expected.

For one thing there is certain to be a demand that the Stock Exchange shall be regulated. The proposal is a logical and inevitable step in the present movement toward planned business.

It is impossible for a state to regulate an exchange. The exchange can move away. Perhaps the greatest tactical blunder the New York Stock Exchange ever made was its recent threat to move to New Jersey to escape a petty five-million-dollar emergency tax in New York City. Brokers even set up an exchange on the Jersey shore and there they planned to take all or a part of their business. The governor of New Jersey begged them to come and promised them all sorts of immunities. These performances have given an immense impetus to the drive for federal regulation which is the only kind which can be effective. To bring this about the provisions of the Interstate Commerce law and the postal regulations will be invoked.

The national government already exercises immense powers over speculation in grain and the exchanges where it takes place. Though little noticed, under the NRA code approved by the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, the Agricultural Department can go into the Board of Trade in Chicago and into the books and collect any data about grain speculation it wishes. It is actually doing this now. It can do the same thing in the milk industry and experts are now at work going over the books of milk distributors to learn, for the first time, what become of the sixteen or seventeen cents which the consumer pays for his quart of milk, aside from the two or three cents a quart which go to the farmer. The governors of the Stock Exchange can go into the books and private accounts of any stock broker to investigate his affairs. Now it will be proposed to give this authority to the federal government.

In addition to all this, the operations of brokers on the exchanges will doubtless be regulated. At present brokers act as commission agents for customers and at the same time speculate for themselves and also, in certain cases, act as houses of issue or dealers in securities. An effort will be made to put an end to this. What form the regulation will take is problematical, but no exchange member will be permitted to combine all these functions. As a matter of fact, there is no need on a stock exchange for anything but a commission broker, who acts as the selling or buying agent of investors. The trader who speculates for his own account—particularly the floor trader who wanders from post to post, buying and selling thousands of shares a day, gambling on fractional changes in prices—has no business on the exchange at all and it is certain that an attempt will be made to do away with him altogether.

What Will Become of the Exchange?

The business of underwriting and issuing stocks and bonds for corporations has already been separated from commercial banks by the Glass-Steagall bill. An effort will be made to separate this function also from the services of the exchange broker. Investment bankers ought not to be on the exchange at all.

The Senate Committee is now engaged in studies to find a way to put an end to margin trading. As a matter of fact, both margin trading and short selling are being considered together. Margin trading is far worse than short selling. The two together are just the two blades of the shears with which the bull and the bear collaborate to shear the lamb. One ought not

to be meddled with unless the other is included in the plan. It is margin trading which makes it possible to drive stocks too high; and it is driving stocks too high, not bear raiding, which produces the market collapses.

If margin trading and short selling are ended, what will become of the stock exchange? The simple truth is that no elaborate and intricate mechanism is required for purely investment purposes. The great bulk of the funds brought into industry from securities is through the flotation of bonds. But there is no call money market for bonds and no short selling of bonds. All the immense business of buying and selling bonds is in reality carried on outside the Exchange and what is done there takes place in a small chamber at one side of the great trading floor. A space no bigger would be needed for the transactions between stock owners and true investors. The investor who wishes to buy shares gives his banker or broker a very simple order—to buy at a set price or "at the market."

Open to Inspection

The aim of the Senate sub-committee will very likely be to leave undisturbed all of the legitimate operations of the exchanges for actual buying and selling and completely to dismantle, as far as Congress will permit, the speculative mechanism of the exchanges. And to do this, of course, margin trading and short selling would have to be ended.

This may not be so easy to do. Measures to accomplish this result, however, will be put forward. For one thing, an effort will be made to prohibit brokers from either borrowing at the banks or lending funds to their clients, either their own funds or those of others. This, of course, would not stop margin speculation, but it would deal it a heavy blow—would make it awkward. Next, it is proposed to limit the extent to which banks can lend on securities. Third, the power of taxation may be invoked. Senator Glass' plan to levy a severe and graduated tax on shares which are sold within a short time of the date of purchase will doubtless be pushed. This would make quick turnovers highly unprofitable. It would seriously cripple "market-making" or "price-fixing" operations by promoters.

Short selling could be prohibited by law—that is, the sale of securities not actually owned by the seller at the time of sale could be made an offense.

Some attempt will be made to put an end to manipulation of shares by pools and syndicates and joint accounts, either for pure trading operations or for the purpose of making a market. The courts have already branded such operations as fraudulent in some cases. The law already makes illegal washed or matched sales—sales in which the same man acts as buyer and seller. But these laws are gotten around by a collection of very plausible yet indefensible fictions. The law on this point should be clarified. How the federal government can reach it, however, is not so clear.

It was to stress the seriousness of this that the operations of Dillon, Read & Co., big Wall Street bankers, were gone into in the case of the investment trusts. In this case—the case of the United States & Foreign Securities Corp.—all the money obtained for the trust was gotten by the sale of first and second preferred shares. The public subscribers to preferred stock got one fourth of the million shares of common stock. The bankers got the

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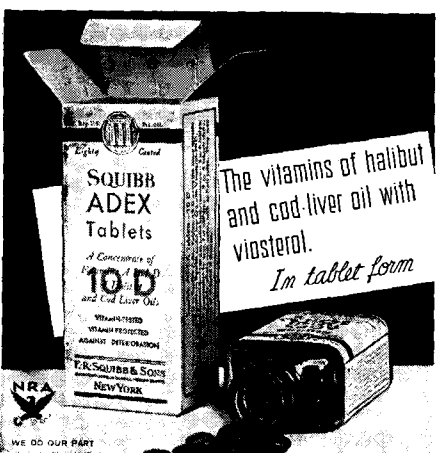
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This was done by listing the shares first on the Curb market and then on the New York Stock Exchange. When the shares were listed, a brokerage firm was employed to "make a market" for these shares. The very first day they were listed the price of these practically costless shares was "made" at \$20 a share. In a few months it was up to \$65 a share. The brokerage firm then operated several pools for the insiders in which they sold large blocks of shares at prices ranging from \$50 to \$65. That is what the public paid for them, though the insiders paid next to

nothing. This is possible only where market manipulation is permissible. And laws will be proposed to make this impossible. Brokers, if plans are carried out, will be subject to expulsion from the Exchange if they handle accounts for others in transactions like this. And their books will be open to government inspection at all times to guarantee compliance.

It is certain that such a program as this will provoke bitter opposition from numerous interests; that many perfectly honest and well-meaning persons will oppose it. That is not the point being made here. I merely set out what so many persons want to know: what are to be the probable points of attack and the probable program of reform as a result of the present investigation.

Glowing Complements

Continued from page 22

On the other hand, some women will subordinate a heavenly pearl necklace to a bead-trimmed gown, or commit the unpardonable sin of selecting a color that will rob even the richest stones of their depth. If you wish to wear a necklace, your gown should have a simple neckline; for bracelets, the dress should have plain, tight sleeves or be sleeveless altogether.

Whether it is because antique jewelry grows increasingly scarce, or because women are demanding more individuality and imagination in their costumes, more and more jewelry is being created for the individual wearer, in the same way that fine gowns are custom-made. Within the past few years, according to Guitel Montague, a specialist in antique and "dressmaker" jewels, there has been a growing interest in custom-made jewelry. First the stone will be selected because it brings out the color of hair or skin or eyes, or because it happens to be a birthstone, or for more personal reasons. Then a setting will be devised that will suit the characteristics of the gem and the tastes of the wearer.

Jewels for Everyone

Particularly in the selection of earrings is the dressmaker touch required, Mrs. Montague points out. There is not a face, she says, exploding an ancient tradition, that cannot be suited with earrings, provided they are properly designed for it. The large head with square jaw and determined features can wear heavy Oriental earrings without seeming overdressed. Such a woman may wear a sumptuous necklace with her earrings, and the set will make her look absolutely regal because their proportions, their outlines and their color are correct for her head and figure. Put the same ensemble on a thinner, more Anglo-Saxon face and it will look grotesque.

Then there is the matter of coiffures. Smoothly combed hair will usually combine beautifully with ornate earrings, while a single swinging jewel may be all that the more fluffy head can tolerate. The length of the earrings or necklace, the size of the gems, the height of the wearer, her figure—all these are important factors contributing to the success of jewelry. There is a young Manhattan writer who for years was considered decidedly and unqualifiedly ugly until she learned the trick of wearing topaz buttons in her ears. They were the exact color of her honey-yellow hair. Now all you get is an impression of gold, with the too small eyes and too wide mouth quite forgotten.

For a long time, the very word jewelry has been synonymous with great

wealth. That is as misleading as saying that all home owners are plutocrats. Just as there are various types of homes, from the most modest to the most palatial, jewels may be had to accommodate every pocketbook. There are jewels of the "bungalow" type, carved bits of lapis lazuli, clips of turquoise or rose quartz, that sell for as little as fifty cents! They are charming to define the neckline of a severe frock or to accent a black hat, and they are genuine. Then there is the cottage type of jewel, the clear, lovely amethysts, the topazes and sapphires, the aquamarines, tourmalines, garnets and other of the semiprecious variety. And then, of course, there are the palace jewels, handsome enough for a king to own: dark emeralds flashing green and mysterious, pigeon-blood rubies, diamonds square and darkly colored or clear and shining as water, each of them selling well into the tens of thousands.

One of the most interesting branches of the jeweler's profession is devising ingenious new uses for old jewels. An old coral and pearl bracelet may be attached to a tortoise-shell comb to make an enchanting hair ornament. A tiny crystal flagon, less than an inch high, becomes a perfume vial that will dangle from a wrist chain.

There is, on the other hand, a new vogue for old-fashioned wedding rings. Only five years ago, brides could not get wedding rings thin enough and bejeweled enough. Today's bride may visit the antique jewelry shop a dozen times to find a broad gold band, fully a quarter of an inch wide, and engraved in the fashion popular with brides a century ago.

This year, the couturiers say, will see a return of pre-war elegance to fashion. The tiara of Edwardian days will be removed from the vault and brushed up a bit before it is set on perfectly coiffed hair. Diamonds will flash on the throats of impeccably groomed women, on their wrists and on their breasts. Earrings will emphasize the pretty movements of their heads.

Massiveness is an important note in jewelry. A bracelet set with great square-cut topazes may be echoed by two square topazes that make a ring heavy as a man's. Clips, worn singly or in pairs, to ornament a hat, a bag or to drape a neckline, are larger than ever. The brooch, old-fashioned or very modern in design, may be worn at the shoulder of a gown, to clasp a belt or at the base of a low-cut evening décolletage. The severity of an evening gown that is high to the throat in front may be enhanced and at the same time made flattering by a long necklace of pearls or jewels, or a pendant on a heavy chain.

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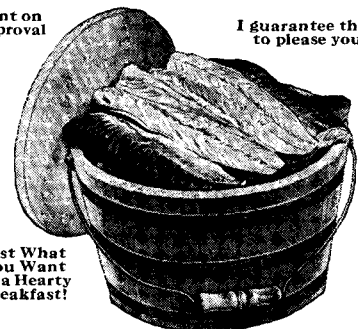
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Explosive Bullitt

Continued from page 26

Although a member of the colonial Bullitt family which once divided social and political control of Philadelphia with the Drexels and Stotesburys after the manner of all Gaul, he early revolted against all their traditions.

He noted that whenever his sturdy grandfather, John C. Bullitt, led reform sorties against the Vares and Penroses, all the best families invariably sided with the corrupt politicians. As usual, he exploded. In a readable novel entitled, "It's Not Done," he satirized this system of social conformity and rattled aristocratic skeletons through his pages like dried stalks in a cornfield. Although Philadelphia's cotillion leaders insisted that they saw themselves in the "horrid" book, he maintains that it was a general rather than a genealogical attack on the first families of his birthplace. Nevertheless, he is none too popular in Rittenhouse Square.

A Flair for International Politics

At Yale he gave a collegiate hint of his taste for journalism and historical theatrics. He edited the Yale News, headed the Debating Association and Dramatic Association, and played—prophetically—a leading rôle in the campus play of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle." For a Philadelphia aristocrat whose ancestors settled Virginia and Kentucky, and whose aunts and cousins had married into many crowned and uncrowned families of Europe, he was a "regular guy." Summers he spent in Europe vacationing in castles and nosing around chancelleries, and then came the original inspiration for his flair for international politics. Europe became as familiar to him as his own back yard—his dog, Pie-Pie, has crossed the ocean thirteen times—and he saw prime ministers and chancellors in sartorial and intellectual undress. Some were scheming, some were stupid—no different from politicians at home.

Upon graduation from Yale in 1912 he entered the employ of the Philadelphia Ledger, and covered a Vares district on the waterfront. Soon he was writing editorials on foreign affairs, but he quit that sedentary occupation to accompany the Ford peace ship as a reporter. On this quixotic voyage he won a real reputation in newspaper circles with his excruciatingly humorous dispatches. He dubbed the pilgrims the "Vacillating Sons and Daughters of St. Vitus," and coined for them the motto that "I'll always be a howling lunatic." When they were barred from holding public meetings in Copenhagen, he reported that the high priests and priestesses of peace "fell to overeating and culture-seeking furiously." As war correspondent in the Central Empires in 1916, he sent back such accurate and dispassionate reports on the Teutonic state of mind and beligerence that President Wilson gave him a special post in the State Department.

After the war he pursued his studies in international diplomacy with almost fanatical inspiration. He was driven by disillusionment and a desire for documents that would justify his course, more than by scholarly instincts. Making annual trips to Europe and farther corners, he visited and conferred with young and old diplomats as a salesman visits clients on the road. He came to know the world's leading figures as a friendly cop knows the erring and the law-abiding folk on his beat, as a physician knows the mental and physical charts of his patients. It is "Ramsay" and "Bill" when he week-ends with the

British Premier at Chequers, as it is "Edouard" and "Bill" when he exchanges gossip with former French Premier Herriot in Paris. He has been given access to unpublished letters and documents in preparation for a grandiose work on "World Statesmanship," and intrigues and opinions and recesses still dark to some in power are illumined for him.

Supplementing this research by interviews with most of the individuals who helped to make known and unknown history of the last generation, he has achieved a detached and disinterested viewpoint of events and personalities which still inspire blind prejudice in less informed men. In 1916 he wrote that "the Kaiser, from the beginning of the war, has stood on the side of decency and common sense."

In 1919 he predicted that the Soviet régime would endure. And—most interesting venture of all—he urged in 1919 a peace based on accord with Russia, easy conditions for Germany, cancellation of the war debt and establishment of free-trade unions so that conquerors and vanquished might live and grow in economic friendliness. Declaring that "bourgeois liberalism is dead; it died of Mr. Wilson at Paris," as long ago as 1919 he placed his faith in "liberals" everywhere for promulgation of sane world policies. At the recent London conference he swapped reminiscences with Max Litvinoff, Soviet Commissar of Foreign Affairs, and heard the latter thank his Soviet stars that the Allies had refused to ratify the Lenin-Bullitt peace pact.

It is obvious that such a man does not share the illusions about Old World diplomacy which motivated and man-handled our foreign policy of the last decade. Like Mr. Roosevelt, a member of one of America's earliest families, he does not approve of the sentiment that this country is still a social and economic colony of Europe. He despises the feeling of some official and volunteer diplomats that death would lose its sting if only they could be presented at the Court of St. James. More of a realist as each new chapter of Europe's attitude unfolds, including the one he read at close range at the London Economic Conference, he favors a hard-boiled reception toward European professions of peace and good will, and to phony checks in payment of the war debt.

Confidential and Diplomatic Adviser

Though it may be presumptuous to suggest that President Roosevelt shares all these views, there is the fact that the two have been close friends since they served at Washington—within catcalling of each other—in the Wilson administration. With that uncanny faculty he has for selecting men peculiarly fitted for specific tasks, the President, when he became the presidential nominee, recalled Mr. Bullitt from his diplomatic exile. Besides serving as an adviser in the 1932 campaign, Mr. Bullitt made two trips to Europe between election and inauguration, visited old friends in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna, and undoubtedly returned with a fill-in on the continental scenario as rewritten by Hitler in Germany, the Tories in Great Britain, a more compromising Stalin in Moscow and a more tempered Mussolini in Rome.

He is now performing for Mr. Roosevelt and Secretary Cordell Hull much the same confidential service he did for Mr. Wilson. Most important of all, his presence at Washington means that the

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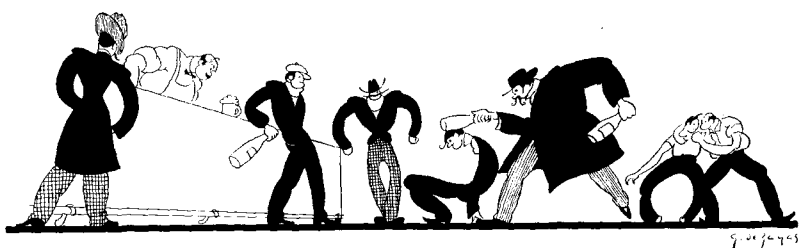
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LUDEX'S

Administration has an adviser who knows Europe and European diplomacy as no member of any recent administration did. It may explain why there was an assurance in our delegation's conduct at London that was missing at past international conferences.

There are those who suggest that Uncle Sam came of diplomatic age at London, and put away the childish toys of mawkish internationalism. For the first time in a generation an American President refused to play the rôle of innocent abroad. Roosevelt served notice that he was fed up with the missionary spirit that has marked our foreign pol-

icy for four administrations. Europe, he warned, need no longer look to the United States as a slightly daft uncle eager to mix in its squabbles at the cost of his watch, his wallet, his overcoat and sometimes more intimate apparel. Until the older continent pays back some of the hopes and bonds we have already hocked abroad in the name of Tennysonian idealism, the old gentleman will give up the generous game of making the world safe for other people's children. And nobody is gladder over this rough and realistic attitude than "Bill" Bullitt. It may be tough on Europe, but for him it's vindication.



Keep Up with the World By Freling Foster

As late as 1913 there were disreputable resorts in the Barbary Coast section of San Francisco that equaled in viciousness and depravity its underworld dives of the 1850's. One of them, a cellar wine den known as The Morgue, had so many brawls that the police averaged 27 arrests a night in it for almost a year.

The Higashi Hongawanji Temple in Kyoto, Japan, contains today a most interesting remnant of old Buddhist religiosity. It is the remains of 53 huge ropes—made of the hair of 30,000 women—that were used to lift heavy timbers in building a temple there 200 years ago. —By Geert Blaauw, Kansas City, Missouri.

Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm is still the wealthiest German in the world. His estates, mansions, art treasures and other property are valued today at more than \$200,000,000.

Sweden's citizens still maintain but deplore their old custom of addressing everyone by the title that designates his business or profession. They say, "Will Mr. The Lawyer Smith come to dinner?" or "May I offer Mr. The Editor Jones another drink?" or "How is Mr. The Retailer Williams today?"

A perfect example of "a state of mind" is found on Rossel Island in the South Pacific. When a man is arrested for a crime, even when it is murder, the police merely attach a handcuff to one of his wrists and set him free until his trial. Wearing a handcuff, they have been taught to believe, prevents a man from running away.

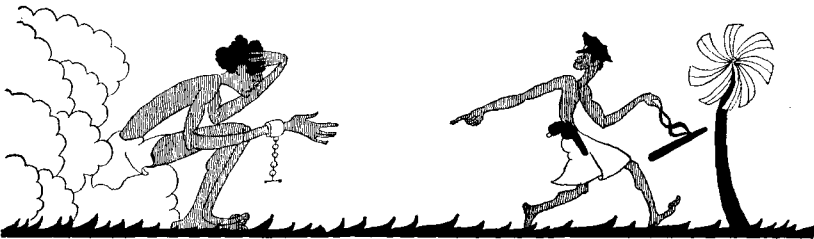
The greatest auction sale in history took place on St. Eustatius Island in the West Indies during the Revolutionary War. The British captured \$30,000,000 worth of contraband goods that were stored there and, unable to carry away the vast treasure, sold it right back to the islanders. —By Patricia Casey, Fall River, Massachusetts.

The French Cavalry Museum at Saumur, France, contains the greatest collection of stuffed horses and equine relics in the world. Its numerous exhibits, which even include bits and bridle gear thousands of years old, show the part that the horse has played in the progress and the affairs of man throughout the ages.

Although smudge pots are necessary in protecting the citrus crops of California from frost, their smoke has caused much complaint from near-by cities. One winter night, four hours after smudging began in Pomona, the smoke had enveloped the harbor—25 miles away—with such density that ships could not be docked.

Centuries ago Basle, Switzerland, quarreled so much with Little Basle, across the Rhine, that its burghers, finally overwhelmed with contempt, erected a grotesque figure, on their side of the main bridge, that stuck out its tongue at Little Basle—every 15 minutes. —By M. Margaret Burford, Catonsville, Maryland.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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mention to me that he is coming down to see me. Why did he change his mind? Why did he decide suddenly to call upon Degas?

"Meanwhile, I decided that a pretense of returning to Europe may not deceive those who, I have reason to be certain, are spying upon me. I do not know that Mr. Evans is coming down to see me. I feign an accident which deceives the house physician of the Splendid. I insist upon being taken to my good friend, Dr. Peary, at the Wanderers' Hospital. Not knowing that Evans is coming to see me, I do not instruct the hospital people to admit him. He comes to the hospital and is told that I am seriously injured. He leaves. He comes home. I intended to make my good health known to him discreetly sometime today. And he has vanished.

"But—and this is most important—why didn't he tell me over the telephone that he wished to see me again last night? Why did he suddenly determine to do so? What conversation had he had with his lady visitor that, upon reflection, decided him to see Degas?"

Derrick smiled. "I can't believe she had anything to do with his decision, sir."

"Let Degas judge that," said the Frenchman. "Who was she?"

"Miss Benedict, sir—Miss Phyllis Benedict."

DEGAS' eyes widened. "You mean the girl—"

Derrick nodded. "The young lady that returned to her family last winter, sir."

"Are they—are she and Evans—as intimate as that? So that she permits herself to forget the little conventions?"

"I hardly would know about that, sir," said Derrick stiffly. "Miss Benedict is, however, a lady, and my master is certainly a gentleman."

Degas grinned faintly. "Birth and breeding, my friend, have not too much to do with the natural impulses of life. Yet, as you intimate, neither of them, one would think, would trifle with intrigue. I mean—why? They are young, mutually eligible one for the other—and Evans did not expect her. Of that I am certain. Else he would not have deceived me, would not have pretended to be willing to spend the night in my company.

"So—he finds her here. She leaves; he telephones me. And somewhat later he leaves his apartment to call upon me. How long has he known her, Derrick? Or do you know?"

Derrick shook his head. "I have never heard him mention her name. I doubt if he has known her until very recently. He—he was surprised when I told him she was waiting for him. He asked me if I were certain of her identity, sir. He seemed hardly to believe me."

"Yet you knew it was she?"

"Yes, sir. I'd seen her, sir."

"And you didn't suspect any intimacy between them?"

Derrick colored slightly. "I knew, sir, that they had lunched together yesterday. Miss Sarah Martin, who is by way of being maid for Mrs. Caywell, sir, is rather a friend of mine. We—er—talk on the telephone and—as a matter of fact, sir, we're keeping company. Well, she overheard Mrs. Caywell telling someone that my master and Miss Benedict had lunched together at the Colony yesterday, sir."

"And we met Miss Benedict last night at the theater," said Degas thoughtfully. He shook his head. "No, they had no rendezvous. Of that I can be certain."

As he sat there, in frowning silence, the telephone rang.

Mechanically, Derrick picked up the receiver.

"Is this Derrick? This is a friend of Mr. Evans. Now listen carefully: Mr. Evans won't be home for a few days. He wishes nothing to be said about his absence. If anything is said, if the police are called in, if the newspapers get hold of it, Mr. Evans will be killed! Is that clear?"

There was a click. White-faced, Derrick turned to Degas.

Quietly, Degas listened to Derrick repeat the telephone conversation.

"The speaker's voice? You did not recognize it?"

Derrick nodded denial.

Degas shrugged.

"They have us," he said, "by the short hairs, eh?"

"But why would anyone kidnap Mr. Evans?" cried Derrick. "It isn't as if he were rich—he isn't."

"Why was Paul Lanson killed as I went to meet him?" demanded Degas.

"I'll leave it to you, Mr. Degas," said Derrick. "But—who can have him, sir?"

The Frenchman's smile was icy. "That is a question which Degas will strive to answer, Derrick. Degas, now, is no machine, working to protect a public; Degas is a man, working for a friend.

"But Degas, Derrick, is in the hospital. You have not seen Degas. If inquiries are made, Pedro Carminas called on Mr. Evans, to interest him if possible in some oil properties in South America. And now—"

He ceased speaking as he went to the telephone. He asked for a number.

"Degas speaking and do not exclaim my name," he said. "I am not in the hospital. Pedro Carminas, at the Centralia, is Degas. You understand? But of course not. Nevertheless, you will do as I ask, eh?"

"Listen, Carminas, when Jake Reardon forgets the lad that pulled him out of that Bordeaux hoosegow—well, what happens? I kept a couple of lads in front of Evans' house all night, and then pulled them off. You said just for the night, you remember."

"That is correct," said Degas. "Not very bright lads, either, were they? Evans left his house during the night. Did they know that?"

The man at the other end of the wire laughed.

"They knew it. Two others followed him to the Splendid and to the hospital where you were supposed to be. He was in someone's pocket all the time. Well, what now?"

"I want," said Degas, "all information about the girl who killed herself at the Hotel Altemaha this morning. Everything. How soon?"

Reardon whistled. "It might take all night. Make it quicker if I can."

Degas hung up.

JAKE REARDON tossed his hat into a corner.

"So the big French dick, the old Parisian master mind, turns to Jake Reardon to get a load of dope, eh? And say, buddy, where are those grand old bunches of Spanish moss? And why the alias?"

Degas smiled.

"I have not changed my type, Reardon," he said. "Business does itself well with you?"

Reardon nodded contentedly. "These racketeers may be the nation's curse, but they're sure a blessing to Jake

Reardon." He chuckled. "You wouldn't believe the dough that one bunch will pay to find out what another bunch is doing. Or if one of them is snatched they come to old Jake to be the intermediary. Crime doesn't pay the people who commit it, but your old pal Reardon is doing nicely, thanking you one and all. . . . You want the dope on Lisa Gundstrom, eh?"

"You have it?" Degas asked quickly.

"What there is. There isn't very much. You know, these ladies of the racket blow in from nowhere and blow out the same way. Unless they end with a bullet, or like this dame, taking the gas express to wherever she went. Well, here it is: Swede, from Minnesota. Went Hollywood. No go. Wound up here three years ago. Did a little of this and a little of that. You know, anything to make an honest penny or a dishonest dime. Hat check girl, hip-waving in a cabaret—she wound up with the Morosini mob, in a sort of a small-town way. I mean, the lad she liked was sewed up with them. Beer. He shot the wrong lad in a gentlemanly quarrel and wound up in the Big House. He's there now. The Morosinis were cleaned up. She tried to get in with the Eaglesons, the guys that washed up the Morosinis. No dice. Three months ago she was waiting in a Sixth Avenue lunchroom. Dime tips. Then she connected with some money. Moved over to the Altemaha. Not a swell place, you know, but could be worse. Must have seemed a palace to a girl out of luck. Seemed to have plenty of cash. But didn't do any stepping. Hardly any callers and none that I knew or could place. Yesterday morning—the gas. And what do you care?"

DEGAS heard the callous, careless recital through. To the question that ended it, he returned no answer save a shrug.

"You couldn't find out the source of her recent income?"

"That would be a happy accident, Degas," said the other. "You know, that kind of dame hasn't a checking account—it's all in the stocking. What's it all about, anyway?"

"Who killed Paul Lanson?" Degas asked unexpectedly.

Reardon frowned. "You mean that speak laddy that was bombed? What's the connection?"

"I'm trying to find out," said Degas.

Reardon's frown grew deeper. "What are you mixing in with New York City police stuff for? You aren't over here to show the coppers how it's done abroad, are you?"

Degas smiled a negative. "It is a curiosity that I'll explain some time," he evaded.

"I'm not curious," said Reardon. "Funny, though, you mentioning Lanson. I wondered about that. Asked a few questions here and there, too. I mean, I keep my eyes open and do plenty listening. I like to know what's going on. And as far as I know—and I know plenty—Lanson hadn't got himself mixed up with any mob. Yet he gets his. Well, the wages of sin come into my pocket, so there we are. What else can I do for you?"

"You are busy with a score of cases at the moment?" asked Degas.

"Well," Reardon hesitated, "you know how it is." He grinned gayly. "Not so busy that I'd side-step a piece of change."

"It might not be a large piece of change," said Degas. "You private detectives make more money than we pub-

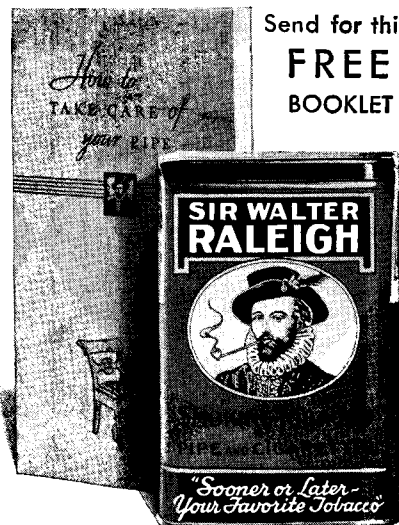
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lic officials, especially the officials of my native land. But—I do need help. And I can pay—something."

Reardon cleared his throat loudly. "We'll let the pay ride a while. You did plenty for me once when I got in a jam. Now you're in one. Spill the bad news."

Degas did not hesitate. Private detectives, as a class, did not commend themselves to his trust, but Reardon was different. He told, with a brevity that would have astonished those who knew him casually, the train of events leading up to Reardon's visit to him now. The private detective heard him through in silence.

"Does it make sense?" Degas asked him at length.

Slowly Reardon shook his head. "Not to me—except for one thing. Lanson evidently knew something, and knew he knew it. Your friend Evans knows something, but doesn't know he knows it."

"Exactly!" cried Degas. "And they feared he was on the verge of finding out what he knew and would tell me, so—"

"They snatched him," supplied Reardon. "Only—who's the 'they'?"

"One might as sensibly ask what is the crime?" countered Degas. "Knowledge of either would doubtless reveal the other."

"And Gundstrom went to him and said she was the Paris dame?" said Reardon slowly. "And she wasn't. So—they wanted to stall him off from the real dame. That means he was likely to meet her soon. It might even mean that he'd already met her, mightn't it? He'd shown he knew her, or suspected her, and so they wanted to mix him up."

Degas rejected this. "Had he seen some other woman who reminded him of her, he would have told me so in our discussions of the matter."

"Sure. I'd overlooked that," conceded Reardon. He sighed heavily. "It stumps me. I wouldn't know where to start. Would you?"

"Not very clearly," said Degas. "Except—I would like to talk with Miss Benedict. Save myself and his servant Derrick, she was the last person to see him. No, she saw him after I did. He talked with me on the telephone after seeing her. But she saw him later than I did. And it puzzles me that, having talked with me, he did not suggest coming down to see me; and yet, shortly after talking to me, he went to my hotel and asked for me. This, I confess, puzzles me."

"YOU mean that girl's chat put something in his mind he wanted to tell you?" suggested Reardon.

"No. How could it? But it may have been that he said something to her that would indicate his frame of mind. Why not? Of a certainty, there is a tenderness between them. I ask you, my friend Reardon, does a girl like this Miss Benedict call on a young man after midnight, at his apartment, unchaperoned, unless there exists between them a tenderness?"

"I wouldn't think she exactly hated him," Reardon grinned.

"Surely. And in their conversation he might have let drop something. I must talk to her."

"Okay with me," said Reardon. "Where does she live?"

Degas picked up the telephone book; he thumbed its pages and found the number of the Benedict town house. He called it.

"Miss Benedict? The family is in the country," said a voice.

"Ah? And the country home is where?"

The servant who answered sniffed at such ignorance. Could there be anyone in the world who didn't know the

location of the Benedict country home?

"Pleasanttown, Long Island," she replied.

Degas turned to his visitor. "Miss Benedict is in the country. Long Island. I think I shall not telephone her. The conversation, necessarily, is private. She might resent the brusqueness of the telephone. I shall go down there."

"I'll drive you," said Reardon.

"This is a kindness most extraordinary," said Degas.

"My dear Alphonse," said Reardon.

"Eh?" Degas' eyebrows lifted.

"A bit of cheap humor, Degas," said Reardon. "Shall we be on our way?"

Degas looked thoughtful. "The hour is early. Reardon, I wonder—I have not seen the Lanson waiters, have not questioned them. But that—that can wait. Although, if Paul had confided to one of them—but he would not. Of that I am certain. He would confide in no one. . . . Well, then, shall we start?"

THEY arrived at the Benedict Long Island home shortly before noon. A servant looked doubtfully at Degas.

"Mr. Carminas?" He repeated the name. "Does Miss Benedict know you?"

Degas admitted that she did not. "But you will tell her, please, that I have been sent to her by her friend, Mr. Doyle Evans. Will you please tell her that it is most important?"

The servant hesitated a moment, then ushered Degas into a reception-room, bidding him wait until he gave Miss Benedict the message. Degas whistled softly as he looked about the room. A Rembrandt, a tapestry worth scores of thousands, the paneling of the walls, the rug beneath his feet. . . . The better part of a half-million must be represented in these furnishings, and this was but one room of twenty. Surely the Benedict girl had been fortunate in discovering parents who lived like this. . . . And then he was bowing over her hand.

"Mr. Carminas? With a message from Mr. Evans?"

He smiled. "One uses slight subterfuges in times of need, Miss Benedict. Night before last I had the felicity of meeting you. I was then Jean Degas."

"Degas?" She stepped back and it seemed to Degas that there was fright in her great black eyes. "But you—"

Degas caressed his chin. "I was then as I have been for many years. But today—there is no such thing as disguise, Miss Benedict. One tries to assume another character, but disguise—it does not exist. But if one rids oneself of a distinguishing feature, one helps in the assumption of another character. My beard made it impossible to assume such another character. And so—*zut!* It is gone. There was a time when I would not have believed that anything could make Degas sacrifice his beard. But when a friend is in danger—"

"A friend in danger?"

"A mutual friend, Miss Benedict. Mr. Doyle Evans. Miss Benedict, our friend is in grave danger. The most serious danger that an American can face. He has been kidnapped."

"Kidnapped?" Her voice held exactly the right shade of incredulous horror. "For what? He has no money, has he?"

"He knows something," said Degas. "He doesn't know himself that he knows it, or he would have told me. But at any moment—so I reason—he will discover what he knows. Then he will know who has committed a monstrous crime, and what is the nature of that crime. And so, knowing that you were the last person to see him except his servant, I have come to you to ask you if you can tell me anything that will help. Can you tell me what was the occasion for your late visit to him, what you talked about?"

"Why, of course," she replied.

(To be continued next week)

The Golden Lady

Continued from page 17



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pulling impatiently at his little mustache. "Couldn't he take both bags?" he said at length, looking at her and not at all at Willy, whose insides forthwith began to writhe with hatred.

But she, stanch, was saying, "Oh, no! It would be too much! It would be too much, Willy, wouldn't it?"

"Naw!" said Willy, ferociously. "I c'n carry both!"

She now remembered a small courtesy forgotten. "This is Willy," she said to the man in introduction. "Willy, this is my husband, Mr. Hammond."

Her husband! That a goddess like that should have such a thing as a husband! Drivers under arms, companionably, they started for the tee. And, shouldering both bags, Willy followed.

WHAT a difference between this and yesterday! They strode along, these two, ahead, chatting, smiling at each other, all each other's, giving no attention at all to Willy. And Willy saw that she was falling into her old trick—that soft laughing to herself which made him so uneasy. And now it was having to do with something she was telling the Hammond individual, in murmurings, with head down over wagging club. And each time she did this, the man threw toward Willy a swift look, a quick inspection in which there was curiosity and a sort of contemptuous amusement.

And now, as they went on from tee to tee, the man was playing some sort of a teasing game with her. He was saying things which evidently she did not want heard—and saying them just low enough so they could not be heard, yet loud enough to keep her in fear that they would be heard. She was reproving and pleading. "John! John!" she begged. And "John!" she finally cried, quite angry.

But it was too late. Willy had heard. "Take the brassie, Edelweiss." Willy had heard.

And instantly he knew what had been said before. "Take the click, Golden Moon." And, "How about the mashie-niblick, Sweet Flower?"

Willy pivoted on his heels as if shot, and started to run.

He ran—straight across the fairway, all the way home. He burst into his little room. For a moment he stood there, at a loss, like a man with a toothache. Then he saw his bed and dived for it—and buried his head in the pillow. . . .

He stayed away from the links till Saturday. But that morning he suddenly leaped out of bed, rushed into the bathroom and seized his razor. It was too much, he was too lonely. No matter how ridiculous she might make him feel. No matter if that odious husband was along. No matter anything—if only, once more, he could carry her clubs, on the cliffs, along the sea.

There was no one about the caddy house. He waited a long time, and when someone did appear, it was the caddy master.

"Where—where are the Hammonds?" stammered Willy.

"The Hammonds? They went long ago. Day before yesterday. He had only a short vacation. They'll be back next year."

Willy went around with a fat man named Armstrong, and made a dollar and a half.

Willy went on with life. Heavily at first, then with a returning zest he could no longer hold down. He was graduated from high school, went to college, where for two years he was a

famous tackle, was caught by the war and, as a young lieutenant, fought the strenuous tail end of it in the Argonne. The year after the Armistice, and the next one, he spent at the Beaux Arts. Five years afterward he was a rising New York architect, who already had been talked about because of his designs of the Addison Building, a skyscraper which, holding the offices of the manufacturers of a famous furnace, he had built to look in fact like a gigantic furnace, glorified at the top with a crown of gold.

A summer vacation came; he went out West to visit his parents and the far home of his boyhood. So it was that, after an absence of fifteen years, one early morning he stood once more on the West Coast golf course where he had caddied in his youth. He stood there by the caddy house, no longer a caddy, but a man who, accustomed to such magnificences, in a moment, negligently would say, "Get me a caddy, will you?"

Which he did say. And drew a lean, over-tall, pimply boy, at whom he looked a long moment in retrospective sympathy, then handed over his bag, drew his driver, and started to loaf over the course.

But as he went along, his mind was wandering. He stopped short once, and burst into a merriment that frightened his caddy. This was because of certain lines which had drifted back to him—

"You are like the edelweiss,
Sweet flower, sweet flower, sweet
flower, sweet flower."

"—what the heck—oh, yes—

"Ever beyond my reach!"

"Like the edelweiss," he quoted aloud. And went off into a new roar that re-plunged the recovering caddy in dread. Then suddenly, out of the blue, there came a questioning of himself. He remembered that he was not married. How was it he hadn't yet married? He was almost thirty now, and quite normal. Yet, he wasn't married.

He threw a hurried glance backward over a series of pleasant little affairs that had dotted the last ten years. Pleasant they had been. But—little.

How was it those pleasant affairs had all ended in being little?

STALKING along, hitting the ball, he began to worry about himself. "I was at a very impressionable age when that happened to me," he said to himself, thinking of that period when he had written the plaintive verse. "Could it be that I'm now suffering from a complex? A fixation? On a lady, hither of vigorous drives, with blue eyes and, for hair, a helmet of gold? That would be regrettable. Such ladies are not easily found, and that one is now forty. I'll have to consult an analyst. . . ."

"No," he decided, after his next stroke. "It's my slice I had better have analyzed."

And thus he came to the link cut by the fiord, and bravely essayed the difficult shot across. But the ball, not quite making the safe plateau on the other side, and striking an angular rock, flew back in a disastrous parabola. It struck the blue and green water at the bottom of the chasm: "Bli-oop!" it said, and disappeared.

Willy—whose name now was William R.—slid down the cliff to the water, walked out on a reef, and there it was, the little ball, swaying slightly to and fro midst sea urchins and anemones at the bottom of a blue pool with green

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bubbles. For a moment he debated diving for it, then decided not to push to that point the resemblance of this occurrence with one fifteen years old. Instead he climbed up again, got out a new ball, tried the over-water shot once more, and this time succeeded.

The course now was straight for some distance, and he became aware that someone was playing over ahead of him. A woman. Alone.

She was a good golfer. With a clear-cut, vigorous swing. But he was gaining on her. Then she lost the ball in the rough; he could see her caddy beating the brush. The ball was found; she went on, but Willy was now much nearer.

Not a slender body; a firm, robust, matronly body. But still beautifully pliant. He liked her swing. It was a joyous swing.

The sun now ate up what remained of the fog, and shone clear; and simultaneously the head of the lady ahead became a shimmering helmet. A silver helmet—no, golden—no, silver—no, just between silver and gold—that was it!

He was still gaining on her. And now she stopped under an oak by the side of the fairway and courteously signaled him to play through.

He came up. "Thanks," he called out as he neared. She said, "Nothing at all," and he saw why he had had trouble over her hair. It had been pure gold, and now it was sprinkled with silver—that's what made it silver and gold! But her voice—that was frosted gold. "I'm in no haste at all this morning," she said.

He halted. "Come to think of it, I'm not either," he said.

Upon which they both laughed—it being that kind of a morning.

Having failed to start again on his way soon enough, he had to say something more:

"You are playing alone?"

"Why, yes," she answered, a little surprised at finding herself asserting something so evident.

"So am I," he said.

They both waited, poised, in silence.

"It's a bit lonely," he suggested, "going along like that all by one's self. How would it be—if we joined forces?"

"We'll do that," she decided.

SO THEY went on together. She was a good sort. She was a great sort. She larruped the ball; she left small prudences to the misers; she laughed when she made a bad shot. And she was nice to her caddy; she pretended to lean heavily upon the lad's judgment. "Brassie?" she'd say. "Mashie?" Except that now and then she would get mixed up, and then it would be to Willy she said "Brassie?" or "Mashie?" And he went along, larruping freely too.

But whenever she wasn't looking, he inspected her with a quick glance; and whenever he wasn't looking, she inspected him with a quick glance.

"You know this course well, don't you?" she said after a while.

"Used to travel over it a good deal," he answered. "Fifteen years ago."

"Umph," she said.

After a while they stood on a green. Their balls lay so close to each other that they themselves were close. And, bending her shining head over her calculating putter, she said, without looking up, "I have an apology to make to you—Willy. That was a very, very rotten thing I did—fifteen years ago. Betraying a confidence. A mean, petty thing to do. I've been ashamed of it ever since—Willy!"

To his astonishment he found himself red as a beet.

"It's O. K.," he assured her. "I was laughing over that, only a little while ago."

She tapped her ball. It rolled up to

the hole, hesitated, and suddenly vanished in it like a white-tailed rabbit.

She straightened. "You mustn't laugh, Willy. Not about that. It was a sweet, sweet thing—you were a sweet boy. I hope you haven't changed much."

There wasn't a good deal to say to that, so he didn't say anything; and they went on.

But now she had slipped back into a habit that recalled to him old days. An old uneasiness of old days. Once more she seemed to be entertaining an idea all her own, which very much amused her.

They came to a place where the course turned toward home, and here was a telephone booth under a tree. "Could you lend me five cents?" she said, and out of a jingle of coins in his pocket he produced a nickel. "I want to telephone," she explained, and enriched herself in the booth, and closed the door.

SHE was in the booth for some time, while he swung his driver and decapitated daisies; her voice came faintly through the closed door. But finally she must have almost suffocated herself in the closed space, for she opened the door and he heard the last of her conversation: "All right then. We'll lunch together; you, your father and I."

She seemed more merry than ever as they coasted back toward the clubhouse. She slapped her ball brilliantly, took great chances, and had the luck of a demon. And thus they came to the clubhouse; and on the veranda a beautiful young woman was sitting in filmy summer things, who raised her hand to Willy's partner in greeting.

Willy halted, about to make for the men's dressing-rooms and showers, but, "Come along," said his partner. "There's someone I want you to meet," and continued toward the beautiful object on the veranda.

"Luella," she said, when she had got there, with Willy, "this is Mr. William—William—"

"Saunders," Willy prompted.

"Saunders. Who has been kind enough to accompany me around the links. Mr. Saunders, my daughter, Luella."

Willy stood there, a young man of the world, yet with no worldly manners at all, but very simply frozen. Frozen by the intensity with which he was making note of a natural law seldom presented to him with such completeness. That which seems perfect, nature can make still more perfect. For Luella, there before his eyes, was an almost absolute replica of a young woman for whom he had caddied fifteen years ago. Except that, with the same golden helmet of hair, instead of wide blue eyes, went wide brown eyes—an improvement of delicious effect, so admirable as to leave him speechless.

"If you'll pardon me," said Perfection, "I shall leave you to freshen up before lunch." And left him with Perfection Plus, still speechless.

Fifteen minutes later, having placed flowers on the table reserved for them, Mrs. Hammond, from the dining-room, cast a look through the window upon the veranda outside.

The two young people were still there. No longer frozen. Luella, still in her chair, Willy on the veranda rail, close. And there was something about the group they made, the composition of it, which—

Which abruptly caused her, her husband appearing just then for the luncheon appointment, to rush toward him and plant upon him a passionate kiss. Some time had passed since she had done this, and his reflexes were a little rusty; it was on the nose he received the kiss. He backed away a bit, and looked at her, astonished.



He's young; a few years ago his friends and associates predicted

a great future for him. But something happened. The world got

ahead of him. He didn't realize it until the business procession

was almost out of sight. He is not alone in his predicament.

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Taxes must Help—not Hinder

THRIFT is a virtue. Yet numerous taxing authorities in these United States have been acting as though thrift were a vice to be rooted out by destructive taxation. A more lunatic policy it would be hard to discover.

In hundreds of forms this crazy attempt to destroy the savings of the people has been manifested. The crudest efforts were made in Tammany's recent abortive raid on the savings banks and insurance companies. Tammany in its mad struggle to find more revenues to keep its mercenary forces intact sought to impose what amounted to capital taxes on savings banks and insurance companies.

These are mutual associations, not corporations for private profit. The assets of the great mutual insurance companies are held for the benefit of their policyholders. After the expenses of management and taxes are paid, every copper of revenue goes to protect the policies.

The savings banks similarly are mutual institutions. There are no stockholders. The savings banks are operated solely for the benefit of their depositors. Their activities are restricted by law so that the savings of the people may be as safe as anything human can be.

More than thirteen million depositors had about ten billion dollars in mutual savings banks at the last accounting. Well over sixty million policyholders, affecting the interests of practically every family in the United States, have pooled their savings through the insurance companies. Twenty billion dollars had been accumulated to make good this insurance.

The men and women and young people who, by self-denial and prudence, built up these vast reserves represent the solid character of the nation.

Any taxing authority and any government which intentionally or stupidly sets out on a policy of confiscating the savings

of the people is doomed. Confiscation may be popular in a land where the people have nothing. In the United States, despite large fortunes, the great accumulations of working capital are owned not by the few but by the many. The many will defend their own.

In times such as these every public-spirited person willingly bears his share of the burden. Few seriously object to income taxes or any other variety of taxes justly and intelligently levied. The power to tax involves, however, the power to destroy. No people in the possession of their senses will permit the destruction of their productive property.

Wise tax gatherers consider carefully what the traffic will safely bear and the social consequences of the levy. During long years France levied taxes on window glass. The result was that French houses were dark and the nation was cursed with tuberculosis. Oppressive taxes prevented the use of window glass. A foolish tax merely injured the people.

The popular slogan now is "soak the rich." On this principle Congress, the states and many local communities operate. Tammany attempted to tax the operations of the New York Stock Exchange at rates higher than the business could stand. Brokers are not popular but neither are they fools. So they prepared to shut up shop and start again in New Jersey. The Tammany taxes were heavier than the business could stand.

Much of our trouble with the railroads today is due to taxes. Out of every dollar the railroads take in, more than seven cents is spent in taxes. For many roads the burden is too heavy, so the government has to provide money to save the roads.

Long ago land taxes in many sections passed the point of confiscation. Throughout many Western states taxes are greater than the net revenue from farm lands. This is one of the basic causes of the trouble ex-

perienced by the federal government in re-financing farm mortgages. Local taxation has eaten possible profits. Not enough is left to pay the mortgage interest.

The automotive industry in all its ramifications pays altogether three times as much taxes as farming. Motor owners do not object to fair levies. Moderate license fees and small gasoline taxes are not unpopular. In many states, however, the ease in collecting gas taxes aroused the greed of the taxing authorities. These levies now run as high as seven cents a gallon in a few states. Additional is the federal levy of one cent a gallon.

In the states which impose high gasoline taxes, an enormous traffic in bootleg fuel has developed. Up to a reasonable point people will pay. Beyond that, evasion begins.

In Congress and in numerous state legislatures, as well as in local governmental bodies, tax measures must be revised during the months immediately ahead. At best the task will be difficult. Government needs and must have a very large share of the national income.

The rates which can be safely and profitably levied cannot be fixed in prejudice. Above a certain level, taxes on liquor stimulate bootlegging. Government can stimulate or retard business by the tax rates.

If the taxes are too heavy to permit profitable operation, there will be no operation. If land taxes are too high, owners will surrender their lands. In every variety of taxation the rule of reason must be applied if public revenues are to be had.

Fortunately experience has shown that moderate taxes are far more productive than excessive taxes. The actual yield to the government is greater. There is no sense at all in taxes that would result in a partial confiscation of existing savings. Such a program serves only to stimulate a widespread tax rebellion in which government is always the loser.